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MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

TWELFTH SERIES

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Twelfth Series.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

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IN MEMORIAM.

"All studies else are but as circular lines,
And Death the centre where they all must meet."

IT is with deep sorrow that one writes for the last time a well-known name, or speaks with tones subdued the familiar and friendly syllables once uttered so lightly. The circle contracts with the increasing years; the lights go out one by one in the windows that once sent forth so pleasant a greeting into the night. Wherever we move there is a vacancy—a place that can no more be filled Since we gave in our Ninth Volume the death-roll of the poetic spirits that had departed this life from the time we (in 1880) began our work on "Modern Scottish Poets," there has gathered another sad obituary list of honoured singers whose names and memories will be held green for many a year. On their tombs, as it were, we now feel it to be our duty to lay this offering of sympathetic and affectionate remembrance—knowing how much there appeared to be in them that might have risen to loftier growth had not the summons come to bear them hence. In the quaint words of Quarles—

"My glass is half unspent; forbear t'arrest
My thriftless day too soon; my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.
My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run;
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun."

We cannot fathom the mystery of what is termed "incompleted lives," for some of them have died in the flower of their youth. It is pleasant, however, to think that they saw their path, and had courage, faith and hope to guide them while they walked in it—submitting patiently to the dispensations of an all-wise Providence. We must not doubt the tenderness and love of Him who holds for us the mystic record, and wants to lead us upward to the Promised Land, where all

that has been dark shall be made clear. Our friends are now enjoying the unclouded sunshine of Heaven—beholding the glories of the Lamb, and singing "songs before unknown."

"Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring."

We shall first refer to those who, though early cut off, have left us utterances that will make their name and memory live in the literature of their country.

THOMAS RAE,

Better known by his *nom-de-plume* of "Dino," died, after a period of great weakness, at Galashiels in September, 1889, in his twentieth year. In our eleventh volume we refer to his own words as "singing to himself, in order to soothe his aching, feeble body." And the result is that the world is all the richer for his soothing, melodious verses, full of natural pathos. About two months before his death he went on a visit to Aberdeen and Fyvie, and, over-exerting himself, he returned home, only to die. A few weeks before, he wrote to us that he was feeling stronger, and able to move about a little—"I have got the beautiful sun now to dispel some of the gloom from my weary heart, and also the dear, sweet flowers and the balmy air to put new hope into me." He concluded his letter with a set of verses, of which this is the first—

"Good-night, beloved! ah, I do not fear
To go away—I know that He is near
To light the darkness with His own sweet love,
To make the pathway light to heaven above.
Things slowly fade away, my eyes grow dim,
But now I hear the holy angels' hymn."

. . . . .

JANET WYLD PITCAIRN,

A young poetess of bright promise, noticed in our eleventh series, fell asleep in May 1889, in her twenty-fourth year. She was a grand-daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Pitcairn of Cockpen, for many years Clerk of the General Assembly, and daughter of Mr A. Y. Pitcairn, W.S., Edinburgh. At a very early age—indeed as soon as she had learned to write—

little stories and rhymes were now and then discovered amongst her papers, and she continued as she grew up to give expression to her deeper feelings. Since her death a choice selection of her pieces has been published in book form, under the title of "The Shepherd and other Verses." All her utterances were full of words of cheer and comfort, and in her hours of weakness, she, as she wrote at an early age, realised that

> "What is best He sends. It oft is pain;
> But with it blest assurances remain,
> To aid thee in the conquest of thy will,
> To soothe thy spirit with His 'Peace, be still,'
> To turn thy weary eye to Him for rest,
> In love to teach thee that His will is best."

BASIL RAMSAY ANDERSON,

A young Shetlander, died in Edinburgh in January 1888. Readers of our sixth volume will know that he was a native of Unst, but had been resident for a number of years in Edinburgh, and employed in a law office. He early manifested a remarkable talent for versification, and had his life been prolonged he would probably have taken a high place among our minor poets. But consumption carried him off in his twenty-sixth year, just three months after the death of a brother from the same fell disease. Shortly before he joined his brother in the realms of light, and only a few weeks before his own release, he wrote a poem entitled "Alone," of which the following is the last verse—

> "Ah! they whose loved are lost
> But know what 'tis to be alone,
> And pitying tears but idly flow
> As waters lap a stone;
> Like snails within their shells who know
> No presence but their own,
> Deep warped in woe we darkling go
> Alone, alone, alone!

However, as he wrote on another occasion,

> "Our Father's love in all we see—
> The leaf that falleth from the tree
> Must change, but not be lost; and we?
> We will not fear. . . . .
> The stars and angels keep their tryst,
> We go to fall asleep in Christ."

Shortly after the death of Mr Anderson a memorial volume was published under the editorship of Jessie M. E. Saxby, bearing the suggestive and appropriate title—"On the Threshold: Poems and Reminiscences." The work was issued

for the benefit of his mother—a widow, whose stay he had partly been.

JOSEPH MASSIE,

Noticed in our ninth volume, was cut off when his bright parts had but begun to unfold themselves. He died in Forfar in May, 1888, at the age of twenty. Of a retiring and modest disposition, he left behind him a large number of admirers, and it was said of him that "a truer, nobler, kinder heart never beat beneath a factory boy's jacket." His short life was an example of what may be attained by even those who are denied the advantages of an ordinary elementary training, and whose leisure hours are but few. Though chained to the routine of factory life, he cherished and cultivated his intellectual faculties to an unusual degree. His poems possess such merit as to have led us to expect that his matured manhood would have produced something that "the world would not readily let die." But, as he wrote—

Children of men, such is our fate;
Time bears us to Death's gloomy gate
'Mid hopes and fears.
So few the years this world can give
We but remember that we live
When Death appears.

JAMES BALLANTYNE,

A lengthy sketch of whose brief but eventful career will be found in our eleventh volume, died at Woodend, Armadale, in September, 1887. He was born in 1860 at Crindledyke, parish of Cambusnethan, and at the age of twelve years he began life in a coal mine as "trap door boy," pony-driver, &c. In 1880, after he had, by great effort, qualified himself for the position of a manager, he met with an accident that fractured his spine, and ever afterwards deprived him of all feeling and motion in his lower extremities. For the last five or six years of his life he was an invalid, though he was able during the summer months to wheel himself to many loved spots on a tricycle provided by his many friends. His intellectual faculties remained bright, and he wrote numerous beautiful songs, including "The Muckle May Flee," which was widely sung, and enjoyed much popularity. A memorial volume has been published since his death, and was superintended by his life-long friend and "brither bard," Mr F. Barnard. His cheerful disposition threw a wonderful charm round his invalid days, and endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. As a poet, it may be said he had

but begun to live, but he has left evidences that go to show what might have been achieved by him at a more mature age.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

We come now to one who was called hence in the "gloamin' hour"—a "shock of corn fully ripe," a nonagenarian poet. William Thomson, a sketch of whose career will be found in our first series, and who for the long period of sixty-two years was postmaster in Kennoway, Fife, died there in June, 1887, in his ninty-first year. Few men living a quiet village life were better known. He early developed a happy faculty of versification, and, taking a deep interest in all political and public events, he contributed prose and poetry to the local press from 1822, the year when the first newspaper—the *Fife Herald*—was established in Fife, up to within a few weeks of his death. Several of his contributions were subsequently published in a collected form, among them being "Random Rambles," 1848; "Lays of Leisure," 1849; "Walks in Fife, by Timothy Tramp," 1852; "Sketches of County Characters," 1857; and "Reminiscences of Kennoway," 1875. Mr Thomson was one of the earliest contributors to *Chambers' Journal*—about 1833 or 1834. He seized the poetic side of many current events, and embodied his sentiments in smooth, flowing numbers. His poetry manifested the spirit of true religion, and some of his more devout verses have found their way into our Scottish hymnals.

WILLIAM GRAHAM

Died in Edinburgh in 1886. The son of a teacher, he was born at Dunkeld in 1800. There, he was fond of telling, he once sat, while a mere child, on the knee of Neil Gow, the celebrated Scottish violinist. When only twelve years old he entered the University of Edinburgh, and passed through the Arts course. He then became assistant in his father's school. In 1823 he was appointed English master in the Academy of Cupar Fife. In 1831 he came to Edinburgh and began a most prosperous career as a teacher of elocution, and visiting master at various ladies' schools. Indeed his life in Edinburgh presents an instance of hard work that has rarely been paralelled. His daily hours of labour were sometimes as many as fourteen, and he continued to teach up till 1884, when ill-health obliged him to retire. His powers as an elocutionist were of a very high order, and he sang Scottish songs with exquisite taste, and his fund of anecdotes illus-

trating old Scottish manners was almost inexhaustible. As will be seen in our sketch in fifth series, Dr Graham, while engrossed with the teaching of others, found opportunities for cultivating his own mind. English literature, history, geography, and music occupied most of his spare hours; and he took great pleasure in writing down his ideas. He edited for some time the *Scottish Educational Journal*, contributing many articles to its pages. He wrote "Exercises in Etymology" and a "Treatise on Elocution" for Chambers' educational series. He composed poems and songs, chiefly in praise of fishing and golfing He also produced several lectures, principally on Scottish manners. Many of these contributions were collected and published under the title of "Lectures, Sketches, and Poetical Pieces." His eminence as an educationist and as a writer was recognised by the University of Aberdeen, which conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

NORVAL CLYNE,

An eminent Aberdeen advocate, whose career is sketched in our first series, died in January 1889. The son of Captain John Clyne, he was born in 1817. Besides being a sound and greatly esteemed lawyer, Mr Clyne possessed literary abilities of no mean order. His chief literary work was "Ballads from Scottish History," an enlarged edition of which was published in 1863. Another interesting work was a volume of poems entitled "The Lost Eagle.' Mr Clyne also wrote a pamphlet displaying much research and poetical and historical criticism—"The Lady Wardlaw Heresy," being a defence of the antiquity of the ballad of Hardyknute and other Scotch ballads, in answer to a well-known attack by Dr Robert Chambers upon these ballads. In the opinion of competent judges, Mr Clyne fully made out his case ; and as a writer of ballads and an authority on the subject, he had the distinction of being mentioned by Professor Childs, of Harvard University, the greatest living authority on Scotch and English ballads. His latest literary work was a small volume published in 1887—"The Scottish Jacobites and their Poetry." He was factor and secretary for the Society of Advocates for many years, and for 22 years was secretary and treasurer of the Diocesan Council, and was for 14 years Registrar of the Diocese.

JAMES SALMON,

A distinguished Glasgow architect, a selection of whose verses appears in our second series, died in June, 1888, in his 84th

year. For a period of 18 years he held many of the most important offices connected with the corporation, and was a Glasgow Bailie in 1865-66, and again from 1870 till 1872. He restored Paisley Abbey, and was the designer of the Woodilee Asylum at Lenzie, the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Langside, the Technical College in Bath Street, and a number of churches in Glasgow and Paisley. He was the first President of the Glasgow Institute of Architects.

HORATIUS BONAR,

A number of whose poems and hymns, with details of his life, has a place in our first series, died in Edinburgh in August, 1889, in his eighty-first year. From sketches of his career published at his death, we learn that he belonged to an old Perthshire family, who at different periods did much for the welfare of the early Scottish Kirk; and in this generation the reputation of the Bonar family has been well maintained by four brothers, who have all been prominently connected with the Free Church—Horatius, Andrew, John, and James Bonar. The father of these four brothers was James Bonar, Search Solicitor of Excise, who is described as having been a man of varied and extensive literary knowledge, and a valued correspondent of the most learned men of his day. The Bonars were thus brought early into contact, not only with the religious influences, but with the literary and scientific activity which was associated with the earlier years of the Free Church. On being licensed, Dr Bonar was appointed missionary assistant at South Leith, in 1838 he was called to Kelso, and in 1866 to the Grange Free Church, Edinburgh. His devotion to literature and writing of every kind kept pace with his other pursuits in life. Both before and after he went to Kelso, he was engaged in literary work, editing Church periodicals and writing religious works. His labours in this sphere were recognised by the University of Aberdeen, which conferred upon him the degree of D.D. Horatius Bonar married Catherine Lundie (daughter of the Rev. Robert Lundie, Kelso), who also wrote several poems and hymns, some of which we give in our eleventh series. Dr Bonar will be remembered not so much for his sermons, nor for his prose writings, nor for the part he played in ecclesiastical affairs, but as a writer of hymns. He has been to Scottish Evangelicalism what Keble was to High Churchism and Wesley to English Evangelicalism. His hymns will be sung as long as the religious emotions of which they are the sweet and graceful expression have influence over men. They have

gone round the world, have been sung in churches of all communions, have been learned by little children, and hung as lights over the thickly-closing waters of death. It is significant of Dr Bonar's strong conservatism that he never had these or any other hymns sung in the churches where he ministered till recent years. Some of them are to be found in almost every Protestant hymnal, and none are more popular. Among the best known of Dr Bonar's hymns are these beginning—

"A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'"

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be,
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose Thou the path for me."

In the whole range of hymnology there is probably not a grander or more comprehensive invocation than

"When the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall—
Hear Thou, O Lord, in love my cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high."

The following beautiful and affecting lines were (says the *British Weekly*) found among Dr Bonar's papers after his death. It is believed they were the last he ever wrote:—

"Long days and nights upon this restless bed
Of daily, nightly weariness and pain!
Yet Thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord,
Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in vain:—
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

The darkness seemeth long, and even the light
No respite brings with it; no soothing rest
For this worn frame; yet in the midst of all
Thy love revives. Father, Thy will is best.
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

Sleep cometh not when most I seem to need
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me
Better than sleep; and let these sleepless hours
Be hours of blessèd fellowship with Thee.
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

Not always *seen* the wisdom and the love;
And sometimes hard to be believed, when pain
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes.
Yet even in conflict Thy sure words sustain:—
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise
Above its weakness into things unseen.
Lift Thou me up; give me the open ear
To hear the voice that speaketh from within:—
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

Father, the hour is come; the hour when I
Shall with these fading eyes behold Thy face;
And drink in all the fulness of Thy love—
Till then, oh speak to me Thy words of grace:—
'In Me ye shall have peace!'"

WILLIAM DICKSON,

Whose well-known hymn, "Childhood's Years are Passing O'er Us," has been sung in churches and Sunday schools throughout the world for nearly fifty years, died in Edinburgh in 1889, in his seventy-second year. As will be seen by our seventh series, Mr Dickson was for many years editor of the "Monthly Visitor," so extensively circulated throughout Scotland. In that capacity he conducted a large correspondence with Bishop Ryle, Mr Spurgeon, and other well-known tract writers. He took a great interest in Sabbath Schools, and was for upwards of a quarter of a century Convener of the Free Church Sabbath School Committee. In early life Mr Dickson contributed in prose and verse to several magazines, but during his later years his productions were chiefly hymns.

JOHN HARRISON,

Author of one of the most vigorous and stirring songs produced in recent times—"The Smith's a Gallant Fireman"—died in his 75th year at Liverpool in September, 1889. As will be seen in our seventh series, he was born in the parish of Forglen, Aberdeenshire, in 1814, and went into service as a herd-boy when eight years of age. Endowed with considerable poetic genius, Mr Harrison began to write verse long before he had attained to manhood, and contributed to

"The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," and published in 1857 a tale entitled "The Laird of Restalrig's Daughter."

WILLIAM M'DOWALL,

Editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, died at Dumfries in October, 1888. In our third volume it is shown that his literary tastes were very pronounced, and his love of antiquarian research gained for him the reputation of an authority on archæological subjects. He is the author of one of the best local histories extant, "The History of Dumfries." An enthusiastic admirer of Burns, he published his "Burns in Dumfriesshire" in 1870, and was chiefly instrumental in getting the statue of the poet erected in Dumfries. He contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." His other works include "The Mind in the Face"—an introduction to the study of physiognomy; "The Man of the Wood," and other poems; "Lincluden Abbey;" and, shortly before his death, "Amongst Old Scotch Minstrels," studying their ballads of love, war, social life, folk-lore, &c. As historian, poet, or editor, he was undoubtedly a man of original, independent, and diversified talents, and his writings will long be valued.

ROBERT BURNS THOMSON,

One of the grandchildren of our national bard (see our seventh series), and perhaps the best known of them all, died at Pollokshaws in April, 1887. He was born in 1817, and was the author of several well-known songs, including "My Daddy's Awa' at the War." He was the son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Burns, daughter of Robert Burns. He first started work as a handloom weaver, and ultimately became head of an extensive and successful mill-furnishing business in Glasgow, He was well-known as a skilful musician and composer, and those who have had the pleasure of reading his poetry will say that he was not without some of the gifts which made his poet grandfather so famous. Robert Burns Thomson was said, when in his prime, to have been the "counterfeit presentment" of him whose name he bore. Nor was the resemblance only physical. He possessed a measure of the same vigorous intellect, broad wit, and keen sense of independence.

JAMES PAUL CRAWFORD,

Whose career is narrated in our first volume, died in Glasgow

in 1887. A native of Catrine, Ayrshire, where he was born in 1825, he was a master tailor in Glasgow for many years, but for about five years previous to his death he held the post of registrar in the Govan parish. Mr Crawford, who was a man of superior genius and instincts, early identified himself with the temperance movement, and having a ready salient for poetry, he gained considerable celebrity as a temperance song-writer. His native humour was capital, and his power of literary portraiture graphic and real. His first published temperance song, "Bright Water for Me," was a very promising forecast of his ability to shine in that special sphere; while the touching pathos of his second effort, "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," at once caught the public ear, and was sung everywhere with universal favour and admiration. Mr Crawford was a man of many fine parts, and his little lyrics only represent one side of his versatile and gifted mind.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Was born in Glasgow in 1809, and died at Oban in January, 1887. After spending some time in a business warehouse, he went into training for the office of an infant school teacher, and ultimately laboured with much success in this profession in Glasgow, Brechin, and Alloa. His health breaking down, he entered the employment of the Glasgow Gas Light Co., in whose service he remained for over twenty years, when he retired on an allowance in his old age. Several of the products of his muse appear in our seventh volume.

J. G. SMALL.

The Rev. J. G. Small, who was perhaps better known as a poet and hymn-writer than a preacher, died at Renfrew in February, 1888. He was born in Edinburgh in 1817, and his career is sketched in our fourth series. From 1847 to 1883 (when he retired) he was minister of the Free Church, Bervie, Kincardineshire. He, however, continued to write for several magazines, and at the time of his death was arranging for the publication of a work entitled "The Battle of Langside and other Poems." His best known work was a lengthy descriptive poem on "The Highlands of Scotland." Several of our church hymn-books are enriched with specimens of his muse, besides publishing quite a number of hymn-books of his own, the best-known being "I've found a Friend, oh! such a Friend."

JAMES SMITH,

Author of "Wee Jouky Daidles," "Buird Ailie," and numerous poems, ballads, and songs, as well as many

volumes of tales of Scottish life and character, died at Edinburgh in December, 1887. From a sketch of his life in the first volume of this work, it will be seen that he was apprenticed to the printing profession at the age of eleven. After "tramping" through England and Ireland, he ultimately occupied an important position in an Edinburgh publishing house. In 1869 he was appointed Librarian of the Mechanics' Library, which office he held till he retired in bad health four years previous to his death. In 1875 a number of his friends and admirers—among the rest being Lord Rosebery—presented Mr Smith with a purse containing 200 sovereigns as a token of their "admiration of his genius and character." From an early period of his life he had cultivated the muses, and the first volume of his verses he set up in his leisure hours, and printed with his own hands. It was entitled "Poems, Songs, and Ballads," and met with so much success that it was republished by Blackwood in 1869. That book has reached a fourth edition. In not a few of his poems there is a great depth of pathos, while at other times, as in his stories also, he indulges in the broadest humour. For years Mr Smith had been largely employed as a story-writer for newspapers, and his works of this kind achieved much popularity. Perhaps no man of this generation possessed a more thorough knowledge of the Scottish dialect than did Mr Smith, or could put it to more effective literary use.

J. H. STODDART.

Dr J. H. Stoddart, whose name was for many years associated with the *Glasgow Herald*, died at Lennoxtown in April, 1888, at the age of fifty-six. In our second series it is shown that he was born at Sanquhar in 1832, and in early life was engaged in commercial pursuits in Edinburgh. He went to Glasgow in 1860, and joined the *Herald* as assistant editor, until the retirement of Professor Jack in 1862, when he became editor. In 1887 he retired because of ill health. Upon his retirement he was entertained at a public banquet, presided over by the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and in 1882 his portrait was presented to him as a mark of the high respect in which he was held. Almost his last public appearance was at the great Burns demonstration at Kilmarnock, celebrating and commemorating the publication in that town of the first edition of Burns' poems. He then delivered an eloquent and stirring address. Dr Stoddart's poem, "Village Life," has secured wide popularity, and contains many passages giving evidence of keen observation, depth of feeling, and great felicity of expression. Dr Stoddart was a man of

high culture and genial and lovable character, and was greatly esteemed by the staff of the journal which he so long ably conducted. Perhaps his last literary work was the editing of a new edition of "Outram's Legal Lyrics," to which he wrote an interesting preface. The University of Glasgow gracefully acknowledged Mr Stoddart's journalistic and literary work by conferring upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

PETER M'NAUGHTON.

On the first day of 1889 this remarkable Gaelic scholar, noticed in our fourth volume, passed away at Bailaneas, Grandtully, Perthshire. He had been for fifty-one years in business as a general merchant, and died at the ripe age of seventy-four. Mr M'Naughton was a man of wide culture and intense earnestness of purpose. As a Gaelic scholar he had few equals, and translated from that language into English Ossian's poems, Dugal Buchanan's poems, and many others. He was also the author of numerous spirited and thoughtful songs and poems, and had the painter's eye for nature, and described vividly, and with a deep feeling of enthusiasm, historical and traditional events, for which he cherished a warm veneration.

DAVID MACLAREN,

Architect, Dundee, died in that city in December, 1887, having also been born there in 1847. Receiving his early training in his native place, he removed to Glasgow, where he obtained valuable experience in the erection of schools—an impetus having been given to such work about that time by the passing of the Education Act. Competitive plans having been asked for new schools in Dundee, his were accepted, and he was subsequently appointed architect to the School Board. Mr Maclaren was recognised to be one of the ablest School Board architects in Scotland, and his plans of schools were so highly appreciated by the Education Department that they were cited as models. Any leisure moments he devoted to the reproduction of illuminated missals, an art in which he excelled. He also wrote occasional sketches, and a number of very pleasant verses. It is to be regretted, however, that he applied himself with so much diligence to all his pursuits—intellectual and professional—that he fell a victim to overwork, and fully two years before his death he was obliged to retire from public life.

ROBERT GEMMELL,

A native of Irvine, was born in 1821, and died in February, 1887. In early days he was a soldier, and afterwards

clerk to a contractor. Many years ago, however, he entered the railway service, in which he remained till the end of his life. We are told that to those who knew him and watched his career it was a painful yet elevating sight to see the devoted man, weighted with years and bowed down with complicated disease and pain, moving slowly to and from his office, through cold, and rain, and wind. It took him nearly an hour to perform a journey which in his active days he could overtake in less than fifteen minutes. But he nerved himself with soldier-like discipline to the task, and would not give in. His frequently expressed wish was "to die in harness," and his prayer was all but fulfilled. Only a "gloaming shot" was granted to him to turn his face towards the heavenly rest. Mr Gemmell devoted much of his spare time to literature, and a selection of his verses has a place in our second volume. He contributed both in prose and verse to many of the religious magazines of the day, and his published works include—"Sketches from Life," "Montague, a Drama, and other Poems," "The Deserter, and other Military Sketches," and "The Village Beauty." The last named was published within a year of his death, and was the child of his old age.

JANET KELSO MUIR, AND MARION PAUL AIRD.

We group these worthy and gifted singers together from the fact that both had much in common in their style, both were natives of Glasgow, and both died in January 1888 within three weeks of each other, at Kilmarnock, where they had lived from their early childhood. Their careers are sketched—Miss Muir in our second volume, and Miss Aird in our third. On reading the greater part of Miss Muir's published poems, one feels, unconsciously, the savour of the strong element of personal piety that runs through them, though in not a few there is to be found a genuine strain of Scotch pawky humour. Many of her songs were set to music, and a volume of her verses issued from the Paisley press, under the title of "Lyrics and Poems of Nature and Life," attained a considerable and well-deserved measure of popularity. Miss Aird died in her seventy-third year. She will perhaps be longest remembered as the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Had I the Wings of a Dove," and which is so well known to Sabbath school children. Her published volumes are—"The Home of my Heart" and "Heart Histories." She was particularly happy in her new-year and kindred pieces for children, which she continued to write up to the time of her death.

JOHN THOMSON,

Noticed in our sixth volume, died at his residence, Rosalee, Hawick, in April, 1889. He was born at Over-Roxburgh, Kelso, 67 years ago. At the age of 30 he was licensed as a minister of the Church of Scotland, and in 1853 became assistant in Campsie, and afterwards in St John's Parish, Glasgow. His next charge was Selkirk, but he only remained a short time there when he removed to Hawick. Fully eight years ago he set to work to establish a new parish in the centre of the town, and by the valued assistance of his worthy helpmate, he succeeded in erecting one of the prettiest and best appointed churches in the south of Scotland, and his own gifts afterwards drew together a large congregation. Much beloved by all, he was specially quick to descry the needs of the suffering poor, and acted in no half-hearted way. Indeed, it is said, the allowance drawn from the church in name of stipend was regularly spent on charitable objects. He wrote several works relating to husbandry, the dwellings of the working classes, total abstinence, &c., and, as will be seen by our sixth volume, he, during his busy life, also found time to write a number of stirring and thoughtful poems and songs.

WILLIAM REID,

Author of "Romance of Song," "The Hermit of Alva," &c., died at Birkenhead in September 1888. He was the son of an Edinburgh surgeon, in which city he was born about 1830. The deceased poet gave early evidence of being endowed with a strong literary and poetical bent. His passion for books was intense, particularly history, poetry, and romance. By trade a portmanteau manufacturer, he was possessed of great energy and sound business capacity, but the restless activity of his strong literary spirit caused him at times to abandon his business for journalism. As journalism did not prove a financial success, he set up in business again successively in Glasgow, London, and Leeds, and in the latter town in the early summer of 1888 started a short-lived literary weekly, *The Yorkshire Review*. Mr Reid frequently contributed prose and poetry to the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee press. He was an advocate of reform on advanced principles, and was possessed of much natural oratorical ability. His poems, several of which are in our second series, are vigorous in thought, and breathe the spirit of the true patriot and reformer.

THOMAS WATTS,

Who is noticed in our third volume as "The Broomhouse Poet," (Duns), died within the last two years—the exact date, however, we have not been able to learn. He was born

in 1845, and was the eldest son of a soldier, who died and left a widow with nine children. During his apprenticeship to the tailoring trade, he fostered a love of reading, and soon gave evidence of the possession of a gift of expressing his emotions in verse. While working in London, he contracted a cold, which rapidly developed into consumption. He returned to Broomhouse, and put himself under his mother's care. A loving mother can do much, but the hand of death was on the sweet singer, and he passed into the "songless land," in perfect peace and hopefulness. In 1880 Mr Watts published a volume of his collected poems under the expressive title of "Woodland Echoes."

But we are exhausting our space, and must now more briefly group together a few of those who have gone home. One of our bards in the fifth series—JOHN INGLIS, shepherd, a native of Traquhair—died at Edinburgh in August 1887. He was an energetic advocate of total abstinence, and wrote several pamphlets on this subject. In 1866 he published a volume of his poems.—WILLIAM C. CAMERON, a poet of considerable gifts, as will be seen in our third series, died in Glasgow in May 1889. He was in his 67th year, and was born in Dumbarton Castle, where his father held the post of schoolmaster to the regiment. "Willie" was a shoemaker to trade, and for many years resided in Glasgow. His volume, "Light, Shade, and Toil," which was edited by Dr Walter C. Smith, and published by the Messrs Maclehose in 1875, was a remarkable success. Lady Campbell was so much pleased with it that, on learning that the author was a working-man, she sent for him, and rewarded his poetical genius in a munificent manner. She paid the whole expenses of the publication of the volume.—JAMES CHAPMAN, a poet of no mean order, as will be seen on a perusal of our sketch of his career in fourth series, died at Partick in January 1888. He was author of a volume of poems entitled "Ecce Homo," and was a frequent contributor to several Scottish magazines and journals. Originally a ploughmen, he was, at the time of his death, assistant sanitary inspector of the Burgh of Partick.—ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, the well-known Scottish vocalist and lecturer, was described in our fourth series (1882) as having died in America, where he resided for a considerable number of years. Our information was not correct, as we learn from a New York paper that his death took place in 1887. He was a poet of much fervour, and a man of varied gifts. In 1868 he published a volume entitled "Poems by Angus Fairbairn, the Scottish Singer."—EDWARD HEBENTON, a native of

Forfar, died at Edinburgh in October, 1887. He was employed in the Sasine Office, and though naturally very retiring, he took a keen interest in national affairs, and frequently addressed the public through the press. As will be seen by our seventh series, he was the author of many sweet poems.—KEITH ROBERTSON, a well-known Scottish journalist noticed in ninth series, met with his death from the effects of an accident at Dundee in December, 1888. Though only twenty-one years of age, he was the author of two or three successful novels, and several popular sketches, short tales, and a number of poems possessing considerable merit.—CHARLES PHILIP GIBSON, author of several poems in our ninth series, died suddenly in March, 1888. He had only been for a short time married, and was on a visit to some of his wife's relatives at Congleton, Cheshire, when he expired after a few minutes' illness, A widely read man, Mr Gibson thought and observed carefully, and a fine poetic vein was diffused through his whole nature.—JOHN TAYLOR, noticed in our fifth series, met his death under very painful circumstances in September, 1887. He left Scotland for Boston in 1842, and ultimately made his home at Mount Pleasant, Tol. Co., California, One of the newspapers, to which he was a frequent contributor, in a long sketch of his career, spoke of his valued labours for the prosperity of the country, his genuine integrity, and his high toned poetical efforts. He went from home one day for the purpose of "hauling in a load of wood. Not returning in due time, a search party went out, and found the cart upside down in a gulch, and beneath the load the dead body of Mr Taylor."—In our tenth series we sketched the career of JAMES THOMSON, who died at Hawick sometime within the last two years. He was a native of Bowden, Roxburghshire, but had passed the last thirty years of his life in the Border burgh. He was in his sixty-first year, and the two volumes of verse that he published had a ready sale.—WILLIAM WALLACE, Glasgow—styled "one of Scotland's sweetest poets,"—also died recently. He has a place in our seventh series, and his memory is loved and cherished by many.

We may have failed to record the death of others, owing solely to want of information. Our record would be incomplete in other respects, were we to overlook the fact that, since we sketched in our third series the sad story of the life of LADY FLORA HASTINGS, there has been erected in the Old Loudoun burying ground a monument to her memory. A little volume of poetry bore the impress of her piety and genius, and the erection and endowment of the

school at Newmilns with, it is said, the remains of her fortune, were the only mementoes till now of the death of the daughter of the "Hastings."

It is proper also to refer here to the death of Mr David M. Main, bookseller and publisher, Glasgow, which took place in January, 1888, in his forty-second year. He was a native of Doune, Perthshire, and when quite a young man he went to Glasgow to enter on a business career. Literature, however, had always a stronger attraction for him than business, and he quitted the counting house in order to finish the work on which he was then engaged, and which lay very close to his heart—"The Treasury of English Sonnets"—a book of great value, showing his wide and thorough acquaintance with English literature, as well as his exquisite taste. About eighteen months' previous to his death, failing health—the result, no doubt, at first, of his intense application to his literary work—compelled him to give up all active employment. He was well known and esteemed in artistic and literary circles.

Before closing we have simply to add that the next volume—the thirteenth, which we hope to have ready before Christmas, 1890—will be our last. We will then have an opportunity of thanking all our friends, at home and abroad, for their encouragement, and *patience*—which must be almost overtaxed. The volume will have several special attractions. In addition to the sketches of, and selections from, the poetry of many writers of merit, who have been "crushed out" of the present, it will contain a lengthy paper on our experiences during these ten years, and on Scottish poets and poetry at the present day; also a selection of fugitive, unclaimed *gems*, which it is well to preserve in such a work. We are also, with the assistance of two well known literary gentlemen, arranging to prepare certain features that will add to its general interest and increase its value and usefulness for purposes of reference—viz., the thorough indexing of the whole work—giving, in a compact form, the names of the poets, the counties in which they were born, their trades, professions, &c., all alphabetically arranged; also, in the same manner, the titles of poems, songs, and first lines. By this means any person by *one* reference to the index could, if he knew either the title or first line of any piece, see at once if it was in the work.

D. H. Edwards.

Advertiser Office,
Brechin, *November, 1889.*

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

REV. W. B. ROBERTSON, D.D.

FOR over twenty-five years the late Rev. Dr. Robertson was esteemed the poet-preacher of the United Presbyterian Church, and one of the most popular preachers and lecturers in the United Kingdom. His fame was not local, or even confined to Scotland—in London, Oxford, Liverpool, and elsewhere in England his name could draw large audiences.

Dr. Robertson was born at Greenhill, five miles from Stirling. He was the son of John Robertson, factor on the Plean and Auchinbowie estates, and one of five sons devoted to the ministry of the United Secession Church, the Hall of which he entered in 1837. He afterwards took a winter session at Hallé, and a summer session at Berlin, where he associated with Tholuck, Neander, and Von Schelling. His studies completed, he was licensed in March, 1843, was called in August of the same year to the Church in Cotton Row, Irvine, and ordained pastor of that Church on 26th December following. He quickly made a name as a preacher, and his genius brought to him the warm friendship of most of the literary men of the day. He maintained intimate relations with De Quincey, Dr John Brown, the genial author of "Rab and his Friends," Sheriff Logan, Dr. William Anderson, the Rev. George Gilfillan, Dr. Blaikie, &c., &c.

In Irvine, Dr. Robertson had a prosperous ministry. He was offered a change to Edinburgh, and was twice called to Glasgow; but he preferred to remain with the people of his first charge. In 1869, his Alma Mater, the Senatus of Glasgow University, conferred upon him the well-merited honour of the degree of D.D. Trinity Church, one of the most beautiful in Ayrshire, was built for him in 1862-63, and there he continued to minister until 1871, when long continuous labour broke down his health so severely that he never afterwards resumed the duties of his office. He spent several years in Italy, and on his return occasionally undertook a service in his old pulpit, and for friends on special occasions. These appearances were always marked by his old vigour and wonderful pictorial effect. During the spring of 1886 he was not quite so well as he had been, and for a time was confined to his home, Whitefield House, near West Calder—an old mansion, it might be noted, which he had fitted up in his own peculiar taste, to which he had transferred his books, and where, says Dr Ker, he invited, or rather carried, his friends, and made of it for days, and too much also for nights, a Tusculum for varied argument and discourse on "the true, the beautiful, and the good." A fatal termination was not expected, and for a change merely, and to be with his sister, he removed to Bridge of Allan. Even in April he wrote to a friend hopefully. He was going up to Summer, he said; but the hope was not to be realized, and there, after alternations of hope and fear on the part of his friends, on a Sabbath afternoon—27th June, 1886, in the sixty-fifth year of his age—he fell asleep. He lies among his kindred at St Ninian's, near to his birthplace and to the church where he sat as a boy.

The *Spectator* recently, in an article reviewing "Scottish Nationality and other Papers," by the

late Rev. John Ker, D.D., said—"The two final papers in the volume are graceful obituary papers on Scotch clergymen with whom Dr. Ker was intimate—the well-known Dr. Guthrie, and the less known, but not less able, and (in certain respects) more cultivated Dr Robertson of Irvine." In the course of the article referred to, Dr Ker says—"His mind had the rich, rare sparkle which made common things uncommon, and set the old in new and varied lights—a sparkle that had much more than wit and fancy in it, though these were present in profusion, but that had the higher vein of imagination which sees into inner likenesses and far-off but true analogies. With the natural recoil which belongs to such minds, and which was very marked in him, there would come the transition from the clear, dry intelligence to the moist, many-coloured play of humour, which reminded one, in its quick touches and turns, of the skimming flight and sudden dip of the swallow from air to water. His pictures of incidents, not so much read as witnessed by him; his quaint anecdotes, not of the kind that come down like heirlooms, but the product of his own experiences; the unflagging flow of spirit with which he passed from theme to theme, made his friends apply to him the title the Germans fondly gave to Jean Paul Richter—*der Einzige*—'the man apart and by himself.' His humour was at the farthest remove from bitterness, and his sportiveness was not only free from irreverence, but led by an easy change of mood to what was best and highest—the dip of the wing, as at Bethesda, had healing and life. Some exquisite little lyrics, which have appeared in periodicals, or passed from hand to hand among his friends, and have been by them caught and treasured, give some glimpses of his gifts. But they are only glimpses; they are too few, and want the soar and sweep, the ease and affluence, the march and energy, which belonged to the prose poems of the

preacher and lecturer, and which made him stand out confessedly a man of genius. Again and again he was pressed by his friends to put some of these utterances into permanent shape, but in vain. He escaped the pressure by some alert turn that put him out of reach."

Rev. Dr Parker, lately, when addressing the students in Edinburgh, and while giving some interesting reminiscences of distinguished Scottish preachers he had known, said—"The saintly qualities of Robertson of Irvine could not be put on paper. His lips were silent music, his voice a psalm, and his look inspiration. Lead him to discourse of the painted Christs of history, and his face became enlarged and illumined. He loved Christ in art, life, service, and death." His style was his own, and the poetical cast of his thought, his dramatic power, attitude, and eye kept immense audiences spell-bound.

The late Professor Graham, who classed Dr. Robertson with Principal Cairns and Dr. Ker as the three greatest preachers of the U.P. Church, described the effect produced on the mind of the hearer as that of "the influence of words, full of music and picture, breathing and beautifying subtlest thought." Mr Arthur Guthrie, publisher, Ardrossan, to whom we are mainly indebted for these details, in a series of able articles, entitled "Memorials of Trinity Church," says :—"Like other poets, he delighted in things abstract and inanimate. With him 'Navigation lays her hand upon the tossing manes of the steeds of ocean, and puts the bridle of the compass in their foaming mouths;'—'Wealth gathers in his treasures, and never thinks of Him who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor;'—'Beauty walks across her pleasure halls, flattered, admired, beloved by all, and with her face shining, never once thinks of Him whose face was more marred than any man's;"—'Holy Grief sits bemoaning her dead, till He who is

the resurrection and the life comes to her and says to her—'Weep not,' and bids her dead arise.'—'Weeping Rachels had their thoughts drawn heavenwards as they heard in fancy, the little voices of their infants ringing overhead in the songs of paradise.'" Another writer says:—"Endowed from his birth with a deeply sympathetic nature, every really earnest religious movement in his own day has found an echo in the sanctuary of his heart. The good, the beautiful, the true, in religion, philosophy, or poetry, needed no letter of commendation to certify its orthodoxy to him. Loyal to the truth which he possessed, the gates of his heart were not closed to the stranger, or even the cast-away of other sects. Dissent, or open denial, was to him, in those days, matter more for sorrow than anger." "He was by common consent placed in the front rank of pulpit orators at a time when Glasgow and the west of Scotland could boast of such eminent preachers as Robson, King, Anderson, M'Farlane, Edmond, Ker, Wardlaw, Eadie, Macdougall, and others. It was something new in these days to have the fine arts—architecture, music, painting, and poetry consecrated to the service of the sanctuary, and made to minister through the imagination to the worship of God; and to have Divine truth unfolded and enforced by illustrations borrowed, with a poet's insight, from legendary and mythical lore, the phenomena of nature, men's lives, and the varied passions which influence human action."

Dr. Robertson was first a preacher, but his thought was largely expressed in rhythmical form. He would, when rising to the height of his argument, and impassioned, unconsciously give a whole passage in blank verse, and then his voice would rise and fall with the measure of the line. From extreme sensitiveness, as we have seen, he resisted all requests to allow his poetical productions to be collected into a volume; but

such as found their way into newspapers and magazines may fairly claim a place amongst the sweetest sacred lyrics in the language. Most of them may be classed as text hymns, for they appear to have been suggested by pulpit themes. They are lyrical in form; simple, with a fine Teutonic ring—yet through symbol touching the deepest feelings and needs of the human heart. *The Dies Iræ*, which appears in the Presbyterian Hymn Book, is his translation from the Latin; and he has also made translations from the German, the Romansch, and the Sanscrit. His consolation hymns are those best known; and as bereavement and sorrow are ever with us they are reproduced here as those of his poems which will always be prized, because of the comfort they are calculated to give to wounded hearts.

THE CHILD'S ANGEL.

Elder sister, elder brother,
Come and go around the mother,
  As she bids them come and go;
But the babe in her embrace
Rests and gazes on her face,
  And is most happy so.

Dropping from her lips and eyes,
Soft and hidden harmonies
  Steal into her infant's heart:
Mirror'd in clear depths below,
Gleams of mystic beauty flow,
  And fix, and ne'er depart.

Christ, our Lord, in His evangel,
Tells us how the young child's angel,
  In the world of heavenly rest,
Gazes in enraptured trance
On His Father's countenance,
  And is supremely blest.

Other angels come and go,
As the Lord will, to and fro;
  Some to earth, on missions fleet,

Some stand singing, some are winging
Their swift flight, and homeward bringing
The saved to Jesus' feet.

Angel hosts all mingling, changing,
Circle above circle ranging,
Marshalling, throng God's holy place:
But the children's angels, dearest
To the Father's heart, come nearest,—
They always see His face.

And oh! if earthly beauty, beaming
From frail mother's face, rush streaming
Deep into her infant's heart,—
What rare beauty must theirs be,
Heavenly God, who gaze on Thee,
Who see Thee as Thou art!

THE DEPARTED NIGH.

Departed, say we? is it
Departed or Come Nigh?
Dear friends in Christ more visit
Than leave us when they die.
What thin vail still may hide them!
Some little sickness rends,
And, lo! we stand beside them;
Are they *departed* friends?

Their dews on Zion mountain
Our Hermon hills bedew;
Their river from the Fountain
Flows down to meet us, too.
The oil on the head, and under,
Down to the skirts hath run;
And though we seem asunder,
We still in Christ are one.

The many tides of ocean
Are one vast tidal wave,
That sweeps, in landward motion,
Alike to coast and cave;
And Life, from Christ outflowing,
Is one wave evermore,
To earth's dark caverns going,
Or heaven's bright pearly shore.

Hail, perfected immortals!
Even now we bid you hail!
We at the blood-stained portals,
And ye within the vail!
The thin cloud-vail between us
Is mere dissolving breath,
One heavens surround, and screen us;
And where art thou,—O Death?

"TALITHA CUMI."

Maiden to thy twelfth year come—
I had read a Scripture story,
Of a damsel cold and dumb,
Wakened by the Lord of Glory;
And it seemed to me He spoke,
And His living word thrilled through me,
Till in me new life awoke
When he said, "Talitha Cumi."

I had to my chamber gone,
Eyes all swoll'n and red with weeping;
For my heart was like a stone,
And my life a dream in sleeping.
Jesus in my chamber stood,
Jesus stretched his hands out to me—
Hands all pierced, and dropping blood!
And he said, "Talitha Cumi."

Friends and neighbours gathered in,
Made no small ado, and weeping:
Dead I was; yes, dead in sin;
Dead; but I was only sleeping.
For Thy word upraised me, Lord,
Freed from the disease that slew me;
And to pious friends restored,
Crowned with Thy "Talitha Cumi."

Now with lamp I watch and wait
For my Lord's returning to me;
Should I slumber when 'tis late,
Let that word rouse and renew me;
And when long laid in the tomb,
Long forgot by all who knew me,
Thou wilt not forget to come
With Thy sweet "Talitha Cumi."

THE BRUISED REED.

When evening choirs the praises hymn'd
  In Zion's courts of old,
The High Priest walk'd his rounds, and trimm'd
  The shining lamps of gold ;
And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
  With fresh oil vainly drenched,
He cleansed it from its socket, so
  The smoking flax was quench'd.

But Thou who walkest, Priest Most High,
  Thy golden lamps among,
What things are weak, and near to die,
  Thou makest fresh and strong :
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
  That else must soon expire,
And swift it shoots up through the dark,
  A brilliant spear of fire !

The shepherd that to stream and shade,
  Withdrew his flock at noon,
On reedy stop, soft music made,
  In many a pastoral tune ;
And if, perchance, the reed were crush'd,
  It could not more be used—
Its mellow music, marr'd and hush'd,
  He brake it when so bruised.

But Thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
  Thy flock in pastures green,
Thou dost not break the bruisèd reed
  That sorely crushed hath been :—
The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
  Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost retune to harmonies
  More rich than angels know !

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,
  But now it burns so dim ;
My life was praise, but now my days
  Make a poor broken hymn.
Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
  But help'd in deepest need ;
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
  Nor break'st the bruised reed.

Hail, perfected immortals!
Even now we bid you hail!
We at the blood-stained portals,
And ye within the vail!
The thin cloud-vail between us
Is mere dissolving breath,
One heavens surround, and screen us;
And where art thou,—O Death?

"TALITHA CUMI."

Maiden to thy twelfth year come—
I had read a Scripture story,
Of a damsel cold and dumb,
Wakened by the Lord of Glory;
And it seemed to me He spoke,
And His living word thrilled through me,
Till in me new life awoke
When he said, "Talitha Cumi."

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Eyes all swoll'n and red with weeping;
For my heart was like a stone,
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DIES IRAE.

Day of anger, all arresting,
Heaven and earth in fire-shroud vesting,
Seer and Psalmist both attesting.

What distress man's heart is rending,
When, behold ! the Judge descending,
Trial strict o'er all impending !

Rolls the trumpet's shattering thunder,
Rends the realm of tombs asunder,
Driving all the great throne under.

Death, with nature, agonizes,
All creation, startled, rises,
Summoned to the dread assizes.

Opened Book, all eyes engages,
Bearing record of all ages,
Blazoned on its burning pages ;

Whence the Judge strict doom is dealing,
Every hidden thought revealing,
None escaping, none appealing.

What shall I for answer render ?
Whom implore for my defender ?
When the just's own hope is slender.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost freely grace extend us,
Fount of pity, succour send us.

Jesus, call to mind how knowing
My sad journey caused Thy going,
So come, that day mercy showing.

Faint, Thou seeking me hast hasted,
For me, on the cross death tasted ;
Shall such anguish all be wasted ?

Righteous Judge ! Thy terrors shake me,
Lest, when Thou from death shalt wake me,
Death more dreadful overtake me.

Spare me ! to my doom assenting,
Spare me ! sin with shame lamenting ;
Thou, God, sparest souls repenting.

Thou forgav'st the woman crying,
Heardst the robber's prayer in dying,
So to me too hope supplying.

Worthless all my tears and turning,
Yet, these in Thy grace not spurning,
Save me from the endless burning.

With Thy chosen sheep beside me,
From the goats, great Judge, divide me,
On Thy right a place provide me.

From the doomed to bitter sadness,
Driven by scorching flames to madness,
Call me with the blest to gladness.

Lowly kneeling, prostrate crying
Contrite heart in ashes lying,
Lord, forsake me not when dying.

Breaks that day, that day of weeping,
Wakes the dead in ashes sleeping,
Mournful tryst to judgment keeping.

God be merciful to them!
Jesus! Lord, slow to condemn,
Grant us blessed requiem! Amen.

ROBERT BENNETT,

AUTHOR of a handsome and beautifully illustrated volume of "Poems and Prose," (Glasgow: William Sinclair, 1888), was born at Linlithgow in 1855. His father, Alexander Bennett, was a pattern designer, who, with his family, removed to Rutherglen a year after the birth of Robert. The latter received a fair elementary education, with a "smattering" of Latin, under the efficient tutorship of Mr Colquhoun. Mr Bennett went to the wholesale drapery trade at the age of twelve, and eight years later he began business for himself. His calling is of such a nature as to

afford him many a ramble on foot from town to town, with a fair amount of leisure for literary and poetic pursuits. He has contributed at intervals, both in prose and verse, to the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, and the *Mail*, also the *Rutherglen Reformer*, and the *Sunday School Magazine*—one of his poems in the latter having been quoted by an American publication and honoured with an illustration. While his descriptive verse is bold and spirited, he can also touch with true feeling and tenderness the chord of pathos, and his reflective verse shows that he is imbued with an intelligent love of nature, and is highly imaginative. His songs evince the sincerity and the simplicity of the true poet, and they are ever sweet, melodious, and well-sustained.

THE AULD MILL WHEEL.

Oh ! mony a sang the brimming heart
Has moved the faltering lips to sing
Mid scenes preserved while the loves depart
That made them worth the remembering ;
And thochts owre deep for words to reveal
Are felt at the sicht o' the auld mill wheel.

By it I hae lingered wi' heart fu' licht,
And sangs o' love to its music set ;
When gloamin' wedded the day to nicht
My Jeanie and I in its shadow met.
And as near to joy as twa can feel
Were we, when we wooed by the auld mill wheel.

But years hae fled, and the stream still flows,
But it idly hings frae the auld mill wa',
And nocht can disturb its quiet repose,
Though the water's high and lood win's blaw.
They wha hae rest, deserve it weel,
That hae served their days like the auld mill wheel.

The force that moved it to wark and sang
Would crush it noo in its weak auld age ;
And sae the waters in peace may gang
And leave it its weel won hermitage.
May auld age never in vain appeal
For the reverence due to the auld mill wheel.

But sadder's my heart as I view its wreck,
Than if a' my grief for its sake had been ;
Nae will o' mine can the hot tears check
That memories force to my misty een.
For the heart o' my Jeannie that beat sae leal
Is as silent noo as the auld mill wheel.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Come my bairnie to my knee,
  Drenching winds, wi' deaf'ning rattle,
Drive in gusts across the lea,
  Like the leaden shower o' battle.
Come and cuddle in to me,
  Dark's the nicht and bairnie's weary,
Noo the gowan shuts its e'e,
  And the starnie lichts its leerie.

Tired wi' paidlin' in the burn,
  Sleep will mak' you blithe's a fairy,
Fresh you'll wauken in the morn
  When the birds are piping merry.
Tho' the burn may sport and leap
  Owre the moor sae wild and dreary,
Wi' the gowans bairns maun sleep
  When the starnie lichts its leerie.

Tae your mither's bosom creep,
  Naething there can harm you ever,
Like a lily rocked asleep
  On the bosom o' the river.
We like thee are bairnies tae,
  Though made up o' sterner mettle,
Aft in climbling Life's steep brae,
  Trying cares oor minds unsettle.

But if we wi' trustfu' grace,
  To Him cling, as to a mither
Clings the bairns wi' beaming face,
  Nocht we meet our hopes shall wither.
Noo my bairnie on my knee
  Sleeps as soun's a humming peerie,
Till the gowan ope's its e'e,
  And the starnie hides its leerie.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER.

The earth had grown less lovely since man's doubt,
Like vapour dark, had chequered life's fair scene ;
The world, with man within and God shut out,
Was not what it had been.

Those doubts but filled me with a trembling hope,
Born of a faith unsullied and sincere,
That I might, on some lonely mountain top,
A voice of solace hear.

And I have climbed since then, through wind and wet,
The mountains slippery path, from day to day,
Till nought but clouds above me hung, but yet
No message crossed my way.

Only the scream of lone bird towards its nest
Winging with storm-nursed strength its upward way,
Firm 'gainst the wind that set its valiant breast,
Impatient of delay.

Its eerie voice blent with the torrent's cry—
Down foaming, fierce, with many a giddy leap,
Like guilty thing that from itself would fly ;
Scarce pace with self could keep.

No sound I heard had aught of comfort in't ;
The drear wind o'er me sighed, with biting breath,
The dark hills, dwarfed beneath, with not a tint,
Seemed but the tombs of Death.

The cold see stretched its melancholy grey,
And as I rose, it widened its bleak span ;
And gloom was in the valley—not a ray
Revealed the place of man.

Twas then in me a censuring voice arose—
To seek God thus was from him to remove ;
If he be found, 'twill surely be with those
Held dearest by his love.

Not on the lonely mountain's lofty crest
Is God so lovely and his voice so near,
As where he is obeyed, and man is blest
With plenty all the year.

Obeyed by him who at day's solemn close
His daily bread with suffering ones will share ;
As well by him, who, thankful for repose,
Kneels down in silent prayer.

Let wise men build their doubts with cunning art,
And confident in reason, dread no fall ;
But he who leans on God, with childlike heart,
Stands firmer than them all.

THE OLD WEAVER'S SONG.

A'e autumn nicht, when frae the fields
The herds were driving hame the kye,
And the sun, generous at his end,
Had spread his grandeur owre the sky,
I chanced to spy fast by his door
An ancient man wi' snaw white hair,
Wha sang these words wi' falt'ring lips,
Set to a slow and mournful air :—

"Of scobs and flaws life's wab is fu',
Imperfect is oor wark at best,
And life's swift, fate-driven shuttle flies,
For guid or ill it's ne'er at rest.
The deeds o' youth, owre fast to think,
Done heedlessly are past reca',
And for these fauts, when ends my wab,
On my ain heid maun judgment fa'.

"I ken its drawing near its end,
And feel the shuttle slack'ning noo ;
The threads o' life are nearly spent,
And o' unchanging sober hue.
I hae nae wish to langer leeve
But just to balance byegane deeds,
Alas that guid resolves but come
When we hae almost spent oor threeds.

"When my great Judge Life's wab unrolls,
And a' my fauts crood to his e'e,
I fear nae punishment he'll send
Could be owre hard or cruel for me.
Oh ! would that I could calmly think
Repentance a' these fauts owrespan—
God mayna be sae hard a judge
As man unto his fellow-man."

Hope kindled in his licht spent e'e,
And greater seemed his comfort then—
To think a faultless Judge would be
Mair merciful than faulty men.

THE MISER.

A shivering, shuffling form has he,
And feet that move with nibbling pace,
As if he grudged the energy
That bears him on from place to place.

Grim want from him so much hath snatched,
The grave would scarce the rest demand;
But Death and he were nobly matched
To go together hand in hand.

His withered hand, so long and spare,
He clasps with nervous, anxious clutch,
As if he thought the very air
Would yield some bounty to his touch.

His cold grey eye lights wildly up
At sight of some expected prize,
As when Spring's first bright buttercup
Awakens joy in childhood's eyes.

Earth's living joys are naught to him
Since they add nothing to his store;
The bright flower, sparkling at the brim,
With careless foot he passes o'er.

His faculty for joy is dead,
His sense corrupted with his dross,
The gold that turns his heart to lead
He gathers only to his loss.

They that thus make a god of gold
Shall share the fate of that they trust;
All that is theirs the grave shall hold,
Their being sure shall end in dust.

JAMES LOGIE HERCUS.

DURING the present year (1888) a very interesting little volume, entitled "Songs of the Borderland and other Verses," was published by Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso, and Messrs William Peace & Son,

Kirkwall. The poet was James L. Hercus, and Mr W. A. Clouston, editor of "Arabian Poetry for English Readers," &c., edited the volume and contributed an appreciative preface, in which he gives a few particulars of the career of the poet. The work is dedicated to David Ross, Esq., LL.D., principal, Church of Scotland Training College, Glasgow. Mr Hercus was born at Kirkwall, Orkney, in 1847, and was educated at the Grammar School there. He afterwards went South, and was occupied in commercial pursuits in Edinburgh and latterly in Glasgow, where he died in 1885, at the "fatal age," which saw the death of Burns, Byron, and many other less noted singers. The accomplished editor of the posthumous selection says—"Mr Hercus was content to sing, in humble but pleasing strains, the praises of the Scottish Borderland, already so famed in song and story; and occasionally to give expression in verse (which, if not always faultless in construction, is never without 'the stamp and clear impression of good sense') to his reflections on a number of subjects which are of universal interest to humanity. He decidedly possessed much of the true poet's appreciation of the charms of Nature." Many of his pieces evince a "pleasing melancholy," while others have an invigorating swing, and are full of martial fire and patriotic fervour. His productions, altogether, are above mediocrity, and the author is entitled to remembrance as one of our gifted bards. He has left behind him several poems that savour not a little of the descriptive powers of the front rank of our minor poets.

AULD BETTY MacCLOOT.

Nae paper we ha'e in our village sae sma',
And feint a bit foreign news hear we ava';
But scandal's aye rife, and we get it in pleuty,
And a' the sma' news o' the countryside gentry:
There's naething can happen for miles round aboot,
But comes tae the lugs o' auld Betty MacCloot.

Auld Betty MacCloot, she keeps a wee shop—
Sells needles and thread, and whiles ginger-pop,
And worsted and bobbins, tobacco and snuff,
And mutches and ribbons, and a' kinds o' stuff—
For whatever ye want, frae a preen tae a suit,
Ye'll get in the shop o' auld Betty MacCloot.

Lang Johnnie the blacksmith got fou at the inn,
And kicked up a racket, and knocked the door in,
So, for this bit pleasure, and drucken diversion,
They pulled up poor Johnnie before the kirk-session—
But they'd ne'er heard the scandal, I ha'e nae a doot,
Had it no been the lang tongue o' Betty MacCloot.

Puir Willie the cadger made free wi' a hare
He fund at the hedge-ruit, held fast in a snare;
But Justices' justice, that never can fail,
Just trotted the cadger aff sax months tae jail—
For the matter was brought 'neath the bobbie's lang snout
By the ill-scrapit tongue o' auld Betty MacCloot.

Oh, oor cobbler he's cantie, and oor cobbler he's fine,
And whiles aff a saumon oor cobbler he'll dine,
For he'll cleek them like winkin' frae oot the bit burn,
Then aff like a shot ere a watcher can turn—
But his tricks and his trips they a' hae come oot,
And they're tell't tae her cronies by Betty MacCloot.

But the tongue o' oor village set scandal on edge
When the Elder was fund at the back o' a' hedge
As blin' as a howlet, and drunk as a soo,
And grumphing and grunting like ony auld coo—
Though folks said the scandal, they had na a doot,
Was brewed in the shop o' auld Betty MacCloot.

When Mrs MacWhirter cuist oot on the stair,
Ca'd her neebor a leer, and rugged at her hair,
In a' oor sma' village, frae morning to night,
Ye heard nae ae word but the news o' the fight—
But the matter began, oh, I hae na a doot,
By that ill-speaking body, auld Betty MacCloot.

Auld Neddy the cairter's a drucken auld sot,
And wi' whisky his wame is filled up like a pot;
And ilka bit markit Ned never is sober,
Frae the lang days o' June to the month o' October—
But, though drucken and careless, I ha'e na a doot,
His tauts are weel riddled by Betty MacCloot.

There's feint a twa dogs can fight on the street,
Or show a dog's pleasure like dogs when they meet,
But Betty, the merchant, must ken it, ye see,
And tell't a' ower a guid cup o' tea—
Wi' mony perversions, I ha'e na a doot,
For it's just in the style o' auld Betty MacCloot.

Through her horn-rimm'd glesses she glowers a' the while,
Tak' ma word, she could maist see a midge at a mile,
Smell a scandal a'maist at a hunner mile aff,
And tell't a' ower wi' a wink and a laugh—
She a wonderfu' body, I ha'e na a doot,
And a deevil for scandal, auld Betty MacCloot!

A SERMON' WITHOUT A TEXT.

Oh, I love at eve to ramble, when the moon shines o'er the hill,
Adown the quiet meadow, and past the village mill;
For 'tis pleasant in the evening, when the moon shines through the pines,
To call back familiar faces, and to muse on former times,
To quit this life of bustle, with its worries and its jars,
And walk along at evening, beneath the twinkling stars,

Time—Time is ever present, but the past is ever dead;
Still there lives in Memory visions of that past for ever fled:
Of joys that have departed, that we fain would woo again;
Or, perchance, some sad misfortune only pondered o'er with pain,
Which we fain would wish forgotten in the long relapse of years;
Yet 'tis borne on Memory's pinions to awake again our tears.

Like the breakers of the ocean when they dash upon the shore,
And return to mother ocean, to break forth again with roar—
So the good deeds of the present, receding from time's strand,
Shall come forth in future ages in forms sublime and grand.
For, believe me, Christian brother, 'tis not glory or renown
Shall win the life eternal, or the saint's immortal crown.

Canst thou tell me, fellow mortal, when the miser comes to die,
If his ears shall not be ringing with the hungry orphan's cry—
The widow and the homeless that he turned out in the cold,
For the sake of making richer, for his greed of getting gold?
Ah! surely conscience haunts him, 'tis the worm that never dies;
But his gold will weigh as nothing 'gainst the nobler, holier prize.

Down the beaten track of memory, down the corridor of Time,
Engraven as on lasting brass, all generous actions shine,
A light to lead the pilgrim and the weary wanderer on,
And to make him feel the better for one Christian action done,

King Death had fixed on that Maiden's cheek
The seal of his kingdom grim ;
And she answered his call in accents meek,
And laid her head on his skeleton cheek,
And clasped his neck with her arms so weak,
And went with the awful King.

The Warrior rode o'er the battle plain,
And flaunted his standard high ;
His horse was pawing the fallen slain,
The bullets whistled around in vain,
And some even smote on the charger's mane,
As onward they both did fly.
But the shock of battle came at last,
And the rider to earth went down :
One loving look to the sky he cast,
One long, long look, for it was his last ;
He heaved a sigh, then all was past—
King Death had received his own.

To the home of the Peasant, far remote,
The grim King found his way ;
And 'neath the roof of his lowly cot
The humble man to the dust he smote,
And bore him away from his earthly lot
To the realms of purer day.
But Death to him was in mercy sent—
Relief from sorrow and pain ;
And the Christian Peasant was well content
To go with the guide his Lord had sent,
And follow his steps wherever he went,
For ripe was the Reaper's grain.

King Death in this fleeting world of ours
Reigns monarch supreme o'er all—
The withered tree and the fairest flowers,
The buds that ope to the morning showers,
And youth in its strong meridian powers,
Must bow to the grim King's call.
And love, and hope, and joy, and mirth
At the summons dread must go ;
And everything that we love on earth,
The love of beauty, of power, and worth,
Which grew with our lives from our very birth—
And 'tis well that it should be so.

THE MISER.

The Miser was old, his eyes were dim,
Yet his sordid gold was a god to him ;

And he loved right well to see it shine,
When he counted it o'er at the evening time—
If soul he had, he kept it hid
'Neath the ponderous weight of his coffer's lid.

Long, long had the Miser bemoaned his fate,
From the early dawn to the evening late;
And he said, "I am getting more feeble and old,
And, oh, I must leave my precious gold!
Though I fear neither death nor the dismal grave,
This thought o'erpowers my heart so brave.

"If I only could take my iron chest
To the grave, my mind would be at rest;
But, alas! alas! I can only groan,
For my heirs will spend it when I am gone!
And the thought of this almost drives me mad,
And makes me feel peevish, and ill, and sad.

"I am old and feeble, I am seventy-nine,
Yet gold! I still love to see thee shine:
Thou art better than brother or sister dear,
For I buried them all without a tear!
But I cannot go down to the grave so cold
Without dropping a tear for my precious gold."

Thus spoke the Miser, whilst counting his hoard,
And he stooped o'er the chest where he kept it stored;
In his coffer deep his hand was hid,
When down, with a crash, came the iron lid—
It crushed the neck of the Miser old,
And he died, as he lived, beside his gold.

WILLIAM DELDAY

IS a native of, and resides in the same parish where David Vedder was born—Quoybelloch, Deerness, Orkney. He is now in his thirty-third year, having first seen the light in October, 1855. Before he had gone to the humble "Society" school of the parish, and ere he had reached his fourth year, he was a fair reader,

and delighted his friends by reciting "The Pet Lamb." At the age of five he was sent to school for a few weeks in summer, and was an apt pupil. As a proof of the rapid progress he made, it might be noted that between his seventh and thirteenth years he was *the* pupil teacher of the school, and that the master, it is said, often had to yield to him in arithmetic. He had by this time also begun to rhyme, and he wrote verses "to order" on many "school incidents." His educational career, however, was short, and he was only a young lad when he left to assist in the cultivation of the land occupied and owned by his father, in which calling he is still engaged. Being, however, fond of instructive books, he devoted his limited leisure to intellectual pursuits, and for a time he, with a few others, attended a class for the study of Latin, taught by his minister.

Mr Delday has not yet published his productions in book form, though a number of his pieces have appeared in "the Poet's corner." His moods are many, and he writes with fervour of the sea, fisher-life, and the scenes amid which his days have been passed. Though at times somewhat irregular, his muse exhibits genuine feeling, and considerable lyrical capability.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

Some poets sing of wedded bless with matrons debonaire,
And others praise love's first fond kiss or languish in despair;
While they who love to pree the stoup have sung the power of drink,
To cheer the heart of those who love the thrilling crambo-clink,
As to their ears the ringing notes come forth with boisterous glee,
By those who have enflamed their throats and marred their melody;
But I will sing of what we could not well afford to want—
'Tis of the service rendered by a kindly maiden aunt,
Because when trouble comes to us she's ready to relieve
By kindly act and sympathy the pain of those who grieve;
For when a brother's wife or child requires a nurse's care,
With gentle hand and accents mild the maiden aunt is there,

Who cares not for herself but tries to help the sore distressed,
And gently pats the head of those who are not oft caressed ;
While sister's orphans in her find a mother's loving care,
And neighbours get her aid to nurse when sickness is their share—
Thus, with the angels minist'ring, she does her duty here,
Living the gospel by her walk in her allotted sphere.

WE SET OUR SAILS.

We set our sails, and bore away
For sea, with glee and laughing, O ;
But wind and waves with angry roar
Did meet us in the offing, O.

So we did run for Papa Sound
For shelter and the lasses, O,
Whose sparkling eyes are just as bright
As those of higher classes, O.

Among the rest, five sisters there—
Are bonnie, fair, and charming, O,
And one with a delightful glance
My dull, cold heart is warming, O.

Where Jess and Jean, and Bell and Meg,
And one small intermeddler, O,
Attract us when in Papa Sound,
To wander up to Fiddler's, O.

To pass the time and have a chat,
And see them sweetly smicker, O,
As if to say, just step this way,
If you are in a flicker, O.

For we will be both gay and free,
And welcome you with pleasure, O,
If you want one of us to be
Your heart's delight and treasure, O.

I stepped that way with hearty glee,
To learn more about them, O ;
Passing the evening happily,
I left and did not flout them, O.

So if young Bell keeps up the spell,
In civil, loving manner, O,
O'er her I will delight to spread
The lover's faithful banner, O.

ROBERT M'LEAN CALDER,

AUTHOR of a volume, entitled "Hame Sangs," is a native of Duns, Berwickshire. He was born there in 1841, and is the fourth of a family of ten. His father was a baker to trade, and a man of good natural parts, shrewd, and intelligent. His mother—from whom he takes his second name—was a person of marked literary ability, and to her teaching he attributes his early taste for poetry and song. His education was begun in his native town, when, as a "toddling wee thing," he attended the infant school, and where—child as he was—he was often put on the rostrum to lead the other children in their simple songs. When he was about five his parents removed to the village of Polwarth—a spot celebrated in song by Allan Ramsay. Here he attended the village school for some years—working during the summer months with others of the village children in the fields, gathering rack or weeding the crops. At the age of ten he left school, and was hired by a neighbouring farmer to "herd the craws." After a season of this lowly occupation, he tended sheep in the moorlands of the Marchmont estate, and here, during his leisure hours, he educated himself by studying all the literature which came within his reach. In fact, such an appetite had he for reading, that, after going through all the books in the village, he would walk miles after his day's work was over to borrow others from the neighbouring villagers. Even at this early age he began to tune his lyre, but his first effusions he committed to the flames, as not worthy of preservation. Laying aside the plaid and crook, he began his apprenticeship to the drapery trade in the town of Duns, during the second year of which he studied music under the Rev.

Daniel Kerr (who was one of the first to introduce Curwen's system into Scotland), and at the age of thirteen he took a certificate for proficiency in both notations. About this time also he first contributed some verses to the *Berwick Advertiser*, and these being accepted he continued a regular contributor to that paper during the five years of his residence in his native town. After this he filled several situations in London, and for a short time also in the Isle of Wight. While in the employment of a large London firm, he was one of a band who started an illustrated paper called the *Tomahawk*, to which he contributed a series of poetical sketches, entitled "Job Lots from behind the Counter." In 1866, he sailed for New York. After some months spent in the United States, during which he followed several occupations, he finally settled in Canada. Here again he filled various situations—one of these as book-keeper in the American Hotel in Toronto, and at length he drifted back to his old business in the town of Chatham, Ontario. During a residence of eighteen years in this town, Mr Calder was a constant contributor to the newspapers of the country. He also acted as choir-leader in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and so well were his services appreciated that he was presented with a handsome gold watch by the congregation. The St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa, for three years in succession, offered gold medals to be competed for (open to Canada and the States), for poems on Scottish subjects, and two of these were awarded to Mr Calder.

After being in business on his own account for fourteen years, his health gave way, and he determined to return home. Since 1882, he has resided in London, where he is associated with his brother, Mr P. Calder, court and theatrical shoe embroiderer and

trimming manufacturer. In 1887, our poet published a selection of his poetry, under the title of "Hame Sangs," [London: King & Co., 50 Booksellers' Row.] This work has been very favourably reviewed by the press, both of Scotland and Canada, and the author received encouraging letters from the Marquis of Lorne, Mr Gladstone, and Professor Blackie. The latter writes:—"'Hame Sangs' are full of nature, and love, and truth, and pure wisdom. As genuine Scottish feeling, the 'Thistle' is an excellent glorification of our kingly weed; and the 'Royal Mouse' is a poem that would have done credit to Burns." Mr Calder's Doric is pure, and is gracefully and melodiously expressed. He writes with much heart, vividness, and glow of language, while there is an occasional touch of quiet humour that is quite refreshing. The *Scottish American Journal*, in which many of the poems first appeared in print, says:—"Mr Calder is a sweet singer, and writes direct from the heart. His themes are those of every-day life, and the pawky wisdom so characteristic of Scotchmen is fully illustrated in his pages. As a Scot abroad he has written many songs which evince the yearnings of the wanderer's heart for the motherland."

THE BAIRNIE TAK'S AFTER HIS FAITHER.

We hae a bit laddie doonbye at the hoose,
An' the mither aboot him is cantie and crouse,
As for me, wha am generally sober an' douse,
They say I am prood o' him rather;—
Wi' his carroty pow he is unco like me;
He's a kip to his nose, an' a cast i' his e'e,
An' a the auld wives i' the clachan agree,
That the bairnie tak's after his faither.

O the wee ane's complaints he has had his full share—
The kink-hoast an' measles,—an' twenty things mair,
Yet he's stoot an' weel-faured a' the howdies declare,
Whilk comforts the heart o' his mither.

Yet 'mang a' the troubles and drawbacks sae rife,
He tak's to the bottle as nat'ral as life,
An' aften I smile as I tell the guidwife,
That the bairnie tak's after his faither.

Whan the lasses drap in hoo he coo's an' he craws,
An' glams at their ribbons, their gum-flowers an' braws,
Or expresses his joy wi' goo-goos an' da-das,
While the lasses guffaw to ilk ither.
As for me—when I see a' the cuddlin' gaun on,
I think o' the days afore Kirstie was won,
For in a' this curdooin' sae early begun,
The bairnie tak's after his faither.

For rattles an' toys he no cares for a preen,
Nor dolls—whilk the lassocks are fond o', I ween,
But see hoo he'll warstle an' cock up his e'en,
When I jingle the siller together;
An' should I a bawbee an' saxpence haud oot,
He'll grab at the wee-ane withoot ony doot,
This auld-farrant weanie ken's what he's aboot,
For the bairnie tak's after his faither.

There's ae thing peculiar to Scotchmen a' ower,
They're unco strong-willed, an' inclined to be dour—
They winna be driven, dae a' i' your poo'er,
Tho' they'll follow withouten a swither;
An', young as he is, I can see i' the wean
He'll stan' to his point just as steeve as a stane,
An' he'll try a' he can to toddle his lane,
For the bairnie tak's after his faither.

Let us houp as the years come an' gang, he will be
Aye lovin' an' kind to his mither an' me;
Nor frae the straight road gangin' muckle aglee,
Nor wi' dootfu' companions forgather;
Aye firmly the wiles o' the warl' to withstand—
As saft as the doon, yet as gritty as sand,
An' had up his heid wi' the best i' the land,
For the bairnie tak's after his faither.

THE THISTLE.

While memory backward tracks the time,
Sin' first I trode a foreign clime,
In fancy aft the hills I climb
Where waves proud Scotia's thistle;
By knowe an' cairn, by mead an' moor,
By linn an' loch, by glen an' shore,
My childhood's scenes I aft explore,
'Mang heather, fern, and thistle.

How aft in boyhood's sunny days,
I've skelpit barefit o'er the braes,
An' little cared tho' heels an' taes
  Were tinglin' wi' the thistle ;
Or when its summer bloom was past,
An' downy feathers wayward cast,
I'm grieved that autumn's thieving blast
  Should bare the bonny thistle.

I carena for ye're garden flowers,
Sae trim an' neat in lady's bowers—
There's ane aboon them a' that towers,
  The stalwart, bearded thistle.
Noo noodin' to the surly breeze ;
Noo hid beneath the hazel trees ;
Noo sunward baskin' where the bees
  Sip honey frae the thistle.

The flowers may languish in the field,
When summer days nae showers may yield ;
It needs nae plantin's shade or bield,
  The hardy, burly thistle.
Tho' sharp an' keen the blasts may blaw,
An' ither flowers may fade an' fa',
It rears its head aboon them a'
  The sturdy, bearded thistle.

When warlike hordes cam' ower the main,
Wi' hopes o' conquest an' o' gain,
A city's slumberers wad been slain,
  If 't hadna been the thistle.
While barefit for surprise prepared,
They steal upon the drowsy guard,
A warnin' cry o' pain was heard—
  Their curses on the thistle.

An' sae the thistle proved to be
The guardian o' oor liberty,
Then wha can ever doot that we
  Are proud o' Scotia's thistle.
On mountain heights it rears its head,
Proudly an' stern, as if it said—
"For Scotia's cause ye ne'er may dread,'
  "Sae lang's ye lo'e the thistle."

Sae when we see its sturdy form,
Aft bent an' toss'd before the storm,
Oor hearts to Scotia's heroes warm,
  Sae like their native thistle.

Tho' aft assailed by war's rude blast,
When broadside Mar's red bolts were cast,
They cam' triumphant forth at last,
Unconquered like the thistle.

DOON AT THE HEEL.

This life is a warsle at best ye'll alloo,
An' we hae mony back-sets afore we get thro';
But sic things we could thole gin it werna the way,
Yer frien's look asklent whan ye tint what ye hae—
Whan ye needna their help—oh! it's a' very weel,
But their sang seems to change whan ye're doon at the heel.

It's a garment o' shoddy—a fabric o' thrums,
The frien'ship that cools whan adversity comes;
Ye'll hae plenty o' frien's in ye're bricht summer hours,
Whan ye're pathway is cheerie wi' sunlight an' flowers,
But let a bit frost come—their feelin's congeal,
An' their hearts turn like ice whan ye're doon at the heel.

Whan ye needna their help—oh! they'll mak' sic a fraise,
But ance ye get scanty o' meat an' o' clase—
What tho' at ye're table they've eaten an' drank,
Whan they kenn'd ye'd a balance a' safe at the bank—
As ye briested the brae they wad help ye to speil,
But they'll shove you aside whan ye're doon at the heel.

If, in manner and speech, ye're as rude as a cad,
Yer fau'ts they'll o'erlook—but ye're a' thing that's bad
Gin ye hae a come doon, thro' nae faut o' yer ain,
Ye'll fin' ye'll be left just to toddle ye're lain—
Ye may dee in a ditch, ye may beg or may steal,
It's nae business o' theirs whan ye're doon at the heel.

Ne'er min' hoo ye got it, if siller ye hae,
Ye'll be flattered an' praised ilka hour o' the day—
At kirk ye'll be welcomed, sae lang's ye donate
A share o' yer ill-gotten walth to the plate—
Gin they dinna just brand you a limb o' the deil,
Ye'll get the cauld shouther whan doon at the heel.

I'm sweir to believe that a' mankind's the same,
But it's best gin ye needna their praise or their blame;
Just steer yer ain path, an' ne'er trust to the reed
That's sure to gie way when assistance ye need;
Keep yer frien' in your pooch—hae a heart that can feel,
An' a' han' that will help them that's doon at the heel.

THE AULD THACKIT HOOSE.

Just ower the wee briggie that crosses the burn,
That rins by the fit o' the green,
There's a humble bit cottage wi' ivy-clad wa's,
Where mony blythe days I hae seen :
The inside is hamely, yet tidy an' neat,
Its inmates are kindly and douce,
An' there's aye a warm welcome whenever I ca'
On the folks at the auld thackit hoose.

Hoo cantie we've been by the auld ingle side,
When the lang winter nichts had set in ;
We sat in the glow of the cheery peat fire,
When the story an' sang would begin ;
We sang the sweet lilts o' oor ain native land,
When our heroes were Wallace and Bruce,
Or listened to auld-farrant tales that were tauld,
In the neuk o' the auld thackit hoose.

'Twas a picture o' hamely contentment an' cheer,
That riches or state couldna bring ;
Auld Jock by the ingle, his pipe in his cheek,
Was as happy as kaiser or king.
Auld Babbie sat there wi' her wark on her knee ;
On the hearth-stane lay Rover an' puss,
For even the cats and the dogs would agree
'Neath the roof o' the auld thackit hoose.

Whene'er I return to the auld village green,
To the scene o' my boyhood's bright days,
The joys 'o the past come again to my heart
As I roam by the burnies an' braes ;
An' here wi' auld cronies, still faithfu' an' true,
We meet a' sae friendly an' crouse,
To crack ower the scenes o' the happy lang syne,
In the neuk o' the auld thackit hoose.

WAIT A-WEE, AN' DINNA WEARY.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
Tho' your heart be sad an' sair,
An' your youthfu' dreams hae vanished,
Leavin' nocht but grief an' care ;
Tho' the clouds be dark an' lowerin'—
Faded flowers lie 'neath the snaw,
Summer suns wi' bricht hopes laden,
Sune the mists will clear awa'.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
Tho' the winter's lang and dreary,
Summer days will come to cheer ye,
Gin ye'll only wait a-wee.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
Tho' ye're maybe crossed in love,
An' your springhood's hopes lie withered
Time will yet your cares remove ;
Tho' the joy's that langsyne perished,
Left a wound baith deep and sair,
Maybe some true heart has cherished,
Love for you, deep an' sincere,

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary, &c.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
There are ithers sad and wae ;—
Sufferin' puir wi' heavy burdens,
Strugglin' 'gainst adversity :
For awhile forget your sorrows,
Sune a' cankerin' cares will flee,
Gin ye'll sooth the broken hearted—
Wipe the tear frae purtith's e'e.

Wait a-wee an' dinna weary &c.

JESSIE PATRICK FINDLAY,

A RISING Scottish *litterateur*, was born in Leven, Fifeshire, in 1857. From her father, who is a landscape painter and photographer, she inherits the gift of "finding poems among the dusty ways of life." In her girlhood, too, she was much influenced by her aged poet-friend, "Theta"—Mr Thomson of Kennoway, the Wordsworth of Fife, who died recently in his ninety-first year, and has a place in our first series. To him she addressed a tender ode on his ninetieth birthday, from which we give the following :—

Oh, I remember gracious days gone by
When we two walked in Kennoway's sweet den
In happy mood, while on your face there lay
That dignity which Nature gives her own!
You guided me across the unsteady stones
Which bridged the brawling hurry of the stream,
And as we rested in the hawthorn's shade
We heard the blackbird lead the choir of birds
With note of stately leisure, while the thrush—
The giddy thrush—forgot the measured time
Aud filled the pauses with a throbbing joy.

* * *

And as we wandered 'neath the soft green gloom
Of tender foliage, oh, I wondered much
That but the twinkle of a little rill
Could make your face so brighten, and your soul
Expand in thought so quaint and beautiful!
Lo! something marvellous dropt from the trees,
Flashing through silence, making that dim glen
Glow with the lambent light of poetry
Which you had kindled in my heart that hour
To be a lasting joy: and now those days
For evermore shine more than days to me
Among the dearest memories of my youth.

To us who love you, you can ne'er be old
Though burdened with the weight of ninety years,
For your frail body holds the poet's soul,
Which is forever young though years may pass.
The body is the visible disguise—
The limitation of the soaring soul,
And life—the cloud that hides eternity.

Mrs Findlay began to write verse before she was fifteen, and when only eighteen years of age her father published (for private circulation) a selection from her verses in the form of a *brochure* called "Weaved-up-Thought." She is an occasional contributor to *Chambers's Journal*, *Sunday Talk*, and *People's Friend;* and the poem we give—"The Martyred Margarets"—gained the first prize in the *People's Journal* competion, 1884. In 1888, Mrs Findlay issued a well-written Scottish tale, entitled "The Lost Tide." It forms one of Messrs Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier's popular series of one shilling volumes, and abounds in graphic pictures of fisher-life, and affords evidence that the authoress will yet take good a place amongst our gifted group of present-day writers on themes illustrating Scottish life and character. Besides showing

fertile imagination as a writer of fiction, Mrs Findlay very strikingly exhibits all the qualities that make a poet. Many of her lines are full of ideal beauty and happy expression, and she can touch with charming grace the simple loves, and hopes, and aims of humble life. While her descriptions of scenery are effective, she also possesses, in a marked degree, the spirit and power of the old *makker*, and her tender ballads evince a wide acquaintance with the history of her country, and are valuable additions to the minstrelsy of Scotland.

THE MARTYRED MARGARETS.

Two hundred years save one have passed with man's slow progress freighted—
All blurred the primal purity in which they were created—
Since Scotland's Covenanters saw but gloomier vistas yawning,
Yet slowly from that black abyss a brighter day was dawning.

When May was putting forth her spells to clothe the larches slender,
And with sweet sense of life renewed the earth lay young and tender—
Then persecution's fiercest blast o'er Scotland's moors was sweeping,
And to the passive heavens above ascended bitter weeping.

On one fair morn up rose the sun, a rosy lustre lending
Unto the straight, swift morning smoke from Wigtown homes ascending;
Through Blednoch's waters flashed the light in golden shallows glowing—
Grim Blednoch! waiting twice a-day the Solway's sudden flowing.

Full shone the sun upon two stakes set where the tides have meeting,
For crafty men had gauged the shock of their tumultuous greeting;
And down the sunlit morning road a shadow broadens slowly
Into a crowd whose centre holds two women pale and lowly—

Two martyrs : how their faces shine by inner light exalted !
They hear the waters lap the stakes just where the crowd has halted ;
Yet no chill fear is in their eyes, but radiant faith is sparkling—
They know that God is in His heaven behind the cloud-rack darkling.

Now to the stakes the soldiers rude with shameless hands have bound them—
Oh shameless laws that gave them power !—the martyrs look around them,
And strive amid the heaving waves to stay their reeling senses—
Oh men, how hardened ye have grown to woman's influences.

The agèd widow from her stake looks on a life completed,
Saintly with harboured memories of sin and self defeated ;
Her mien most temperate and meek to hope is long a stranger,
But westering glows her sun of faith to cheer her path of danger.

The laws that rule the Solway to its tidal task are urging—
Already past the outer stake the waves of death are surging.

. . . . . .

Farewell, oh, widowed Margaret ! the Christ that you have died for
Awaits you in His veilèd heaven, whose shelter you have sighed for.

"Now, Margaret, Margaret," cried the men, "the waves will soon be o'er you—
What think you now of your dead friend who's met the death before you ?"
"'Tis thus I think," said Margaret, in rapturous tones replying,
"That she has crowned the Christ afresh whom ye are crucifying."

Clear in her young pathetic eyes the light shone unaffrighted,
The home-fires of a good man's love shall never there be lighted ;
No human home contains a niche which safely may enshrine her—
She looks beyond the Solway's tide and sees a home diviner.

And thus she prays—"My sins of youth do thou, O Lord, forget them,
And save thy covenant people, Lord, from evil men that fret them."
Now higher the chill water creeps her girlish form to cover ;
Now silent is the praying voice, for smooth it rolls above her.

But ere her soul had quite unlocked her body's lingering fetter
With cruel mercy once again above the floods they set her.

"Now, Margaret, pray 'God save the King,'" she heard their voices saying.
"God save him if He will," said she, "for that I'm ever praying."

"Sir, she has said it! She'll conform!" cries out a kindly pleader.
"Then take the Abjuration Oath—and live," responds the leader.
"I will not; I am Christ's," said she. "Return then to the waters."

. . . . . .

'Twas thus within the Solway's tide died Scotland martyred daughters.

Man's progress ever wades through blood, and time moves onward weeping;
To-day is moulded on the Past—its good and ill we're reaping.
Ere long prevailed the Covenant cause that was its foes' derision,
And we in happier times behold its martyrs in a vision.

They worshipped God where shelt'ring caves by kindly Earth were given,
Yet builded up "as living stones" our Church which climbs to heaven;
Thus dim extremes of life and death are fused in life and glory
For us who hold the same bright faith that lights the martyr's story.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S RETURN TO LARGO.

When the shilfa hammered her canty sang,
The gowden screens o' the furze amang,
An' the Law to its cloven croon looked gay,
A strange ship anchored in Largo Bay.
Noo wha is this that he kens sae weel
Hoo the bonnie broo o' the Law to speil,
Altho' there's that i' the look o' his e'e
Bespeaks a man frae a far countrie?

. . . . . .

'Twas Sabbath morn, an' the folk had gane
To the kirk whaur the stranger sat his lane.

The Dominie on his desk had rapped
Till a' the startled cobwebs flapped,
When a puir auld wife cried quaverin' hie—
"Oh, here's my son come hame to me!
His coat is taggit wi' gowd an' green,
An' his face eicht years I hae never seen—

But a hunner years they wad coont as nane,
For a mither's he'rt aye kens her ain!"—
The Dominie gloomed—"Is the Sabbath day
A time to anchor in Largo Bay?"

Then oot spak Selkirk—"I'll never be
Sae guid as I was i' the lane South Sea!"

"Weel, weel! I winna cast my pearls
Afore—ahem! sic glaikit kerls—
Haud! Skipper Broon, hoo daur ye smirk
An' cry 'cauld airn!' through a' the kirk."*

The kirk it skailed, and the folk were fain
To welcome Selkirk hame again,
Sae he married a wife an' settled doon
To live like the lave in Largo toon:
An' he biggit a bouir to gladden his e'e,
Like ane he had left i' the far South Sea.
Instead o' its wa's o' pimento tree
Stood the red-limbed fir o' his ain countrie;
Instead o' the grass that Fernandez grew
'Twas theekit wi' bent frae the Law's e'e broo.

. . . . . .

But a strange look waukened within his e'e,
He wasna at hame i' the auld countrie.

He socht Keil's Den on the autumn morn,
When the haws gleamed red on the leafless thorn,
An' the squirrels loupt up the pillars grey
O' their beechan hames whaur the nut-hoards lay.
But the things o' the wuds looked a' askance
At the wanderin' man wi' the restless glance,
Save Robin alane, sae trig an' wee,
O' the canny fit an' the trustfu' e'e.

He wandered the shores o' the Firth an' saw
The solan hie to the Bass awa',
An' oot o' his breist wad his he'rt 'maist flee
To his lanely isle i' the far South Sea.
An' he wad climb to Largo Law,
Wi' the mantlin' cluds roond her coif o' snaw,
An' hide i' the mornin' mists that curled
Wi' the fisher's prayers to a higher world.

. . . . . .

But aye there lay i' the howe o' his e'e
The look o' a man frae a strange countrie.

*The word "swine" was considered unlucky among fisher folk; and, as a counter-spell, they touched the iron heels of their boots, crying "Touch cauld airn!"

When winter storms ower the Firth wad whirl,
An' the Bay was loud wi' the sea-mews' skirl,
An' the lang blasts soughed frae the Norlan' Sea,
His thochts to his island bouir wad flee.
At lang an' last he could nae mair thole
The waefu' langin' that starved his soul ;
Sae he bade fareweel to his mither dear,
An' clasped his wife wi' mony a tear—
For Nature's spell it had made him fain
To own nae kinship but jist her ain.

. . . . .

An' the sails o' his ship that swung sae free
Were set for the shores o' Eternity.

HUSH ! DREAMING HEART.

She seemed so kind when last we met,
Her smile dispelled my past regret ;
Her eye on me so kindly shone—
Oh ! might I deem on me alone.
Hush ! dreaming heart ;
Oh dreaming heart be still !

Ah, if she would but look on me,
My life for her should noble be ;
I'd make her dear name great and known
If she would look on me alone.
Hush ! dreaming heart ;
Oh dreaming heart be still !

Oh, love is bold ! I even dare
To ask her love from God in prayer—
But ah ! perchance His fixed decree
Ordains that thus it may not be.
Hush ! wilful heart ;
Oh wilful heart be still !

Her name is written on my heart,—
In every thought she has a part ;
Oh ! surely love like this of mine
Can ne'er be doomed in vain to pine !
Hush ! dreaming heart ;
Oh dreaming heart be still !

TIME.

The pathos of the incomplete
Is in our measurement of time,
For one may live a hundred years
While but an hour has rung its chime.

Man is but human, and his feet
Th' eternal laws of time pursue ;
Oh, whither tend those hastening hours,
For ever old yet ever new ?

Can man's weak hand a moment grasp ?
Lo, it has fled beyond recall ;
Yet that swift moment may contain
A life's regret—a spirit's fall !

Man is divine : his will compels
Eternity to merge in time,—
His soul aspires beyond its bonds,
And makes an earthly hour sublime.

Thus time is but eternity
Made level to the needs of man,
And man is mighty, for his thoughts
The fleeting bounds of time can span.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

THE "second eldest" of a family of eleven, was born in "a wee thack hoose," known as "Burn Tidie," in the Glen of Lethnott, near Brechin, in 1855. His father was then "foreman" on the farm of Bogton, but William was scarcely two years old when the family removed to a farm in the neighbourhood of Montrose, where they only remained one year, when they "flitted" to the parish of Edzell, where his father was greive on the farm of Dalfouper for a period of seven years. Here, close by the banks of the North Esk, our poet spent many happy days, and attended the parish school, where the aged teacher appears to have been more interested in his "snuff mull and dozing" than in the training of young shoots. He, however, learned to read and write a little ; and this, he tells us, was all the training he ever got within the

walls of a schoolroom. When eleven years of age, he was engaged to a farmer, "just to do whatever he was bidden." The first pair of horses he had charge of was at a farm near Aberdeen. He was proud of them, though they were old and crazy, "and was as busy ploughing at night in his dreams as he was during the day." At the age of eighteen he left farm work, and was engaged for a short time as a good's porter on the railway, after which, in 1887, he procured a situation in the Stracathro gardens, in the employment of James A. Campbell, Esq., M.P. He is a very intelligent reader, and spends his leisure moments in poring over the "Lyric Gems of Scotland"—Burns being his favourite author. He is an occasional contributor to the *People's Journal*, his poems and songs being calculated to foster human feeling and affection. The varied book of Nature is to him a living teacher, and he draws in the inspiration of his simple songs with the fresh breezes of the hills, and is nursed to music by the joyous carol of the birds.

A WIMPLIN' BURN.

A burnie wimples merrily,
  And sings wi' glee the hale day lang;
When lanely by its banks I roam,
  How sweet to me its gleesome sang.

On, on it flows in happy mood,
  Ower rocky bed, round boulders grey,
An' 'neath the weepin' willow boughs
  This brattlin' burnie loves to stray.

It murmurs sweet as breathin' lyre
  When windin' by the shepherd's cot,
Whaur bloom the bonnie heather bells
  Around his neat-trimmed garden plot.

The foxglove and forget-me-not
  Alang its banks in beauty bloom;
Here, too, when dreamin' nature wakes,
  Primroses breathe their sweet perfume.

Aft wi' my darlin' hae I roamed
By this clear sparklin', windin' stream ;
Ay, here together aft we strayed
Till fled the sun's last lingerin' beam.

But, ah, stern death wi' icy hand
Crushed my sweet flow'r when in full bloom ;
But lang the time noo canna be
When we shall meet beyond the tomb.

Fu' mony years hae passed sin' then,
Noo stiff my limbs wi' age an' pain ;
But dear to me for aye shall be
This burnie wi' the gladsome strain.

AT DUTY'S CALL.

At duty's call my Willie's gane
And left me here to mourn,
My heart is bleeding, longing now,
Oh ! when will he return ?
Nae mair I view wi' kindlin' e'e
Dear Strathmore's flowery plain,
To me, when Willie's far frae hame,
Kind summer smiles in vain.

Sweet warblin' bird, wi' voice sae clear,
Oh ! that I were like thee ;
Nae cankerin' cares lodge in thy breast,
Nae sorrow dims thy e'e ;
Ye bonny gems that deck the braes
Whaur Cruick sweetly sings,
Your fragrance wafted on the breeze
Nae comfort to me brings.

Yet when I stray at e'enin's close,
And mem'ries o' langsyne
Bring back joy-laden sunny hours,
Hope bids me ne'er repine.
Oh ! may it be kind Heaven's will
That we shall meet again ;
Ae blink o' Willie's kindly e'e
Would banish a' my pain.

OH, SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

Oh Annie, shall we meet again
In yon sweet mossy den,
To wander by the streamlet clear
That wimples through the glen—

Where blooms the bonnie sweet bluebell,
And primrose fair to see ;
Oh, happy, happy was my lot
When wandering there with thee.

Oh dear for aye that summer eve
We met aneath the thorn,
When a' Stracathro's bonnie braes
Were gay with waving corn ;
The blackbird piped his evening sang
Upon the pine top high
While from the hill, borne on the breeze,
Was heard the plover's cry.

The eident bee had gone to rest,
The gowan closed its e'e,
The lark had stilled his fluttering wing,
And settled on the lea,
When o'er the lawn, with lightsome step,
I sought the trysting tree,
And 'neath its boughs with blossom bright
One raptured hour lived we.

Oh come again, then, maiden dear,
And meet me by the burn ;
Though far from Scotia's shore I've roamed,
My thoughts to thee return.
Oft in my dreams I see thee smile,
And hear thy voice again ;
When spring comes back with opening flowers,
Oh loved one, meet me then.

ALLAN S. LAING,

EVERY pleasing and versatile poet, was born in Dundee in 1857. His parents filled a very humble position in life, but the subject of our sketch has frequently expressed his gratitude for the careful and loving solicitude they ever exercised in the bringing up of their family. He did not attend school

longer than his seventh year, and while there he did not shine in anything except, perhaps, in reading, in which class he was nearly always dux. After a year's experience as a message-boy, he was apprenticed to the trade of an upholsterer, at which, with a few intervals, he has worked ever since—mostly in Dundee, but also in Perth, Edinburgh, and other places, subsequently settling down in Liverpool.

Regarding Mr Laing's literary experiences, it might be said that he wrote his first verses when about eighteen years of age. He considers "a poetic genius one who writes because he cannot help it—one who 'lisps in numbers, for the numbers come.' This has never been my experience, for every line I have written has cost me thought and trouble, and, let me add, many hours of keen enjoyment. I think my first incitement to literary pursuits was an inordinate love of reading, and I much regret that, when young, I had no wise and capable friend to direct my studies, so that my time was lost in devouring trash, the best result of which is that I have forgotten it all." His first published poem appeared in the *People's Friend* in 1877, and since then he has been a frequent contributor to that popular magazine, as well as a number of newspapers. Mr Laing is a poet of pure and tender feeling. He is peculiarly happy in his treatment of domestic themes, as well as in his more reflective poems, and he draws most of his inspiration from the highest and noblest of human sympathies and filial affection. He finds his greatest pleasure in the bosom of his family at "his ain fireside."

AN AULD WIFE'S SANG.

Some fowk they hae freen's that are nae freen's ava,
Wha slip frae your side when your back's at the wa',
Wha simper an' flatter when siller is rife,
But keep a safe distance in trouble or strife ;

An' I hae kent a' kinds, the fause an' the fair,
For I hae ha'en sorrow, an' siller, an' care;
But I still hae a freen', an' I'm thankfu' for that—
It's my muckle, black, broken-nosed, auld teapat.

It's as black as the lum, but 'twas ance bonny broon,
An' whether Dame Fortune blink on me or froon,
It comforts my auld he'rt in grief or in glee,
An' its puir broken stroop is a pleasure to me;
It calms me when angry, it soothes me when wae,
It's my dearest possession, whatever I hae;
In the lang winter e'enin's, cauld, gurly, an' wat—
What a pleasure is poored frae my auld teapat.

I ance had a man, an' I had but ane—
I never fell into *that* snorl again,
Wi' his likes an' his loathin's, his fiddle an' fyke,
I ne'er had—I'll ne'er hae a sorrow sic like.
O, cummers, tak' tent when they ask ye to wed—
There's waur things in life than an auld maid's bed,
For I hae been marrit, an' I ken what's what,
For a man I'd ne'er niffer my auld teapat.

I hae kent in my time baith pleasure an' pride,
Wi' gowd in my pouch, an' freen's at my side;
An' freen'less an' gearless I've hunkered my lane
At a canny bit lowe on my bare hearthstane;
An' I've found that contentment is better than gear,
For gowd's but a canker, an' freen's but a snare,
An' sweeter to me than their pride an' a' that
Is the pleasure I draw frae my auld teapat.

A SONG OF NIGHT.

Over Nature darkness creepeth,
'Neath the moon the sad earth sleepeth,
Silence her soft vigil keepeth—
Day is ended, night is come!

Tear-dimmed eyes are sealed and sleeping,
Hearts that sowed in bitter weeping,
Now, in dreams, their hopes are reaping—
Day is ended, night is come!

Weary souls from life are turning,
That shall greet no earthly morning;
Hear they but the solemn warning—
Day is ended, night is come!

Ebbs the spirit slowly, slowly,
O'er the threshold, dark—yet holy;
To the body, worn and lowly—
Day is ended, night is come!

To the soul bereaved, rebelling,
In whose depths Hope's death is knelling,
Grief in frantic tones is telling—
Day is ended, night is come!

Night, o'er which no morning shineth,
In whose gloom Hope's star declineth,
Dark despair with grief entwineth—
Night, eternal night, is come!

Through the darkness, care-infested,
Like a star with brilliance crested,
Shines a clear hope, heaven attested—
Night shall vanish, day will come!

Lo! the earth with wonder shaketh;
See! the eternal morning breaketh;
Christ, 'mid myriad angels speaketh—
Night is ended, day is come!

RIZPAH.

II SAMUEL, C. XXI.

Food for wild beast!
For tearing fangs a feast.
Shall those dear limbs by eager teeth be torn?
Those eyes that gave strong love for my foul pride
By ravenous birds be plucked? those locks adorn
A vulture's nest on some far mountain side?
O, God of Israel, thy wordless woe
Cries out to Thee for vengeance on my foe!

O, cruel king!
What bitter bargaining
To buy off hate abroad by sacrifice
Of loyal love at home; to give to death
For crimes not theirs, so doubly dear a price!
Is there naught else thy kingdom furnisheth?
Dark ruin pluck thee downward by the hair!
Be curses breathed for thee where once was prayer!

I fail, I fail !
I can no longer rail ;
My voice is hoarse with wailing, and mine eyes,
For lack of tears, are dull and seared with pain ;
Fierce rage alternate burns and slowly dies,
While comes despair with his heart-crushing train ;
And all my being feels the heavy load.
Where hast Thou hid Thyself, O, Israel's God ?

O, weary day !
What can my sorrow say ?
For you, my dear and murdered sons, I cry
To God, who hears me not ; for you I fight
With wild beasts nightly, till they frightened fly
When comes the morning's broad and blessed light.
I drive them off, and yet, would that I too,
My butchered darlings, had been slain with you.

. . . . . .

Forgive me, Lord,
My passion's wicked word ;
But grief nigh drowns my rev'rence for Thy name,
I am but mortal, and my love was warm ;
My heart was with the lads, and when they came
And took my sons and smote each manly form,
My woe burst from me, in my wrath I spake,
But Thou wilt pardon, for my sorrow's sake?

YON TIME.

O, Jeanie, dae ye mind o' yon happy summer days
When we wandered han' in han' owre the daisy-deckit braes?
When the birdies seemed to warble a' for oor delicht the while,
An' the cluds to break an' vanish that the sun on us micht smile—
O, Jeanie, dae ye mind—dae ye mind yon time?

Dark Sorrow on oor hearts ne'er cuist his gloomy froon,
In oor een the lauchter glinted e'er the tear had drappit doon ;
By the burnie on the brae, or in the woods, oor happy sang
Thro' the lee-lang summer day in ever-careless liltin' rang—
O, Jeanie, dae ye mind o' yon happy, happy time?

An' as aulder we grew—an' bairns aye we couldna be—
I watched the love-licht kindlin' in your bonnie lauchin' e'e.
An', Jeanie, dae ye mind when I socht ye for my ain?
O, sic nichts are heaven's antidotes for a' oor earthly pain !
O, the pleasure without measure o' yon dear, dear time !

An' when the grey-haired minister your han' put intil mine,
While he spak' the solemn words that made oor lives an' fortunes join,
Oor cup o' joy was lippin' fu', for we wi' love were fain,
An' in this bonnie warl' o' oors life kens nae dearer gain
Than the gladness that was yours an' mine in yon sweet time.

O, Jeanie, dae ye mind when oor little Willie cam'?
As we lookit on his angel face oor e'en in water swam,
Aye, angel, for he cam' to show the licht o' human bliss;
Syne he flew to wait oor comin' in some fairer warl' than this—
Whaur we'll see oor wee lost bairnie in that near-drawin' time.

Yet oor hearts hae aye been cheered by oor ither bairns' care,
An' the love that we hae borne them has but made them love us mair;
We're drawin' to the end, but oor ears hae gane to prove
That the sang o' life is bonnie gin the owerturn o't be love!
An' we've lo'ed ilk ither, Jeanie, sin' yon dear bairn-time.

Sae we'll thank oor God, my Jeanie, for oor life sae lang an' sweet,
As we airt us to the rest that waits oor travel-weary feet,
Oor he'rts are warm an' lovin', aye, an' tho' oor bluid be cauld,
When the Gowden Yetts gleam near us there's nae grief in growin' auld—
We'll be young an' fleet forever in God's ain lang time!

MY MIND HATH A THOUSAND FANCIES.

My mind hath a thousand fancies,
My spirit a myriad thoughts,
And I long for the power of a poet's soul
To utter the thronging notes.
I'd fill the broad earth with music
Poured from my teeming tongue,
Had I the voice of a poet inspired,
Rich, and ringing, and young:
But, alas! the sweetest of earthly songs
Are the songs that were never sung!

Deep in my heart abiding
Are memories calm and sweet,
Of days when the world was glad and fair,
And flowers bloomed at my feet.
But my heart cries out for the children
That nestled within my breast,
And strange, strong yearnings fill my soul
With the pangs of a vague unrest;
And I feel that the deepest of human thoughts
Are the thoughts that were ne'er expressed!

'Mid the rushing of Death's black river,
The plash of its sullen waves
Comes glad and full a sweeter sound
To the shores of the life it laves.
And my soul at the sound leaps upward
With the joy of a soaring bird,
Though it falls on my spirit without a breath,
And speaketh without a word;
Yet the sweetest of voices to earthly ears
Is the voice that was never heard.

DAVID SKEA ALLAN, F.E.I.S.,

FIRST saw the light at Calfsound, Island of Eday, one of the more remote and northerly of the Orcadian group, in March, 1840. He says:—

That cauldrife month I came to earth,
An' lighted at a puir man's hearth;
The bitin' winds an' driftin' snaw
Cam' siftin' thro' the crackit wa'.

The circumstances of the family were of the poorest kind, and advantages—moral, social, or religious—few. His father, a martyr to asthma, was a fisherman, cultivating also a small croft of land. From these two sources he had to provide for the wants of himself, his wife, an aged and cripple parent, and six sons. During those years, when the family were young and helpless, many days of hardship and penury had to be endured. From the scarcity of communication between the Islands, and the primitive state of agriculture, the opportunities for employment were too few for the population, and the remuneration for service done very low, so that the chances of advancement were small. David's early days were spent at

home, assisting in all kinds of domestic and household work. The fact of the family consisting entirely of boys caused the younger sons to be pressed into the assistance of the mother in cooking, washing, tending the cattle, &c. From about nine years of age, our poet was employed with an elder brother in prosecuting the fishing. During this period many weary and dangerous days were spent on the bosom of the rough waters. It was no uncommon thing for the father and sons to be astir by three or four A.M. in winter, and be away in time to reach the more distant fishing grounds by day-break, and then toil at the oars all day without food.

Education was then in a most backward condition. No properly qualified teacher being located in the Island, the training of the children was sadly neglected. When Mr Allan was seven years of age, he was sent to a dame's school, where writing and counting were begun.

Naturally inclined to reading and study, school life was a pleasure, while the rough work and habits of country life were irksome and distasteful. Learning and work went on slowly in an intermittent fashion until it became necessary to choose an occupation. From early childhood, both by temperament and inclination, the pulpit had been his ambition. If it is good to have a high ideal, then he might be said to have always tried to set up such, and follow it as earnestly as he could. But, like many more, he confesses that the ideal has always been far in advance of the real or actual. Doubtless, however, he has felt that these conceptions of nobler conduct and of higher thought which have instinctively beckoned him onward and upward, have led him into paths which he never should have reached without them.

The inconstant attendance at school supplied a very meagre equipment for entering upon the work of pre-

paring for the ministry. He was, therefore, at the age of thirteen, and much against his own inclination, set down to learn the tailoring trade. The disappointment which his young and buoyant spirit had sustained, coupled with the close confinement, told deterimentally on his health, which soon broke down. For restoration, the change sought was a further attendance at school, after which the remainder of the apprenticeship was entered upon, and faithfully served. By dint of early rising and diligence during meal-hours, time was found for reading and writing. The mind was also kept from becoming dormant by attending a mutual improvement society. His musical tastes were developed by his parents, both specially gifted—the one as a violinist, and the other with the gift of song. Music, therefore, was made a sweetener of life, and home by its influence was made cheerful and happy. In his eagerness to obtain a fuller knowledge of music, he travelled alone every week during the winter nights a distance of five miles to a church where a class had been formed for teaching the "new notation." He says—"I enjoyed the new light which the sol-fa shed upon the difficulties of the staff notation, and the power to master it which I felt was being gradually acquired. These lonely travels, over rough hill and marshy dell, with the twinkling stars looking lovingly down upon me, or the lightning flashing brightly around, stirred the depths of the impressionable and imaginative within me. While wending my homeward way the bright Aurora Borealis would often be playing its fanciful pranks in the Northern skies, flickering and fluttering with ever-varying beauty and entrancing forms—at one time like rushing armies engaged in fiercest conflict, at another like gauzy and electric curtains hung around and shifting with lightning speed to suit the 'merry dancers' as they cantered and careered in their midnight frolics round the North Pole."

At the age of eighteen, the first sad break in the family occurred, one of his brothers being lost at sea on the voyage home from India. The promptings and whisperings of the muse had been felt and listened to before, but this was the first occasion on which the publicity of the local press was sought and obtained. Shortly afterwards he removed to Edinburgh, and followed his sedentary employment, but having paid a visit to the "old folks at home," he was induced to remain for a time beside them, as they were now alone, and unable to combat with the burdens of their lot. Crossing to the neighbouring Island of Shapinsay, he began business for himself in a small way. Here he met his future wife, the daughter of the U.P. Minister; but the place did not afford scope for progress. Removing his parents to Kirkwall, our poet again set out for Edinburgh, and subsequently procured a situation in Wishaw, but ultimately settled down in Glasgow. Here, in course of time, he again began business on his own account, but what with limited means, crushing losses, and his own delicate health, he was forced to retrench. The doctor forbade him to follow his usual occupation, and thus, turning the musical knowledge, which he had been diligently acquiring, to practical account, he obtained a precentorship, and shortly afterwards found employment in several schools in the city. The foothold then secured has since become so marked that he is recognised as one of the most successful and talented music teachers in Glasgow. He has also shown indomitable perseverance in studying for honours at Trinity College, every minute being used in trying to reach, unaided, the necessary standard. It was, therefore, no small gratification to find that he passed in all the prescribed examinations, and doubtless his success as a teacher may, to some extent, be attributed to the fact that he, being "self-made," could enter into the

fullest sympathy with his pupils, knowing every step of the rugged uphill path they had to tread.

In regard to the "honours" gained by Mr Allan, and the literary work he has accomplished during these years of hard effort, it might be noted that he, in 1869, gained a prize for an essay on "Drink's Ravages." From 1877 to 1885, when his health broke down, he was precentor in Pollokshields Free Church. He is a graduate and licentiate of the Sol-Fa College, London; a matriculated student of Trinity College, London; a fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland; and recently passed the examination for A. Mus., T.C.L. Mr Allan is employed during the day in superintending one of the districts in connection with the Glasgow School Board. He also conducts the classes for training teachers and leaders of praise in connection with the "Sabbath School Union," and is conductor of several Musical Societies. His classes are large, and the numerous presentations that he has received bear testimony to the esteem in which he is held. He has composed many children's songs, and is editor of a series of song books for schools, and of anthems and part-songs for choirs, which have enjoyed a wide circulation.

It will readily be imagined that the writing of verse has during these active years received but scant attention. Nevertheless, in the merest fragments of time, he has written much that has been widely appreciated, and found a place in various collections, and in magazines and journals at home and abroad. These are pleasing and elevating both in sentiment and expression. His heart is true as it is tuneful, ever showing in all his productions that he is richly endowed with the love of the beautiful and the good.

A SEA SONG.

My barque is bounding o'er the main,
The wind blows fresh and free,
The crested wavelets dance around,
The land lies far to lee.

Then, hurrah! heave oh! and away we go,
So sing we thus, d'ye see,
For the sailor loves the sniftering breeze
As he scours the open sea.

We've left behind the murky town,
And far as eye can see,
Where plodding swains tend lazy herds
A-browsing on the lea.

Then, hurrah, &c.

Now flashing sunbeams gleam and glint,
The solon skims the sea,
The gull and mew on careless wing
Are laughing down to me.

Then, hurrah, &c.

There's music in the rushing tide,
A heart inspiring glee,
As on from wave to wave my barque
Goes bounding merrily.

Then, hurrah, &c.

Now, trim the snowy sail, my boys,
For still our song shall be,
Tho' foaming spray may leap aboard,
"An ocean life for me."

Then, hurrah, &c.

While all aloft is staunch and taut,
All trig and trim below,
We'll troll our cheery song, my boys,
As merrily on we go.

Then, hurrah! heave oh! and away we go,
Still sing we thus, d'ye see,
For the sailor loves his tidy barque,
His home on the open sea.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF MUSIC.

The world is full of music,
The day is full of song,
Sweet voices, low and tender,
Are singing all night long.
From echoes that are sounding
Down by the booming sea,
From wild deer lightly bounding,
Or lambkin leaping free.
From flight of sailing swallow,
Or twitter of the wren;
From fields or ploughed or fallow,
From haunts of busy men.
From drowsy insect humming,
Or murmur of the breeze;
From birds all going—coming,
Or rustling of the trees,
There come soft fairy whispers
With music's thrilling sway,
Like infant angel lispers
Low singing all the day.

The bright-eyed laughing morning,
With smiles of golden mirth,
And gloaming's rich adorning
Still charm the listening earth;
The twinkling stars that gleaming
Begem the dome of night,
The sun's full glory streaming
In symphonies of light,
The bursting flower that bloweth,
The fading falling leaf—
Its own sweet song each knoweth,
E'en though its life be brief,
The mountain, tall and hoary,
The stainless falling snow,
The clouds that sail in glory
With shadows dark below,
Make melody for listeners
And anthems for the free,
But—the music of the true heart
Is sweeter far to me.

The tempest's wildest roaring,
With rocks and trees upriven;
The rain-clouds ceaseless pouring
Their blessing cups from heaven;
Old Ocean's fiercest raving
And hunger-madden'd roar,

When towering billows waving
Engulf the trembling shore;
The noisy brook that brawleth
And hasteth on its way,
The cataract that falleth
In rainbow cloud of spray;
The dewy tear-drop glistening
In flow'ret's weeping eye,
Or nature's solemn listening
When calm o'erspreads the sky;
In voiceless speech—or thunder—
Their thrilling tones are given
To wake the soul's deep music
And point the way to heaven.

SONG.

Would I were a pretty flower,
Op'ning tender leaves and sweet,
Breathing fragrance every hour,
Kissing dewdrops when we meet;

I would strew my tinted leaves,
Pour my perfumes in the air,
All to soothe the heart that heaves
In the bosom of my fair.

Or a mellow winking star,
Sparkling gem in crown of night,
Peeping, watching from afar,
Ever shining, calm and bright.

I'd a soften'd radiance shed,
Starry beams of silvery hue,
O'er the path and on the head
Of my loved one, kind and true.

Scattering cheer-light, mildly sweet,
Blinking, beck'ning ever on,
Chasing gloom before her feet
As she moves to joys unknown,

No sweet star or flower am I,
World immense or flora small;
Gorgeous earth or spangled sky,
Lifeless, loveless, they are all.

Better far a soul where grows
Wreaths of constant, quenchless love,
Gems that ne'er their lustre lose,
Brightening still in spheres above.

Thus we'll love while life doth last,
Nought the tie will sever;
And when mortal life is past
Love we then for ever.

COME RAISE YOUR STRAINS.

Come raise your strains of gladness,
The cheerful notes prolong,
And banish all your sadness,
In glad exultant song.
Sing, boys, your loud hosannas,
And swell the tuneful lay;
Ye maidens lend the chorus
Your sweetest melody.

'Tis good that thus our voices,
In blended tones should rise,
For nature all rejoices,
And praises fill the skies;
Then wake the joyful chorus,
To Him who reigns above,
And tell to all around us
Of One whose name is Love.

The brightsome day is coming,
The City full of light,
The ambient mansions pearly,
The anthems of delight;
When all the ransom'd children,
In one triumphant throng,
Shall pass the heavenly portals,
And sing an endless song.

THE NAUGHTY BOY.

Johnny was a naughty boy, Heigh-how! heigh-how!
Sair his mither he'd annoy, Heigh-how! heigh-how!
Laughin', daffin', fu' o' fun, loupin' doon the stair he'd run,
Firin' aff his pop-gun, Heigh-how! heigh-how!

Johnny's comforts were but sma', Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
A bite an' soup, an' that was a', Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Johnny aye thro' wind an' weet ran aboot wi' bare feet,
Played at rounders on the street, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !

Johnny's "Ma," wi' muckle pain, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
To the schule door brought the wean, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
"Sir," says she, "it's ower true, the boy I've reared, the Schule Brod noo
Maun try what they wi' him can do, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !"

The maister says, "My little man, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Come awa' an' try our plan, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Read an' count as weel's ye can ; if you wont—then understan'
Ye'll get liffies on each haun', Heigh-how ! heigh-how !"

Johnny wasna smairt ava, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Aft his face was at the wa', Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Ne'er he felt it a disgrace, aft to stand in Boobie's place,
Suckin' thumbs or screwin' face, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !

When the schule got out he'd run, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Aff to hae some better fun, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Ne'er a lesson e'er he learned, tho' the maister ower him yearned,
Ne'er a "grant" he ever earned, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !

Noo his schule-days a' are past, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
Johnny's got to work at last, Heigh-how ! heigh-how !
As he toils for daily brede, noo he feels his muckle need
O' mair learnin' in his heid, Heigh-how, heigh-how !

ANDREW PATERSON MELVILLE

WAS born in Edinburgh in 1867. He was educated at the Edinburgh Collegiate School, and after going through the classical course there he, in 1883, tied for the duxship of this school with another pupil, each receiving a gold medal. In the same year he proceeded to the University, where he passed through the curriculum of the Arts Course, and is now in the midst of that of Law, in which he has taken honours in the classes he has attended. With the view of adopting that profession he entered the office of a firm in Edinburgh. His literary tastes first asserted themselves at an early age. At school he sometimes wrote rhymes, and on the closing day of his last session there, a "Lament by the Sixth Class on leaving School," was the object of some amusement to both teachers and scholars. In the following year he was joint editor of the "Collegiate Quarterly," a school magazine of respectable proportions, which only appeared twice, but was the outcome of the literary instruction some of its contributors had received, they having either just left school or being still in it. He has since contributed many verses to the columns of the *North British Advertiser and Ladies' Journal*, where, under the *nom de plume* of Bernard Harden he has written in prose; while, as a strong Home Ruler for Scotland and a patriotic Scot, he has written several long political articles which appeared in the *Dunfermline Saturday Press*, and other newspapers. He has also contributed verses to *The Sun*, a weekly London magazine, and other periodicals. Besides those pieces already published, he has written many of a longer nature, which have never been printed, among which are several metrical plays for

private acting, from one of which—"May-day for all"—the song, "On a braw, braw nicht, in the month of May," is taken. Mr Melville looks closely and lovingly at the world around. His reflective poems are generally terse and bright, and they are all marked by deep feeling, descriptive power, and poetic tenderness.

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

There is music all around us
When the winds are hushed and still;
There are fairy voices lisping
In the ripple of the rill;
There is music on the mountains
When the summit hides the sun;
There is melody in meadows
When the reaper's work is done.

There are whispers from a country,
That is distant far from ours,
In the ocean-shell abandoned,
And the petals of the flowers;
There is language, though unspoken,
There is music to our ears,
That all speaks of something future
To a passing "vale of tears."

There's a stillness in the valley,
There's a song in every air;
And the wanderer, hearing, listens
To the burdens borne him there;
There's a murmur in the forest,
And a language in the trees;
There's a sighing and a whisper
In the gentle evening breeze.

There's a gladness in the ocean
As it dances free and gay,
There's a song in all the wavelets
As they toss and break in play;
There is music in the waters
When they beat upon the shore,
When they roll upon the shingle,
When they lightly pass it o'er.

'Tis a song by many voices
Who are singing Nature's glee,
There's a chorus and an echo,
There's a wond'rous harmony ;
And the woods, and vales, and mountains,
And the ocean, and the air
Are singing still the story
Of a world that's passing fair !

They are singing sweet and blithely
Of a happy world and gay,
Are they telling of a better
When this one has passed away ?
They sing all the varied anthems,
And they whisper of the lore
Of that glorious after-country,
Of some distant amaranthine shore !

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Sweet is the spot in childhood's years I knew,
Where the laburnum gilded many a way,
And sweet the trellis where the roses grew,
And honeysuckle climbing, wantoned gay.
Sweet was the kiss of Flora every morn
Greeting our advent from our slumber's rest ;
And we rejoiced with Nature to adorn
Our humble home—ah ! those were days too blest,
And memory floods them on me, nor waits my slow behest.

Yes, it was sweet—our little village trim,
With flowering cottages and gardens bright ;
And every nook I loved, and every whim
Of schoolboy life, comes back to me to-night.
I've chased the butterfly adown the vale,
Shouting what time I all but brought him low ;
Yet ever he would rise and lightly sail
Into the fairer world above his foe,
As weary souls look upward when life's cruel tempests blow.

I'll ne'er forget the village sweet, where I
Had home and all the comforts I could seek,
Where my fond parents passed my lapses by,
And pressed a loving lip against my cheek.
Had I not fled—oh ! foolish boy ! I fled—
Had I but lingered with them, then to-night
They, praying for me, would have smiled instead,
If so kind Heaven has spared them. Love has might—
Perchance they live by hope—for hope makes sorrows light.

Yet I am far from home, where shadows fall,
And where the moonbeams with the church-tower play.
Around me, too, they gather, welcome all,
And speaking peace to aid my closing way.
Time has no lure to cause me to forget—
Home I have come—if still their home it be—
But, ah! I know not if they live here yet,
I know not if I now can hope to see
The dear ones that I loved—I know that they loved me.

Hide, gentle moon, behind the tower a space!
Ye diamond-glimmering stars, your brilliance pale!
In darkness and in sunshine every place
Is known to me, and all the silent vale.
Oh! hide the little cottage that was ours,
Wherein I spent my happy early years;
In silver gild no longer leaves and flowers,
Which but call up my penitential tears.
Oh! gentle light, withdraw thy ray, till each one disappears.

There is a fountain in my heart of hearts
That needs no summons ere it spring full-free,
And in the instant that its flood tide starts
It bears a saddened memory back to me:
And e'en that little glimmer on the stream
Slides deep into my soul with calm rebuke,
And on the wood, like in Elysian dream,
With dew-dimmed eyes and retrospect I look,
Hushed by its wondrous beauty and the babble of the brook.

If night be night, and if for hearts opprest
There is a time when they can find repose,
Then with sweet solitude let *me* be blest—
Let darkness shroud me, bury all my woes;
And so, if morn should dawn, I'll stand once more,
My past forgotten, on that threshold dear;
And if they live—ere yet the lark's song's o'er
Then I shall be forgiven—ah, what cheer
To cause me chide the tardy hours till orient rays appear!

I love thee, thou sweet hamlet, more and more,
And absence could not steal from thee thy place;
Now, as I stand, where oft I stood before,
I own I love thee truly, face to face.
I own no spot that's fairer, far or near,
My home is sweetest, and it is most fair,
Nor has the universal region a more dear
Or happier spot than lies before me there,
Kissed by the moonbeams sweet and girt with mountain air.

Here shall I pass the early watch by night—
Not many hours will wing before the dawn;
Here I shall rest, and with the rising light
Wait for some erst-known faces on the lawn.
Then, if they be where they were ever found,
This post I reached last hour I'll soon forsake.
Oh! haste, sweet time! and oh, for one dear sound
To say the songsters of the grove awake!
A little moment then will be until the day do break!

JOYOUS DAYS.

Joyous days we've spent in roaming
In the sunshine and the gloaming,
Gaily, when the day was brightest,
Trod where'er the sand was whitest,
Happy, when the morn was waking,
Sought the meadow, sands forsaking;
Laughed and sang when merry dancing
Every mirthful eye love glancing—
Love-lights glancing
Graced our dancing,
Smiles entrancing
Made our sport the more enhancing,
As we skipped or roved together,
Through the bracken and the heather,
And revelled in the gay spring weather!

Butterflies full often chasing,
We have wandered, health embracing;
Raced the bee her ploy fulfilling,
Ever for new mischief willing,
Tossed the hay upon the meadow;
Chased each ever lengthening shadow,
Crossed the streamlet, vainly trying
To secure the trout there flying—
Never sighing,
Ever vieing,
Love-knots tieing
As our gay pursuits we're plying!
Ah! we drank life's well together,
As we roved through heath and heather
Laughing in all kinds of weather!

ON A BRAW, BRAW NICHT.

On a braw, braw nicht, i' the month o' May,
When the cushie had gone to her nest,
Roved a laddie alane by the burn an' the brae,
Wi' his sorrow and trouble opprest,

He sighed as he gaed, wi' a tear in his e'e,
And his heart was sad as it aye could be,
For a sair, sair lad at the time was he—
And the mune was shinin' clearly.

When the laverock sang i' the sky i' morn,
And the mavises cheeped on the tree,
O ! wae was a heart when the news was borne
That her laddie his life couldna dree !
For he slept wi' the kelpies huzzhing him low
When his lassie was fashed and she lo'ed no mo',
And now she maun greet and the tears gar flow,
And the sun was shinin' early.

SONNET.

Sink, sink ! O sun, in splendid glory rolled,
Sink in the ocean of the great unknown,
That marks the confines of the mortal zone ;
Sink in the light that tips the hills with gold !
Now see, beloved, how that might untold
Parts from his love with many a fond embrace,
And lingers yet to gaze upon her face
So sweet and fair, ere yet dear night enfold
In tender slumber all her dales and hills !
O ! while he lingers, kissing yet his bride
Ere he departs, and missions new fulfils,
Upraise thine eyes—I'll hold thee to my side,
And whisper these dear words we've said before—
"I love my darling, and for evermore."

ROBERT PRINGLE,

IS a Berwickshire poet, and is a native of the town of Duns. We are not certain as to the time of his birth, but, judging from the date of his earliest published pieces, we conclude it was about the years 1841-42. He was educated at the parish school, and afterwards held the position of pupil-teacher in in the same institution. During this time he made the acquaintance of Mr R. M. Calder—already noticed in this work—and a firm friendship sprung up between them, no doubt the result of their similarity of tastes and bent of mind. It was their delight, when opportunity offered, to make pilgrimages to various places of historic interest in the neighbourhood, and afterwards embody their impressions in verse, Removing to Edinburgh to attend the Normal School—while his friend remained behind to finish his apprenticeship—they kept up a correspondence for several years—most of their letters being written in verse.

After finishing his education at Edinburgh, Mr Pringle removed to Forfar, where he held the position of Latin-master in the Academy. While there, he continued his contributions to the *Berwickshire Advertiser* and to other newspapers, and also arranged for the publication of a volume of his writings, under the title of "The Schoolmaster, and other Poems." Later, he published some scholastic works of a high order. He is now settled as the head of an educational institution near Manchester. Not having seen a copy of his poetical writings, the selections given here are from his earliest fugitive pieces. These are full of natural tenderness, and evince excellent reflective powers on the part of the young poet, as well as graceful feeling and warm pathos.

THE POET'S WISH.

When the early morn is beaming
O'er the earth with joyous ray,
And the purple clouds are gleaming
'Neath Aurora's golden sway;
Then I love alone to wander
O'er the meads, and o'er the plain,
Sparkling with their dewy grandeur,
Bright as pearls of the main.

When the king of light is sitting
On his glowing noon-day throne,
And a thousand beauties flitting,
Dazzle all the ethereal zone;
Then I love to sit and rest me
'Neath a greenwood's leafy shade.
By some cooling crystal fountain,
Dancing in the summer glade.

When the lamp of day is fading
On the hoary mountain crest,
And the vesper star is beaming
'Mong the cloudlets of the west;
Then I love to list the singing
Of the warblers of the grove,
Welcoming the twilight's coming
With their happy songs of love.

When the silver moon is streaming
Gently through the leafy dell,
And the wearied earth is dreaming
'Neath the softness of her spell;
Then, how sweet to watch her glory!
Queen among the orbs of light,
Shading all the stars in beauty,
Throwing gladness o'er the night.

When the golden showers are falling
From the dropping sunny sky,
And the rainbow arch is smiling
'Mong the dewy clouds on high;
When the angry winds are howling
O'er the tempest-troubled main,
And the billows are as mountains
Kissing on the ocean plain.

When the thunder-cloud is breaking
O'er a world, pale with fear,
And the lofty hills are shaking

'Neath its loud and angry roar ;
When the lurid lightning flashes,
With its red and fiery gleam,
Dancing 'mong the thunder-chasms,
Glancing from the mountain stream.

Sweet ! Oh ! sweet, those tempest glories
Are unto the poet's soul ;
Oft he lists unto their voices
As they wildly o'er him roll ;
Then his breast is filled with rapture,
Then it beats with glowing fire,
While responsive to its throbbing
Wildly sounds the swelling lyre.

AURORA.

Dead darkness' gloomy reign is o'er,
His rayless triumph swells no more,
For now the dusky shades of night
Disperse before Aurora's light,
Whose glory gilds the eastern hills,
And paints in gold the murmuring rills.

See ! blackening clouds his presence fly,
And speed across the glimmering sky ;
See ! wreaths of amber gird his throne
And beautify th' ethereal zone ;
While, subject to his potent sway,
A thousand beauties round him play.

Now o'er the heavens in crested pride,
His beaming car is seen to ride,
Until he gains in bright array
The keystone of the arch of day.
Then nature wears her sweetest smile,
And birds with sweetest notes beguile
The circling hours ; while all the while
The woods and forests join the song,
And zephyrs waft the notes along.

But now his race draws near a close,
Though yet his orb with beauty glows,
And still his flaming chariot burns,
As *terra* on her axle turns,
Until, beneath the crimsoned west,
He hides his form, and sinks to rest.

THE VIRTUE WELL!

A MINERAL SPRING NEAR DUNS.

O'er-branched with waving shadows,
Within a grassy dell,
Beside the virtue water,
Springs the virtue well:
In days of old we loved it,
We love it now the same;
And on the dome above it
The school-boy carved his name.

On early morn in summer,
At dewy evening too—
Boys and girls we wandered
Where the rushes grew;
We drank the healing waters
Flowing from the well;
And laughing sauntered homewards,
Our happiness to tell.

The old man from the village
With tottering footsteps came
To sip the cooling fountain,
The young men did the same.
And, as the tinted sunset
Yellowed all the dell,
Young maidens, too, came singing
And tripping to the well.

And often when the moonbeams
Softly fell from heaven,
And from the day's dull labour
Rest, sweet rest was given,
Lovers met beside it
To tell each other's love,
Where naught could hear their story
But the pale moon above.

. . . .

Sunny, sunny memories!
Ghosts of joys gone by!
'Tis sweet to revel in dreamland,
Yet still it brings a sigh;
Mayhap the past was sunshine,
The future sleeps in shade,
And pleasures fondly tasted
Bloomed, but again to fade.

JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, M.A.,

WHOSE clever *vers de societè* we are pleased to be able to bring more prominently before the public, was born in Aberdeen in 1867. Educated at the Grammar Schools of New and Old Aberdeen, Mr Bulloch entered King's College in 1884, and graduated in 1888.

It is not too much to say that, although Mr Bulloch is yet a young man, he has already given ample proof that his literary abilities are of a superior and cultured order. Gifted with a literary taste, inherited from his grandfather, John Bulloch, senior, the well-known Shakespearian critic; and yet more prominently brought before the public by his father, Mr John Bulloch, in his able works (notably "George Jamesone, the Scottish Vandyck"), the subject of our sketch has successfully courted the Muse, and has made for himself a prominent place among the great band of Scottish Poets, particularly as a writer of that delightful old school, which owes its foundation to Villon in the 15th century, and its revival in recent years to the cultivated and elegant work of Mr Andrew Lang and Mr Austin Dobson.

Apart from being gifted with the power of facile rhyming, Mr Bulloch has done valuable work in the fields of antiquarianism and bibliography, tasks which one would naturally look for from an older pen than his.

It is, however, as a maker of verses that we have to speak of him, and the fact that his poems have occasionally been presented to the public through the columns of *Judy* is enough to stamp Mr Bulloch's work with the hall-mark of a successful and pleasing writer. Verses from his ready pen have also been published in the pages of *Pen and Pencil* (Glasgow), *Alma*

Mater (the oldest university paper in Scotland, of which he, at one time, was one of the editors), *The Student* (Edinburgh), that racy and clever comic weekly *Bon-Accord* of Aberdeen, as well as the local daily press.

Though Mr Bulloch has not as yet published any book of his own, his poetry has found a place in Mr Gleeson White's Anthology of the Old French School (London, 1887), he being one of the few Scotchmen quoted in the pages of that charming collection. Mr Bulloch's pen is an untiring one, and that his verses are graceful throughout, the following selection will bear testimony:

THE WATCHER.

When the sun sinks low and the stars come forth,
  And the sea runs wild in its foam,
She stands on the pier in the wild, cold north
  To watch till the boats come home.

When the morning breaks, and the cold, grey dawn
  Encircles the sky's great dome,
She lingers still, like a hovering fawn,
  To watch till the boats come home.

And she croons this lilt, in sad, low key—
  "Oh, lang does my true luve roam;
But it's I maun wait by the saut, saut sea,
  To watch till the boats come home."

A FISHY FANCY.

When you angle, angle, angle
With the *fliest* little spangle,
Which you dangle, dangle, dangle
  In the air,
Lest my gullet you should mangle
With that fascinating fangle—
Which is hard to disentangle—
  I take care.

Mid the cresses, cresses, cresses,
I conceal me in recesses,
While your guesses, guesses, guesses,
Go amiss,
For I shun the fond caresses
Of a *fly un* who addresses
In a manner that professes
To be bliss.

It will glitter, glitter, glitter,
On the pebble bottom twitter,
To embitter—bitter—bitter
All my pranks.
But instead I often titter
As I watch the patient sitter,
Who for hours on end will fritter
On the banks.

And I rally, rally, rally
Like a rower in a galley,
As I dally, dally, dally
With the hook.
Then "I make a sudden sally,"
Or "I bicker down the valley,"
Just to quote the words of "Ally"
In his *Brook*.

But that netter, netter, netter,
Is as watchful as a setter,
And it's better, better, better
To sing low.
I imagine I'm a debtor
To the angling woe begettor,
And that some day in his fetter
I must go.

BALLADE OF OLD MAGAZINES.

Away in the lumber-room dusty,
Piled up on the dustier floor,
'Mid armour and harquebuss rusty,
And bric-a-brac fashioned of yore;
Bestrewed 'mong a wonderful store
Of gowns that were gorgeously worn,
Lie heaps of old magazine-lore
Forgotten, and dusty and torn.

Ah ! there in the pages now musty,
And foxed to the veriest core,
You'll find all the prosy and crusty
Remarks of some wearisome bore,
And the rhymes in which lovers adore
Their Cynthias, "bright as the morn,"
The sonnets in which they'd implore—
Forgotten and dusty and torn.

The moralist, tediously fusty,
Penned platitudes trite, by the score ;
Romances were sickly, ne'er lusty
Though o'er them "fair readers" did pore.
Ah ! mighty the dross, while the ore
Is small in these pages forlorn—
'Tis a fact that we cannot ignore—
Forgotten and dusty and torn.

ENVOY.

Consigned to oblivion's shore,
O voices, forgotten to scorn,
Your bodies are withered and hoar,
Forgotten and dusty and torn !

MY BOOKS.

(RONDEAU.)

My well-thumbed books ! to whom I bring
Oft times a heart that longs to fling
Behind it all life's cankering pelf,
And find in some neglected shelf
The balm of rest—to you I sing.

Time, ever fleeting on the wing,
Brings summer, autumn, winter, spring,
But never veers, your constant self,
My well-thumbed books !

When stricken sore by fortune's sling,
When human friendships, chilling, ring
A parting knell, like shivering delf,
In you we find a tranquil elf
To soothe each bitter smarting sting,
My well-thumbed books !

WILLIAM STEWART

WAS born in 1835 at Aberlour, where his father, who belonged to the farming class, had tilled the same farm for thirty-five years. Through failing health he had to give up the farm, and he removed his family to the neighbouring village of Rothes in Morayshire, where he died in 1848. At school he made very little progress, beyond committing to memory every scrap of poetry in his reading book. After a brief period at school, the subject of the present sketch was "herd laddie" to a farmer for six months, and subsequently he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Rothes. His apprenticeship finished rather abruptly, for he took "French leave" on a Sunday—his entire stock of ready-money being *twopence half-penny*. After working in various places, from Forres to Aberdeen, he married, and he and his youthful partner went to Aberdeen, where he resided for the next twenty years. There he was chiefly employed in the shop-keeping line. Our poet's next change was to the "Kingdom of Fife," where he settled for two-and-a-half years, when he crossed the Forth; although, had it not been for the want of "gowd an' gear" then, he would have preferred to have crossed the Atlantic. Indeed, he went the length of writing a now pretty popular song, "I'm noo gaun awa," as a farewell, for a time, to his wife. He has ever since lived in "Auld Reekie," and, though his working hours are generally from eight in the morning to nine at night, and often three or four hours longer on Saturdays, he still continues to cultivate the muse with considerable vigour. Many of his poetical sketches of Scottish life and character are full of freshness and originality, and commend themselves by their natural force and hearty homespun qualities.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

Would I give up my freedom, is it that you ask of me?
When all the freedom I desire is still to be with thee—
To have you ever near me, and to see you all the while,
With your pretty face to cheer me, when I return from toil.

To have our little cabin, with its clean hearthstone and floor,
Its white walls and its roof of thatch, and flower-plot at the door—
To see you moving out and in, in your quiet, cheerful way,
That's the freedom I have wished for, as the lark might watch for day.

But the dear old home is crumbling, and falling to decay,
And I must seek another home, in a country far away,
Where the fields have endless beauty, and the flowers are rainbow bright,
And the grandeur of the landscape fills with wonder and delight.

Then you will go with me, darling, to that land beyond the sea,
And we will make a bright new home, where all, they say, are free;
But we must visit mother's grave before we go away,
Where father sleeps beside her, near the chapel old and grey.

And we will cull a wreath of flowers, with shamrock leaves entwined,
And place it on their hallowed mound, to kiss the evening wind;
Then bid farewell to Ireland—the country of our birth—
With all its cares, and trials, and its laughter-moving mirth,

The home of our forefathers, the land we love so well,
Where we spent our happy childhood, roaming over copse and dell;
May the healing peace of freedom come on our dear fatherland,
Is our parting wish for Ireland, as we leave its rock-bound strand.

THE BELLE O' LASSWADE.

There was nae ane mair carefu' in a' the gate-end,
Wi' the wark in their han' or the plans they had laid;
Or a handier, either to mak' or to mend,
Wad ye find in yer travels than Johnnie Kincaid.

He was wonderfu' ready wi' needle an' thread,
An' cou'd darn auld stockin's, as weel's mak' the new;
He wad snod up a hoose, an' bake his ain bread
In a way to surprise ye, an' equalled by few.

The hoose that he lived in he biggit himsel',
Baith glazed a' the windows, an' theckit the roof ;
Then dyket his garden, an' sank a new well—
O' carefu' industry this surely was proof.

Now his odds-an'-ends' business had grown on his han's,
An' took up a' the time that he had at command :
Tho' tireless at wark, the pats an' the pans
Showed a lack o' the care o' a mistress's hand.

But he vowed in braid Scotch he "wad ne'er tak' a wife"—
Keep somebody's daughter ! that wad be a trade ;
But he gat sic a fricht, as maist cost him his life,
When he met Bonnie Mary, the Belle o' Lasswade.

She ca'd on some errand, but Johnnie sang dum',
Look'd sheepish an' awkward, yet a' the time glade ;
Tho' glib tongued an' active, now silent an' glum,
In the presence o' Mary, the Belle o' Lasswade.

The brawest young lass he had ever yet seen—
She jumbled the judgment o' Johnnie Kincaid
Wi' the cheery-like ways, an' the lauchin' blue een,
O' pawkie young Mary, the Belle o' Lasswade.

Noo, he cou'd get nae rest, sleep departit his een—
Gaed at nicht throo the fields, wantin' bonnet or plaid ;
Then the folks shook their heads, tho' he seldom was seen,
Freens, they thocht, should look after poor Johnnie Kincaid.

But he pluckit up speerit ae day in a hurry,
Richt throo the Esk River he actually wade ;
Then the neighbours looked blue when they saw sic a scurry,
Nae less than clean daft noo was Johnnie Kincaid.

Johnnie poppit the question, an' Mary said "Yes !"
An' the folks were amazed in the "Toon" an' Lasswade ;
That question, I'm sure, ony blockhead could guess,
Made Mary the dawtie o' Johnnie Kincaid.

Now, the sharpest o' men, tho' alert for the warl,
An' count cent-per-cent like the clerk o' a bank,
At connubial arrangements aye rate oot an' snarl,
E'en misca' wedded bliss as a fraik or a prank.

But Cupid is waiting till Mary appear,
Then twang goes the bow, an' the arrow sticks fast ;
An' the purse that was stocket wi' caution an' fear
Is laid on love's altar wi' glee at the last.

WILLIE WADDIE.

Ayont the river Spey a mile,
In June o' eighteen thirty-five,
When nature wore her gayest smile,
Was added to the human hive—
Wee helpless Willie Waddie.

The cottage caught the sunny ray
'Mong corn-fields an' waving broom,
(The twelfth was Friday, by the way,
As ten was striking in the room
They welcome Willie Waddie.

The sympathetic neighbour wives
Cam' flockin' roon in twas and threes,
Wi' anxious care for "mither's lives,"
An' leave some hardly-won bawbees—
To hansel Willie Waddie.

An' ilka year that's come an' gane
The "Friday's luck" has followed him
He never fand the airt to glean,
But frowning fortune, stern and grim,
Aye stared at Willie Waddie.

Yet hopefu' like he's fouchten lang,
Tho' trachled sair wi' backward ways,
He still can lilt a wee bit sang,
As sunny blinks on wintry days—
They lichten Willie Waddie.

To elevate his brither man,
To equalise Dame Nature's gifts,
Was first an' foremost in his plan—
Nae double-dealing quirky shifts
Fand place wi' Willie Waddie.

To 'fend the weak again' the strong,
To fan the fire o' worth to flame,
To trample under foot the wrong
An' lessen care, was aye the aim
O' hopefu' Willie Waddie.

Tho' time may shortly clip his wing,
An' land him in his mither's lap,
He hopes that some may like to sing
When he has got his hin'most hap—
The sangs o' Willie Waddie.

WHEN A' THAT TOIL.

When a' that toil the warld o'er
  Are free to wander hame—
I'll meet thee in the twilicht hour,
  Midday's expiring flame.
The blackbird on the rowan tree,
  The robin in the dell,
In wantonness o' happy glee,
  Like me, their love will tell.

The shortest day in a' the year
  Is lang awa frae thee;
But time glides by when thou art near,
  An chills o' winter flee.
In leafy June the brightest day
  Is dark and drear to me;
But sweetly shines the passing ray
  When hand-in-hand wi' thee.

Gen fortune sair upon me frown,
  An' drive me o'er the sea;
If riches e'er my labours crown
  I'll hie me back too thee.
The friged warld, cauld an' dour,
  May sneer at love like mine;
But I'll contented hail the hour
  That lays my hand in thine.

Should life's grim foe my steps o'ertake,
  An' seal the warl' for me,
My faltering heart afore it break
  Will heave a sigh for thee.
The fire an' force o' human will
  May fail an' die away,
But springtide love will linger still,
  An' cheer our latest day.

Now bright an' happy be your day,
  Tho' fate may darken mine;
May cauldriff care ne'er come your way
  To blight your golden prime.
When mellow autumn's falling leaves
  Succeed your summer fair,
Then tentie bind life's scattered sheaves,
  An' garner them with care.

Tho' glimmering grows the weary licht,
An' bleak winds rudely blaw;
The mirkest hour o' a' the nicht
Is darkest near the daw.
When fareweel comes, as come it will,
An' we maun gang awa,
Let faith be your sheet-anchor still,
For that will conquer a'.

COLIN SPALDING.

THE subject of this notice was born at the farm of East Mill, parish of Rattray, Perthshire, in 1826—"the year of the short corn." His father soon afterwards left the farm, and subsequently settled down in Blairgowrie. Colin was the fourth son of a family of ten, some of whom ultimately went to America, Australia, and India. Our poet was employed for a time as a cook and confectioner in Edinburgh, but the confinement and long hours told so much on his naturally weak constitution that he was compelled to look out for other employment. It was his good fortune to meet a gentleman who was in want of a young man to act as valet and travelling steward to a younger brother of the Marquis of Ailsa—Lord Nigel Kennedy, who had just been appointed one of the attachés at the British Embassy at Holland, where his uncle, Sir Edward Cromwell Desborough, was Ambassador. On receiving the appointment, he entered on the duties with pleasure to himself and satisfaction to his Lordship. He continued four years in the situation, and during that time he was scarcely more than a week or two in one place. His Lordship had many introductions to the best families in France and Belgium, Germany, and Spain, at all the principal Embassies and Consulates. As our poet was in attendance, he

had many opportunities of seeing men and manners. After leaving his Lordship, Mr Spalding was engaged in several similar situations, and ultimately became a hotel keeper in Hamilton, where he spent twenty years in active work, and recently retired from business. He is now able to indulge to a greater extent his taste for literary pursuits. Mr Spalding has written many vigorous and thoughtful verses—mostly, however, on local subjects. To his poetic gift, he adds the graces and oratory of an eloquent and effective public speaker, and he has ever been an energetic agent in promoting what tends to the progress and prosperity of Hamilton and district. An ardent admirer of Burns, whose name he considers holds all true Scotchmen by the heart strings wherever they may wander, he takes a warm interest in the anniversary meetings of the local Burns Club. We give the following from a poem written by him for one of these occasions :

. . . . .

With buoyant step and spirit free,
He trod the studded gowan lea ;
Bade rustic labour raise its head,
And proudly toil for daily bread,
That blooming health and sweet repose
Awaited at the evening's close.
The woody height and shady glen
Both echo'd back the blythe refrain,
As conjuring up some image fair,
Of worth and beauty passing rare.
When grief or gloom assailed the heart,
They prompted aye a manly part ;
And while at clouds of care repining,
They pointed to a silver lining.
The gifted son of humble sire,
With matchless skill oft touched the lyre :
To rivers, rocks, and caverned shore,
He gave a fame unknown before ;
He sang with sweetness, love and power,
Of charms that slept in glen and tower.

The heroes of an early day
Inspired the poet's magic lay :
A glorious theme drew from the urn
The warriors brave at Bannockburn.
Who can forget the martial strain,
When Bruce addressed his countrymen,
Or, listn'ing to the patriot's word,
Would hesitate to draw the sword ;
Who would a humble fate bewail,
That breathed the balmy ev'ning gale,
Beneath a spreading hawthorn's shade,
Enamoured with a lovely maid ;
Or, list'ning to a cradle song,
Would not the pleasing hours prolong ;

. . . . .

Oh ! gifted son ! oh ! matchless bard !
Thy memory claims our high regard.
The wild waves may cease to roar
Round rocky Ailsa's rugged shore ;
The eagle stoop to timorous flight,
Or beauty fail to give delight ;
Doon's clear stream may cease to flow,
The mountain daisy cease to grow,
The snowflakes rest upon the river,
But BURNS' fame shall last forever.

MASONRY.

Hail, Masonry, that lends a willing hand
To every noble work throughout the land ;
Bold in conception, skilful to define,
To rear a temple, or construct a mine ;
Patron of art since the old world began,
The nurse of genius and the friend of man.
Our rude forefathers, in the distant past,
Have left a record fair of works that last.
Whate'er was worthy, Masonry has sought,
In every age, from time the most remote,
And left her mark on many a noble shrine—
From simple arch to structures most sublime ;
And thus we humbly try to play our part,
And prove, by plumb and rule, the mystic art ;
By square and compass, too, we test the plan
How best to satisfy the wants of man.
Let's hope the work may bear the test of time—
A nation's greatness is a thought sublime ;
And future ages yet, both near and far,
Shall gaze with interest on the blazing star,

With eyes expectant, seeking for a sign,
All things adjusted by the plumb and line.
And if we use the gifts at our command,
Plenty shall bless and peace pervade the land;
Homes for the homeless, charity and love—
These are the pass-words to the Lodge above.

OH! NOBLE CLYDE.

Oh! noble Clyde, our country's pride,
What scenes Old Time and thee could tell,
Ere steam had proved her wondrous power,
Or Comet launched by Henry Bell.

How changed the time and changed the scene
Since these remote historic days;
A simple faith and simple plan
Were suited to our father's ways.

Since down thy stream, then clear and bright,
To fair Iona's hallowed shore,
When some rude galley's crowded deck
A Scottish monarch's body bore.

No palace then adorned thy banks,
Or mansions fine in bright array,
But cabins rude of turf and stone,
And hardened floor of Nature's clay.

The hardy fisher roamed at will,
Enticed the finny tribes to doom;
The lonely heron on the shore
Pursued her art amidst the gloom.

The joyous days sped quickly past,
Like winged hours when lovers meet;
O'er cowslip beds the lambkins played,
Or drank the dew from meadows sweet.

No twinkling lights along the shore
Guided the sailor from afar,
Or flashing beacon dimmed his eye—
He trusted to his northern star.

Oh! shade of Watt return once more,
And hover o'er thy native stream,
And view the wonder-working power
That first engaged thy waking dream.

Thy giant ships, the babes of Clyde,
In triumph ride the mountain wave;
Thy hardy sons, their country's pride,
Go forth to conquer and to save.

ROBERT REID,

AN occasional contributor to the Aberdeen and other newspapers, was born at Cross of Jackston, parish of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, in 1847. His father, who was a crofter and schoolmaster there, died when our poet was eight years of age. As he left a young family of seven, Robert had to begin to work at an early age. He was sent to learn the shoemaking trade, and had often to labour over thirteen hours a-day. He has now a business of his own in the boot and shoe trade in the village of Kemnay, near Aberdeen. When only about eleven years of age, Mr Reid gained some notoriety through his "stringing rhymes." His early education was necessarily of a limited nature, but in after life he made diligent use of all his opportunities, and, in course of time, was well known as a thoughtful and intelligent man. Modest and retiring, and attending diligently to his business he has had little time for literary culture, or for courting the muse, but from the specimens of his work, under the *noms-de-plume* of "Rowland," &c., we have been privileged to peruse, we feel that he has made good use of his opportunities. He writes with unassuming sincerity, and his subjects frequently illustrate homely life and manners. He deals with them in a natural and familiar way, with true poetic fervour, and all his productions breathe an excellent spirit.

THE LINNET'S LAMENT.

We built our nest at the foot of a tree,
By the side of the wilderness,
In a spot that the big owl might not see,
It was hidden as snug as snug could be
In the moss, the leaves, and the grass.

The eggs, one by one, were safely laid,
Till the number counted five;
Then I carefully sat with my wings outspread
To keep them warm in their little bed
Till the hatching time should arrive.

My mate was so kind—oh! so kind was he!
And brought me such dainty cheer;
He kept a look-out on the old ash tree,
And sang a song of such sweet melody
That the passers-by stopped to hear.

O! we were happy as birdies could wish,
Our neighbours were kind and good;
Mrs Wren lived near, in the yellow gorse bush,
And we ne'er had a quarrel with the mavis nor thrush,
In our home by the side of the wood.

It was one night late, ere we went to sleep,
My mate had ceased to sing,
And nearer to my side did creep,
We heard a tiny, cheep, cheep, cheep,
Right underneath my wing.

And four little birdies, ere morning light,
Had safely burst the shell;
The fifth was rather a weakly mite,
But, with careful nursing, came round all right,
And soon was safe and well.

But misfortune came, and sad is the tale
That I have to unfold;
I sometimes wish I could draw a veil
O'er the terrible fate that our darlings befel
When they were eight days old.

Three boys from the village on mischief bent—
Three bad little boys were they—
To plunder and rob was their intent,
And right for our own little nest they went,
And carried our birdies away.

I watched them from a bough near by,
With a heart full of grief and pain;
They heeded not my piteous cry
To leave them alone or they would die,
And I never saw my birdies again.

In the darkest shades of the wood I sit,
And mope my time away,
Where the croaking raven and night-owl flit;
I am weary of life, nor care a bit
Tho' they carry me off as their prey.

THE ORRA LOON'S LAMENT.

O, gin I were a farmer's son,
Wi' goud an' gear an' claes fu' braw,
That I micht hae some chance to win
The fairest lass that e'er I saw.

But lowly I maun toil awa',
Wi' moleskin breeks an' clumsy shoon,
I've neither goud nor gear ava,
I'm but her father's orra loon.

An' Mains has mony horse an' kye,
An' wavin' fields o' grass an' grain,
An' fouth o' bankit notes forbye—
The richest farmer i' the glen.

Ah! why should I a hope retain,
Or think she e'er wid smile on me;
The hope, the wish, the thought is vain,
She's no for ane o' my degree.

Her hair is like the corbie's wing,
Her eyes are fu' o' witcherie,
I blush like ony guilty thing
Whene'er she looks or speaks to me.

I'd bide for half my summer fee,
But noo's the day when we maun part—
Tho' I should roam ayont the sea,
I'll bear her image in my heart.

I WONDER IF E'ER I'LL GET MARRIED.

Again 'tis the season of spring—
Sweet season of hope and of love,
The lav'rock mounts up on the wing,
In the woods is the coo of the dove.
But nae joy to my sad heart they bring,
There's naething gi'es pleasure to me.
I wonder if e'er I'll get married—
Married afore I dee?
Oh! I wonder if e'er I'll get married—
Married afore I dee?

The lad that I thought was my ain—
The lad I lo'ed dearer than life,
I aye hoped—but my hopes hae been vain—
That some day I would be his wife;
But it's sinfu' 'gainst fate to complain:
It was ae thing that wisna to be.
I wonder if e'er I'll get married, &c.

My gran'mither left me some gear,
An sax pair o' blankets a' new;
She tauld me how weel they wad wear;
They were made o' her ain lammie's oo;
To look at them maks my heart sair,
It aye brings the tear to my e'e.
I wonder if e'er I'll get married, &c.

My companions are dropping away,
In the fashion I'll bind up my hair;
I was rather good-looking they say—
So I will not give way to despair.
If kind fate send a husband my way,
I'm sure a good wife I wad be.
I wonder if e'er I'll get married, &c.

Thou star that shineth so bright,
When the birds are a' hame to their nest,
Shedding thy chaste, silv'ry light
O'er the rose-tined hues of the west—
Ken ye aught of my pitiful plight?
Wilt thou listen to a lone-maiden's plea?
Tell me if e'er I'll get married—
Married afore I dee?
Oh! I wonder if e'er I'll get married—
Married afore I dee?

WILLIAM BLACK,

THE son of a Peninsular hero, was born in Calton, Glasgow, about 1825. His father, being disabled from service by a wound at Albuera, was pensioned with a shilling a day, and after his discharge he became a servant to one of the officers of his regiment, who was on leave in London owing to ill health. In the house where his master resided was a domestic servant, who in course of time became the wife of the former soldier. William was the second of four children, all of whom became military men but himself—nature having denied him the requisite qualification of stature, for he was very little over four feet in height. Mark, the only brother now alive, is in receipt of a pension for twenty-one years' service. William's first work was in the loom shop with his father. He was afterwards apprenticed as a baker, but it did not agree with him, for he had been "a tender bairn, and his deid claes had been laid out three times," consequently he had to return to the loom. When growing into manhood he was the cause of much thought to his mother, owing to his religious views, but she lived to see him a valued and useful office-bearer in the church. He, however, lamented the introduction of organs and hymnals, and always preferred the days when, as he said, "folks' hearts were tuned wi' something better than a finger-board." He was a leal supporter of the temperance cause, and to the end of his long and honoured life he pleaded its claims, and deplored the miseries of the poor inebriate with power and tenderness. In addition to being a zealous and winning Sunday-school superintendent, he, for many years in Rutherglen, to which he had removed in early manhood, carried on the work of an

unpaid missionary. Some years before his death, which took place in 1887, he became a member of the Loyal Order of Orangemen, and among that brotherhood none was more beloved and respected. He wrote many poems of a reflective and religious nature, a number of which had a place in several newspapers and periodicals, from which we select the following:—

SUMMER.

I love to see the setting sun
  Go down behind the hill,
And hear the rippling of the stream
  When all around is still.
I love to wander down the glen
  When gently blows the breeze,
To view the fields, when in their prime,
  An' hear the humming bees.

How joyous is the summer's voice,
  How sweet 'mid blooming flowers,
To hear the warblers trill their lays
  Within the woodbine bowers;
'Mid woods and fields, all clad in green,
  In harmony they sing,
And babbling rivulets combine
  To make the valley ring.

The violet, brier, and opening rose,
  Send forth their fragrant smell;
The lily and the daisy peep
  From many a dewy dell.
How lovely is the hawthorn tree
  To view when in full bloom;
When dripping with the morning dew
  How sweet is its perfume.

Surpassing beauty summer brings,
  It fills our heart with joy,
And wise is he who its bright hours
  Doth usefully employ;
For summer, like spring-time of life,
  Doth swiftly glide away,
The autumn gives a rich reward,
  While winter brings decay.

THE SKYLARK.

Dripping with the dews of morning,
Swift the lark ascends the skies,
Leaving hill and dale behind him,
Sweetly warbling as he flies.
Bold, undaunted, merry creature,
Singing in the morning breeze,
Far above thy brother warblers,
Perched among the shady trees.

King of songsters, in thy flight,
Sporting in the dewy morn,
Soaring upwards, warbling boldly,
As if to view this world with scorn—
What a lesson thou dost teach us,
That we betimes from earth should rise,
And look beyond its fleeting pleasures
To joy untarnished in the skies.

FOND RECOLLECTIONS.

Old places and friends oft to memory appear,
And the thought of the past brings many a tear,
As each pleasant scene enraptures my mind,
Yet, dissolving, leaves nothing but sorrow behind.

The sun shines as bright as it did long before,
In the glad days of childhood, on my loved father's door,
And the warblers, in concert, still sing on the spray,
But the voice of my friends is silent for aye.

There is the chair where my grandsire reclined,
And kindly caressed—so loving and kind,—
And the stool by the wheel where my mother, with glee,
The sweet lullaby sang as I sat on her knee.

The school by the green, where I often did play,
Unaltered remains ; but my friends are away,
And the old teacher seems now before me to stand
Who ruled with firm love his boisterous band.

And down by the glen still stands the old tree—
The hawthorn in blossom delightful to see ;
And mem'ry beholds the fair scene with delight,
But the loved one I met there lies far from my sight ;

And the old dipping-well, with the moss-cover'd stone,
Flows on, free as ever, nor heeds my sad moan,

And all are made welcome to come at their will,
Nor be e'er called to question for quaffing their fill.

But lonely I wander by the sweet murm'ring stream,
To muse on the days that have passed like a dream,
When the streams of gold chase the shadows of night
And fill my lone bosom with songs of delight.

THOMAS MORTON,

WHO has written much that is replete with fine fancy and deep pathos, was born in Edinburgh in 1861. While he was yet a child his parents removed to Haddingtonshire, in which county he had eight years' schooling, finishing up in Dunbar. Even at that early period, so fond was he of poetry, that if a volume came into his hands, his tasks were considered quite a secondary matter. Indeed, it would appear that the school had no great attraction for him, for it is said that if a travelling circus, or a band of strolling players, came to the neighbourhood, his books were frequently concealed in a wood in the morning, and he would mingle with the show folks till it was time for his appearance at home in the evening. He was for a year or two under the tutorship of the late George Webster, West Barns—a poet noticed in the Ninth Series of this work. This gentleman was very kind to him, though his patience was often sorely tried with the roving habits of his pupil. School-days over, our poet was apprenticed to the gardener trade, and as a journeyman he worked for several years in various gentlemen's places throughout Scotland. Finding at length, however, that in this calling there are weeds as well as flowers

to contend with, he forsook it altogether, and settled down in Glasgow, where he follows a more lucrative pursuit.

Mr Morton is a frequent writer of verse to the columns of the *People's Friend*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Haddington Courier*, and other newspapers and periodicals. He also writes prose, and contributes humorous letters on topics of current interest to various comic journals. An ardent lover of nature, he has visited most of the localities in Scotland famous in song and story, and manages every summer to take long excursions to scenes and places of interest, his reflections being given to the public in lively and thoughtful verse. His muse indicates a cultured intellect, wide and expansive sympathies, as well as graphic descriptive power, and considerable breadth of humour.

THE BAIRNIES' HYMNS AT E'EN.

Wherever music's voice prevails,
By grove or rippling main,
My spirit mingles wi' ilk breath,
An' drinks the hallow'd strain.
But, oh! the sweetest melody
That thrills my breast, I ween,
Is when aroun' the fire I hear
The bairnies' hymns at e'en.

When gentle sleep, on downy wing,
Steals o'er their prattling glee,
The wearied wee things bring their books
An' nestle roun' my knee.
For weel they ken, on Canaan's shore,
They hae a faithfu' Frien',
Whase bosom swells wi' love to hear
Their simple hymns at e'en.

Sae sweet their silvery voices trill
Ilk weel-remembered hymn,
That something creeps aroun' my heart,
An' aye my een grow dim;
They waft me back to ither years,
When life an' hope were green,
An' roun' her hearth my mither heard
Her bairnies' hymns at e'en.

Let ithers crowd the dazzlin' ha's,
Where Folly's idle sang,
An' empty jest, an' deavin' din,
The tiresome nicht prolang;
But be it mine sic steer to shun,
An' keep the blissful scene
Where, roun' the fire, the bairnies lisp
Their artless hymns at e'en.

Wee blythesome things, their presence sheds
A halo roun' their hame,
An' waukens in ilk breast that glow
Which language fails to frame.
Oh! sooner wad I wish the sod
Abune me growin' green,
Than dree a life that heedless hears
The bairnies' hymns at e'en.

THE CITY—BY NIGHT.

The dull, cold clank of hoofs,
The ring of wheels—all, all are hushed once more,
And brightly beams the harvest's red moon o'er
The silent city's roofs.

Now sleep doth kindly draw
Her votaries to her, and she seals their eyes;
Wealth seeks his couch of down, while Want, with sighs,
Slinks to his bed of straw.

Yet here and there a light
Gleams from some casement as we pass along—
What can it be? Perchance a festive throng,
Perchance a soul ta'en flight.

It is the hour of dreams,
And they whose lives are purest have the best;
Sweet shall their rising be when earth is drest
Again in morning's beams.

Again the maiden hears
The tale Love breathed her at the close of day;
While crazy eld in Dreamland flings away
The cares of fourscore years.

Ay, 'tis the hour of rest,
But, oh! a little longer let us roam;
See how the moonlight streams o'er spire and dome,
And river's rippling breast.

There lies along the shore
The merchantman, home from the storm-tossed deep,
Like some old chieftain in a tranquil sleep
When war's red strife is o'er.

How strange upon the ear
The measured tramp of the night watchman falls,
Weird as an echo heard from minster walls
When pilgrim steps draw near.

A little while, and then
What life along those silent ways shall stream,
The town's great heart shall waken from its dream,
And Labour sweat again.

THE AULD KIRKYARD.

Stap lichtly as ye pass
Here amang the waving grass,
For dust that's dear to mony beneath lies cauld as lead;
Although their sleep be soun',
Deep in the dark yird doun',
There's something aye that bids us stap lichtly owre the deid;

The humblest sleeper here
To some yearning heart is dear,
In some bit rustic biggin' there stan's a vacant chair;
Aroun' a log-heaped fire
Some reverential choir
Feel in their e'ening worship a voice awantin' there.

Stap lichtly owre the deid,
Stap licht, an' tak' ye heed
What truths ye fin' recorded upon the mossy stane;
How young as weel as auld,
The michty an' the bauld,
Maun gang when Death ca's on them, the carle favours nane.

Here, in a nameless grave,
Owre which the wild weeds wave,
Some wearied wicht sleeps soundly beyond a world o' spleen;
But though abune his heid
Nae eulogies we read,
Yon flauntin' tombs may haud not sic honest worth, I ween.

It matters nocht, I ken,
When at life's journey's en',
Whaur in the earth's cauld bosom the mouldering frame may lie;
Yet I would deem it sweet
Restin' in this calm retreat,
The laverock's voice abune us, an' the burnie singin' by.

Stap licht, then, as ye pass
Here owre the wavin' grass,
And ken that hearts lie under that aince throbbed licht as thine;
An' that the humblest here
Claim in a brichter sphere
A seat amang the greatest, whaur ilka joy's divine.

THE MISERABLE MAN.

There lives a chiel in ilka toun,
That either you or I hae seen;
A chiel whase face aye wears a froun,
Wha thinks the warld's gaun upside doun,
An' sair abused has ever been.

There's no' a blast comes out the east,
But snellest aye on him it blaws;
He ne'er sits doun at ony feast,
But aye the dish that hauds the least
To him somehow or ither fa's.

If he a wealthy aunt possess,
An' be the body's nearest heir,
Her length o' days is marvellous—
Nae aunt lives half sae lang as his,
An' a diseases she can bear.

Nae pleasure in his life he kens,
His gairden's pillaged ilka day;
Nae corn he scatters to his hens,
But ilk auld wife her ain lot sen's
To grab it, syne gang hame an' lay.

He's robbed in ilka thing he does—
His very bees, if bees he's gat,
Awa to neibor's hives they bizz,
An' nane o' theirs e'er come to his,
An' wha could stan' the like o' that?

If he should own a coo or twa,
An' some disease come stealin' in,
It's aye the best that's swept awa
An' sure is he, the neibors a'
Owre his disaster lauch an' grin.

Ye maunna tell the loon he lives
Within a Christian lan', for he
Kens there's naething here but thieves;
An' owre a weary warld he grieves,
An' marvels how sic things should be.

Then be it kirk or market-place,
Whaure'er an audience ye may scan,
Ye'll ken this chiel, for on his face,
Wi' nae great effort, ye will trace—
The *miserable man.*

DAVID L. GREIG

WAS born in 1837 at Edinburgh, where his father was a gentleman's servant. A year after, the family removed to Arbroath, where the subject of our sketch spent the next nineteen years of his life. Being one of a large family, and owing to the humble circumstances of his parents, he received only a scant education. In his eleventh year he began to work as a "dressin' laddie" in a yarn loft. In 1849, when the cholera played such dreadful havoc in Scotland, he lost his father by that pestilence. David and an elder brother were struck down at the same time, and both were removed to the hospital just as the friends and neighbours were gathering to the funeral of their father. It seemed as if the big black wings of doom were flapping over the household, and, to add to the sad and trying circumstances of the family, the mother at the same time was delivered of a child. His brother was so enfeebled by the scourge that he died some months afterwards, and it was doubtful for a time if David would pull through. On his recovery he went back to the mill, where he remained till he reached his sixteenth year. He was then apprenticed to the trade of a blacksmith. After serving the usual period, he removed to Dundee, where he still "strikes the sounding blow." For the long period of

thirty-two years he has been in the employment of the well-known firm of Baxter Brothers & Co., Dens Works.

The ancient town of Arbroath, with its romantic surroundings, early imbued Mr Greig with the love of poetry. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to set out to ramble for hours in dreamy musings by the sea shore, or gaze with rapt emotion from the towering cliffs across the boundless expanse of the German Ocean. The ruins of the old Abbey; Seaton Den, with its shady woods; Kelly Den, with its burnie murmuring to the sea; the ancient kirk and auld kirk-yard of St Vigeans—all blended to inspire him. But although he often attempted rhyme, it was not till after he was married, and had endured the smarting rod of affliction, that he put his thoughts into verse and published them in the local press. Among the first pieces he wrote is one entitled "My Mother," in which he refers to the terrible affliction which befel her at the loss of his father and brother. He thus writes :—

Crushed 'neath her loss she sat and wept,
Her hopes gone with the dead,
Till roused to hear her children cry,
"O! mother, give us bread;"
Then from that time, with help from Him
Who fills the husband's place,
She toiled to bring her children up,
And fit them for life's race.

May it be mine, with filial love,
My store with her to share;
To bear her burdens, calm her fears,
And ease her every care.
And when her spirit takes its flight
From its frail earthly dress,
Then may she find that death but leads
To life, and peace, and bliss.

Mr Greig has always taken a great interest in religious matters, and has been for years a Sunday School

teacher in St Andrews Parish Church, of which congregation he is an elder. He is, however, no sectarian, but is ever ready to engage in any good work along with his dissenting brethren. He is a total abstainer, but studies more to live his principles than to obtrude them upon others by talking. He contributes at intervals to the *Dundee Weekly News*, *Arbroath Guide*, and *Arbroath Herald*. His poems are mostly of a domestic nature, tender and loving—the overflowing of a sympathetic heart. Though in the main they are tinged with a vein of pensive sadness, he is not without a considerable amount of pawky humour.

MRS CLAICK.

In Gossip Road there lives a wife,
Whase name is Mrs Claick,
Tho' roun' the doors fouk ca' her aye
The gossip-mongers' rake.

They ca' her that because she rins
Aboot frae hoose to hoose
To clash, an' spier, an' gather news
Frae wives an' maidens crouse.

She kens the neibours' oots and ins
Far better than themsel's;
Tho', strange to say, their guid she hides,
Their fauts she only tells.

She'll tell ye wha are dirty wives,
An' wha she thinks are clean—
In fact, she kens the very claes
That hings oot on the green.

She's fu' o' pride an' envious spite
Against a' wha do richt,
While wi' her slanderin' tongue she tries
To mak' them black as nicht.

To gain fresh friends and gather news
Baith saft an' low she'll speak,
She laughs ootricht wi' them wha laugh
An' greets wi' them wha greet.

Indeed, it's just for fouks' respect
She tongues and does her best,
Tho' little does she ken that fouk
Regaird her as a pest ;

O ! if they were but brave enough
To tell her to her face
That they believed her leein' tongue
Was just a real disgrace.

Weel do they ken if they did sae
(Which only wad be richt),
They'd lose her news ; forby, her hate
Upon their heids wad licht.

For like a serpent she wad wait,
An' a' her plans arrange,
An' watch her time to spring, an' sting
Her objects o' revenge.

But ony ane wha didna ken
Her envious, jealous mind,
Wad tak' her for a perfect saint—
She seems sae guid an' kind.

If ony ane be sick or ill,
Wi' them she's sure to be—
No' that she cares for them, but just
To see what she can see.

To get a name for helpin' fouk
She mak's great show indeed ;
Yet, strange to say, she'll no' help them
Wha really stand in need.

An', if her richt hand be raxed oot
To ease anither's pain,
She ne'er does sae but what she's sure
To let the left hand ken.

An' tho' she regular gaes to kirk,
Be't rainin' or sunsheen,
Her daily life just tells she gaes
To see an' to be seen ;

But fouk are no' lang in seein' thro'
Her sleekit words an' ways—
Instead o' saint, they see in her
A wolf in sheepy's claes ;

Thus roond the doors is Mrs Claick
A busy-body kent;
Instead o' gettin fouks' respect,
She gets but their contempt.

So if we want oor neibours' love,
Their honour an' respect,
Let's earn't wi' simple, truthfu' lives,
An' no' like Mrs Claick.

I'M FIFTY YEARS THE DAY.

In early days when I was young, wi' heart baith licht an' gay,
Life seemed a braw, braw mornin' o' a lang, lang summer's day;
But noo life's shadows deepen, clouds o' dark and hazy grey
Creep o'er my path, remindin' me I'm fifty years th' day.

Life disna hae the lichtsome look it had in days gane by;
I dinna lauch sae aften noo, but aftener I sigh;
Things that ance made my heart rejoice noo fill me wi' dismay—
I'm wae at gettin aulder, yet I'm fifty years th' day.

Dear frien's wha started life wi' me slip frae me ane by ane,
The few wha're left are changed-like, too, while new anes I mak' nane;
The very scenes o' youth, whaur I spent life in happy play,
Are changed. O! I feel lonesome like—I'm fifty years th' day.

Strange, dreary thochts o' precious time an' talents a mis-spent—
What I micht been, an' what I am. O! had I only kent!
Is aft the bitter cry I cry; for, O! do what I may,
I feel I'll be nae ither noo—I'm fifty years th' day.

O! could I grip wi' siccar grip the lamp o' Hope an' Faith,
An' rise abune the murky gloom that seems a livin' death,
An' trust in Him wha says he'll be the weary's hope an' stay—
I'd be content an' pleased, although I'm fifty years th' day.

KEEPING BABY.

Another week of toil is o'er,
Bright Sabbath's come again,
That brings sweet joys of peace and rest
To weary sons of men;
Our morning prayers of thankfulness
For grace and mercies given,
With songs of praise, have gone to Him
Who rules in earth and heaven.

And mother dear, with thirsty soul,
Has gone to house of prayer
To drink the words of life and love,
And meet her Saviour there;
And in our quiet, happy home
With baby I remain,
To watch o'er her with father's care,
Till mother comes again.

And, O! my darling little one,
How pleasant 'tis to me
To feel thee nestling in my arms,
Or prattling on my knee;
Thy great blue eyes, with wondering look,
Makes my whole heart to glow,
And brings to mind dear tiny ones
Who left us long ago.

We do not wish those spirits pure
Back to this world again,
But only that our lives be such,
That we may go to them.
But, O! my babe, sweet sleep has come
While I've been musing thus,
And wraped thee in its fond embrace
Of calm and peaceful bliss;

And, clasping thee within my arms,
I feel a strange delight—
In gazing on thy angel form,
So beautiful and bright;
Thy parted lips seem like the smile
Of angel pure and fair,
With marble whiteness shines thy brow
Beneath your glossy hair.

How strange to think the Almighty One,
On whom our sins were laid,
Though Lord of All, should once, like thee,
Have been a helpless babe;
O! will it be that thou, my child,
Like Bethlehem's Babe, will grow
In stature and in wisdom's ways,
And blessings from you flow?

And wilt thou, like that spotless One,
Perfection's path pursue,
And, by a life of love, live down
The false, and teach the true?

Or will it be, alas, that thou
  Wilt virtue's path forsake,
And, by a life of sin and shame,
  The hearts of loved ones break?

O! can it be that one so pure
  May yet impure become,
And, with the painted mask of sin,
  To ruin lure others on?
And at the close of life will some
  Thy memory hold in scorn?
And loving hearts in anguish wish
  That thou had'st ne'er been born?

O! Lord, preserve my child from this,
  O! keep her in Thy love;
And guide her in the narrow path
  That leads to Thee above.

JOHN SINGER

IS a native of the village of Woodside, near Aberdeen, and was born in 1861. His father was a carter at the Grandholm Woollen Mills, where John first started to work as message boy, then as a piecer on the self-acting mules, and ultimately served his time as a spinner. On work getting scarce, he left home, and, like many other young north-country lads, he set his face towards the south in search of occupation. He found employment in Selkirk, where he remained for eighteen months, when he was thrown idle on account of the failure of the firm. We next find him in Ireland, where, in County Cork, he settled for a time, after which he returned to Selkirk. He was not long there, however, when a strike amongst the spinners compelled him to return once more home, where he stayed two years, but never being able to

find steady employment, and getting down-hearted at his want of success, he resolved once more to push his fortune southward. He ultimately found work at Galashiels, where he has ever since remained.

From boyhood Mr Singer has been a great lover of poetry; but he never tried to put his thoughts in rhyme until his second sojourn in Selkirk. It was there, amid the lovely vales of Yarrow and Ettrick, surrounded by the romantic scenery of the Borderland, that he first drew inspiration from the muse. He has for some time been a frequent contributor to the "Poet's Corner" of the local papers, as well as to the *Dundee Weekly News* under the *nom-de-plume* "Bon Accord," "Jack," &c. He often sings of the comforts of his couthie fireside—

> Where, in simple artless lays,
> Ne'er fashed wi' Greek or Latin phrase,
> But frae the heart
> I try to sing o' Nature's ways
> For tuneful art.

His verse is ever hearty and homely, combining the simple illustrations of country life with a pathos and tenderness that stir the heart, an enthusiastic love of Nature, and a cultured ear in the music of his rhythm, that evince the true poetic mind.

OOR STAIR FIT.

Its weel I mind o' ither days, when younkers fu' o' glee,
We pu'd the little heather bell, the gowans frae the lea;
An' syne, wi' muckle mirth an' din, hoo canty we wad sit
An' string the gowans in a raw, at oor stair fit.

When winter cam wi' surly blast, that roon aboot did blaw,
An' hill an' dale, an' ilka thing, were happit ower wi' snaw:
When oot o' doors we daurna stir, nae e'en the sma'est bit,
Sae cheerie aye we'd sit an' play, at oor stair fit.

Its weel I mind hoo unco feared I was to gang my lane
When it was dark, for fear auld Tam, the beggar, e'er was seen,
For aye I thocht into his poke wee laddies he wad pit,
Sae ne'er wad venture far awa' frae oor stair fit.

Its weel I mind when in my heart the lowe o' love began,
When roun' the doors, at simmer e'en, ilk lad an' lass wad stan' ;
Hoo blithely gaed the 'oors awa' wi' daffin' an' wi' wit,
An' saftly whispered lover's vows at oor stair fit.

But noo I've wandered far awa, in mony lan's hae been,
Hae sat amang the rich an' great, an' ferlies strange hae seen,
But ne'er a ane gied siccan joy, as when we used to sit
An' string the gowans in a raw at oor stair fit.

An' noo I've reached life's gloamin' grey, an' unco sune maun gang
To whaur my freens are a' at hame, the angels fair amang ;
Yet aince again I'd like to see, afore my spirit flit,
That hallowed spot o' memories dear, oor auld stair fit.

AN AULD MAN'S LAST SANG.

Aince mair I rax me doon my harp to sing anither sang,
For weel I ken my time on earth it canna noo be lang ;
For I hae passed the threshold noo o' life's allotted span,
An', oh ! I'm longing sair to be in that fair, heavenly lan'.

For noo I'm auld an' feckless, an' my locks are like the snaw,
An' a' the freens o' youthfu' days frae me are far awa ;
An', oh ! I miss the kindly smile o' her that shared my lot,
An' aye kept a' thing clean an' trig within oor wee bit cot.

Oor bairns a' hae left the hame that sheltered them sae lang,
The parting wi' them ane an' a' cost me fu' mony a pang ;
For weel I kent I never mair wad see them here again,
For sune beside their mither dear my body wad be lain.

But, oh ! I ken fu' brawly I'll meet them a' abune,
In that lan' o' fadeless glory, when their wark on earth is dune ;
For I ken they lo'e their Saviour, an' they promised ane an' a'
To meet again in glory, afore they gaed awa.

Auld age should aye be honoured an' respected, sae I'm tauld,
Yet hoo aften are the auld folks left oot stannin' in the cauld ;
It seems a man that's auld an' frail is o' nae use ava,
An' there's aye some ready tongue to say he'd better be awa.

But, oh ! there's aye a welcome to oor Faither's hame abune,
Whaur a' the auld an' frail may rest, frae care an' labour dune ;
Wi' joy I'll hail the comin' o' that grand an' glorious day
When on angels' wings I'm borne to realms far away.

There I'll help to swell the chorus till heaven's arches ring
Wi' a' the glad hosannas to Christ, oor Lord an' King;
Then wi' joy I'll be united to her I haud sae dear,
Tho' lang we hae been parted frae ane anither here.

WAITING FOR ME.

Adoun by the burnie that wimples alang
Where the blythe birds o' simmer sing sweetly their sang,
There stands a fair lassie, wi' bricht glancin' e'e,
An' weel dae I ken she is waiting for me.

CHORUS—Waiting for me an' watching for me,
Yon blithesome young lassie is waiting for me;
There's naething to me that this warld can gie
Like the fond, loving glance o' her bonnie blue e'e.

O! sweet is the 'oor at the gloamin's saft fa',
When the sun glints sae bricht ower the hills far awa,
Its then that I gang by yon burnie sae clear
To meet wi' the lassie that lo'es me sae dear.

O! the praises o' Nature the poets may sing
Till the hills and the valleys their echoes shall ring;
Nae gem is sae sweet or sae fair to my e'e
As yon blithesome lassie that's waiting for me.

O! what can compare with the joy that we feel,
As through sweet-scented woodlands we softly wad steal;
While love, wi' its glamour, held sway ower oor hearts,
We vow to be true till death shall us part.

They maun be puir silly cuifs, wi' hearts like a stane,
That wad gang through this warld themsel's a' alane,
An' ne'er lo'e a lassie wi' bricht glancing e'e,
Like yon sweet winsome lassie that's waiting for me.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

Land of the mountain and clear sparkling fountain,
Once again will I sing in yer praise,
Sae ancient an' hoary, enshrined aye in story,
Ilk upland an' valley an' green flowery braes.

Oft do I ponder, when o'er thee I wander,
On thy beauty majestic, sae stern an' grand.
Resplendent in glory, ilk strath, hill, an' corrie,
Ilk streamlet an' loch o' oor ain native land.

Sae rugged an' stern is each mountain an' cairn,
As the mist like a mantle enshrouds them in gloom,
Which, slowly arising frae off the horizon,
Show drest in their beauty the heather an' broom.

The sun, brightly glancing, thy beauty enhancing,
Throws sweetly its light over muirland an' fell;
The woodlands are ringing wi' birds sweetly singing,
The burnie meanders round hill and fair dell.

Thy scenery the rarest, thy daughters the fairest,
Like gems o' rare brichtness, that dazzle the e'en
Wi' their beauty bewitching an' charms sae enriching,
Sae modest an' gentle, sae graceful in mein.

Thy sons fought like heroes frae tyrants to free us
An' give us the freedom that Scotchmen haud dear;
Such tyrants will never the ties again sever,
For Scotland stands firm, nae foe does she fear.

SONG—BONNIE LASSIE O!

Air.—KELVIN GROVE.

Will ye no come back again, bonnie lassie, O?
For our hearts are free o' pain, bonnie lassie, O!
And we miss thy presence here
Aye our lonely hearts to cheer
Wi' yer winning smile sae dear, bonnie lassie, O!

Will we never see thee mair, bonnie lassie, O?
Wi' yer face sae sweet an' fair, bonnie lassie, O!
As ye trip across the lea,
Aye sae blythe an' fu' o' glee,
And your heart frae trouble free, bonnie lassie, O!

Will the days nae mair come roun', bonnie lassie, O?
When ye'll come to Gala toun, bonnie lassie, O!
For to roam in Elwand's Glen
Or the bonnie Fairy Dean,
There the lea lang day to spen', bonnie lassie, O!

Or to climb the heather hills, bonnie lassie, O!
And rove by murmuring rills, bonnie lassie, O!
Awa' frae cities' din.
Wi' their scenes o' strife an' sin,
Whaur fresh vigour we will win, bonnie lassie, O!

That will nerve us for the strife, bonnie lassie, O !
O' this weary, weary life, bonnie lassie, O !
On the heart there's mony a pang,
Baith the rich an' puir amang,
But there's sunshine whaur ye gang, bonnie lassie, O !

May He wha rules abune, bonnie lassie, O !
When yer time on earth is dune, bonnie lassie, O !
Take ye hame to heaven fair
Whaur there's neither grief nor care,
To shine 'mang angels there, bonnie lassie, O !

PEACE BE STILL.

'Midst the din and noisy bustle,
'Midst the warfare and the strife,
Of this never-ceasing struggle
For the daily bread of life—
Comes a voice of angel sweetness
From the far-off heavenly sphere,
Breathing words of love and mercy—
Peace, be still, for I am near.

Peace, be still ! oh, soul that doubteth,
There's a life beyond the grave—
Christ our Saviour, now in glory,
Came the lost to seek and save.
Listen to His gentle pleading :
Give ! oh, give a willing ear
To the accents sweet and tender—
Peace, be still, for I am near.

Peace, be still, ye faint and weary,
Voyaging o'er life's stormy sea,
Though the way be rough and dreary,
Still it's God that leadeth thee.
For amidst life's rudest storms
We can feel his presence near,
And his words, so sweet and tender—
Peace, be still, and do not fear.

Peace, be still ! oh, words of comfort,
When our journey's almost o'er,
Waiting patient for the welcome
To that bright celestial shore ;
High above the angel chorus
Comes a voice so sweet and clear—
Wafted by the heavenly breezes—
Peace, be still, for I am near.

JOHN COPELAND,

AN esteemed, energetic, and gifted worker in every good cause in Glasgow, was born in the West of that city in 1829. He began to work with his father, who was a potter and a native of Staffordshire, in the Anderston Pottery in 1839. The family removed to Kirkcaldy in 1840, to Leith in 1845, and returned to Glasgow in 1847, and found work in the Glasgow Pottery. During the twelve years the subject of our sketch was thus employed, he attended evening classes, Mechanics' Institute lectures, &c., and anxiously embraced every opportunity of gaining knowledge. During this period he wrote a number of poems and songs for a magazine connected with the trade. He also sent an occasional set of verses to the Glasgow newspapers. Before he left school, and while yet in his tenth year, he had become an abstainer, and when he returned to Glasgow he began to work in connection with the Cowcaddens Juvenile Temperance Society. In 1857 he wrote a number of songs for "The Dewdrop," and to aid a poor family where the father had died suddenly, he printed a small work entitled "Autumn Leaves." In a year or two afterwards, he published a very interesting and thoughtful little volume of "Poems and Essays" for the benefit of a widow, and with the proceeds gathered a few pounds to set her up in business.

Leaving his employment in the Pottery in 1859, Mr Copeland was engaged as a missionary in connection with the Rev. Dr Taylor's congregation. His thoughts having been directed towards the ministry, he entered the Glasgow University, and attended three sessions; but, unfortunately, through sickness and overwork, his health broke down, and he was forced to

discontinue his studies before he could enter the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. Since then he has continued to labour as a home missionary with much acceptance, and a Christian lady in the year 1873 built a Mission Hall for his sake, and undertook the payment of his salary. The year the Prince Consort died a volume of his poems was forwarded to the Queen, and Her Majesty returned to Mr Copeland a very kind letter. Some years ago his mission people presented him with his portrait in oil, and his friends with a very considerable sum of money. He has occasionally occupied the pulpit in Glasgow and in the surrounding towns; and when visiting America, ten years ago, was asked to become minister of a vacant church where he conducted the services on several occasions. He has ever taken a warm and active interest in the temperance movement, and has delivered many lectures for the Scottish Temperance League and other Societies. Several of these lectures have been published, and have been cordially received and widely read. A diligent worker, he gives all his time, and thought, and heart to the poor, and warmly advocates temperance both on Christian and patriotic grounds. This is seen in most of his poems, many of which appeal to the heart in the couthy Doric, and in pure and flowing measure. His songs are full of loving pleading, ever showing that his aim is to wean from evil, and to encourage in both men and women the love of home, and to bring before them the principles of temperance, thrift, and manly independence.

A LEAL-HEARTED LASSIE.

A leal-hearted lassie, a bonnie sweet lassie,
On a lang winter's ev'ning sat working alane,
Her fingers were weary, yet aye she was cheery,
As she sang wi' great glee by a tidy hearth-stane.

Her sang was the pleasures, the ne'er failing treasures,
That cannily grow on the "Temperance" Tree;
Syne thinkin' on Johnnie, she warbled fu' bonnie—
"A slave to the bottle shall never wed me."

But Johnnie, dear laddie, a braw honest laddie,
Was list'nin' to ev'ry sweet strain that she sang;
Syne he turn'd quite unhappy (he'd been tastin' a drappie),
An' felt in his bosom that drinking was wrang.

His head was aye ringin' wi' thoughts o' her singin'—
"A slave to the bottle shall never wed me."
I'll be an abstainer, says he, an' I'll gain her,
For a leal-hearted lass is the lassie for me.

GRANNY'S ADVICE.

Be kind to ane anither, was guid advice to me,
I gat it frae my mither, afore she clos'd her e'e.
'Tis fifty years an' mair syne, an' I'm a granny noo,
Be kind to ane anither, bairns, as I hae been to you.

Be kind to ane anither, aroun' the ingle side,
An' never let a brither twa brithers' hearts divide.
Ne'er think nor speak o' fechten, nor file your bonny mou'
Wi' tellin' tales an' flyten bairns, but aye be kindly true.

Be kind to ane anither, in words an' actions sma',
Thus write the name o' "brither," wi' love's pure ink on a'.
Kind words fu' sweet as honey, to feed affection's flame,
Kind deeds far mair than money, bairns, will mak' a happy hame.

Be kind to ane anither, an' tho' the cauld winds blaw,
Haud fast in love thegither, an' ye will bide them a'.
True kindness, like a river, refreshing drooping flow'rs,
Re-animates for ever, bairns, our bosom's dearest bow'rs.

Be kind to ane anither, ye lads an' lassies a'.
'Tis *while* ye 'gree thegither, God's richest blessings fa'.
O practice while ye're leevin, the counsel *aftin* given,
To love an' be forgiving bairns, for a' are kind in heaven.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Beautiful Home where children play,
And weary not thro' endless day,
Where night and sorrow never come,
Home of the humble, beautiful home.
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Home of the humble, beautiful, beautiful home.

Beautiful Home, in Heaven afar,
Beyond the bright and evening star ;
Where angels love and serve their King,
And saints rejoicing ever sing.
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Home of the holy, beautiful, beautiful home.

Beautiful home, with fame untold,
With streams of life, and streets of gold ;
Where we shall share our brother's throne,
And God adopt us as his own.
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Home of the hopeful, beautiful, beautiful home.

Beautiful home of peace and joy,
Where love is ever our bless'd employ,
Where glory shines where'er we roam—
Home of the happy, beautiful home.
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Home of the happy, beautiful, beautiful home.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

This world is like an ocean,
Where rocks and shoals are found ;
Our life is but a voyage,
Where wind and waves abound—
The love of God our "compass,"
The Bible all our "chart,"
And hope is the sure "anchor"
Of each true believing heart.

When some fond son is leaving
His father's house and home,
'Tis like a barque just launching
Into the sea alone ;
The "rocks" of vice and error
Endanger every part,
And "pirate" foes endeavour
To rob his faithful heart.

Adversity may threaten,
Misfortune's "blasts" may blow,
Affliction's "waves" be swelling,
The "tides" of sorrow flow ;
Yet still, if love but guide him,
And truth is all his chart,
Bless'd hope shall prove the anchor
Of his true believing heart.

And thus, when he is dying,
  And friends are gathered round,
When every bosom's sighing,
  True peace and joy are found—
For faith and love have led him,
  Which, with God's love, are GIV'N ;
And hope is *now* the anchor
  That holds his soul to heaven.

DAVID RUSSEL,

WHO writes a number of poems and songs full of much natural grace and ease, is a native of Carnwath, Lanarkshire, where his father was a respected merchant for over half-a-century. On leaving school, Mr Russel entered the office in connection with an ironwork in the rising town of Motherwell, in which situation he continued till about about fourteen years ago, when he removed to New Cumnock, Ayrshire, where he is presently engaged in the responsible position of secretary and cashier to the Lanarkshire Coal Company (Limited). Although now forty-six years of age, he has not written a great amount of verse, and many of his pieces were given to his friends without copies being kept. A number of these we have been privileged to see, and have found all of them possessed of a rich musical flow, solid in thought, and affording food for reflection. Close sympathy with the sights and sounds of Nature, and a warm humanity are the characteristics of his subjects, and these are clearly the overflowings of a truly poetic mind.

SONG OF AFTON.

SOLILOQUY.

On the heather-scented moor,
In the uplands calm and pure,
Where the mavis sings its love song sweet and free;
Where the spring time early comes,
And the summer longest blooms,
I begin my gladsome journey to the sea.

With my tiny, sparkling tide,
I kiss the green hillside,
And, rippling, sing like maiden in her glee.
I will seek the woodland covers,
And there hear foolish lovers
Kiss and whisper, as I journey to the sea.

Ha! how silly all their talking,
This weary moonlight walking,
Their whispering and their kisses seem to me!
A merry mountain stream
That can laugh at lover's dream,
As I ripple on my journey to the sea.

Ah, me! but yesterday—
Sweeter than lintie's lay,
I heard a lover poet sing to me:—
"Sweet Afton—murmuring stream,
Disturb not Mary's dream,
Flow gently" on thy journey to the sea.

And now my voice is softer,
Hush'd is my foolish laughter,
Nor lovers' dreams seem foolish now to me.
I myself sigh for a lover,
As I leave the woodland cover,
And I murmur sad and weary to the sea.

EPILOGUE.

O the meadow flowers are bright,
And in the glad sunlight
The merry waves of Afton sparkle free;
For her fair form now is prest
To her long sought lover's breast,
And Nith and she go linking to the sea.

BOBBIE'S PRAYER.

Tired oot Bobbie,
On his mammie's knee,
Cuddled in his nicht-goon,
Wi' half-shut e'e.

Wee sleepy Bobbie,
Wearit wi' his play
Oot amang the gowans
A lang simmer day ;

Pu'in' hawthorn blossom,
Seekin' oot a nest—
What is't he disna dae ?
No a minute's rest !

Sair wrocht Bobbie,
Working Nature's plan—
Knittin' firm his wee limbs
To fit a big man.

" Ma, I'm ower tired
For to say my prayers !
Kiss me, ma. . . Good-night.
. . Take me up stairs."

" O ! Bobbie, dinna
Your wee prayer omit :
If you cannot say all,
Say a wee bit."

" Well, ma, I *will* say
A wee bittie, then ;
Will this bittie do, ma ?—
'Dear Christ . . Amen !' "

Simple, comprehensive !
Love and Trust are there !
What more in liturgies,
Couched in words rare ?

Only trust and love there ;
Leaving to Him all,
Who knoweth every one's need,
And marks the sparrow's fall.

Wee sleepin' Bobbie !
Innocent and fair ;
Smiling in a dream, while
His mother whispers there—
"Send blessings for the blanks, Lord,
In Bobbie's wee prayer."

ON THE LIP AND IN THE HEART.

O ! for my youth on the Cheviot fell,
Where the dew-pearl hung from the blue heath-bell,
Where the wild rose boughs 'mong the hawthorn stray'd,
And the daisy peeped 'neath the breckan shade.

(From eyes, bright and blue as the dewy bell,
And soft as the daisy, her sweet glance fell ;
Like the wild rose-tint on the hawthorn laid,
Was the bloom on the cheek of my border maid.)

O ! on a Cheviot fell, in the bright spring day,
The sun-glints gleamed on each crag and brae ;
And the wee white cloud, from the lift of blue,
Fell and kissed the earth with its lips of dew.

(An old, old story that never dies,
A love-light glance from her answering eyes,
A lover's vows on her sweet lips laid—
And I won the heart of my border maid.)

The lark, as it soared from the breast of the hill,
Sang in loving response to the rippling rill ;
But a storm once gathered and drowned their song
In my listening heart, when I was young.

('Tis but a memory ! Long ago
My love was laid where the cowslips blow,
By the village church, 'neath the chesnut shade ;
And my heart lies there with my border maid.)

L'ENVOI.

Like that saddening memory of long ago,
The dark haze floats in the vale below ;
But out from its shadow, the stream to me
Sings of rest to come in the distant sea.

BONNIE NITH.

O bonnie Nith, O bonnie Nith,
What thochts the name brings back to me !
The happy days o' auld langsyne
When young hearts sported merrily !

The days we spent alang thy banks
We fondly dream'd would endless be,
Thy crystal stream was ever there,
We thochtna that it sought the sea.

Far 'mang the hills thy fountain fills
Wi' countless rills of crystal hue,
'Mid purple heath and blooming flowers
Whose petals kep the caller dew.
The soft breeze from the mountain top
Blows o'er thy face in dimples rare,
And white clouds, floating in the lift
Like angel forms, are mirror'd there.

In days of old, when tyrants ruled
And armed oppression stalked the land,
Our noble sires oft sought thy vale
To 'scape the stroke of murderous hand;
And then thy circling hills did hear,
And softly echoed back again,
The covenanters' psalm of praise
Sung to the martyrs' noble strain.

And well they call thee martyrland,
Thy every spot of ground is dear
To Freedom and Religion's cause,
Whose heroes died without a fear.
Frae high Corsegellioch's sainted cairn
To Criffel's peak beside the sea,
Each bordering height still marks the place
Where martyrs' blood flow'd into thee.

Nor martyrs' blood alone ye boast,
For Burns's mortal dust lies near;
He sang, "Thy bonnie banks and braes,
The winding stream he loved so dear."
Though nature gave thee fruitful vales
And scenes of beauty fair to see,
A rarer charm ye now possess—
The poet's shrine and memory.

'Neath brighter skies, in fairer climes,
I've wandered far from thee, dear stream,
But homeward still my thoughts go back
To hear thy sweet voice in a dream—
And ever thus, O bonnie Nith,
My heart will fondly turn to thee
And youthful days spent on thy braes,
I'll lo'e thee till the day I dee.

GEORGE BOYD

WAS born at Kilmarnock in the year 1848, and served his apprenticeship as a house-painter in the same town. He afterwards worked in Glasgow for about five years, during which period he gained wide and varied experience in his calling. This fully qualified him for subsequently commencing in New Cumnock, Ayrshire, as a master painter, a business he has carried on for over thirteen years. A friend informs us of the by no means uncommon fact in our experiences of the tastes and gifts of "the rhyming brethren," that Mr Boyd has acquired a taste for, and no mean proficiency in, the practice of water-colour and oil-painting from Nature. This love of the fine arts affords him a solace and a pleasure highly congenial to his poetic temperament.

Mr Boyd's first appearance in print was in the *Kilmarnock Post*, when he was only fifteen years of age. Since then he has contributed at frequent intervals to the *Glasgow Herald*, *Ardrossan Herald*, *Kilmarnock Standard*, &c. His subjects are mainly reflective, and are marked by contemplative seriousness—showing him to be a close observer of Nature and a loving admirer of its beauties. It is evident that as an artist, as well as a poet, he is singularly sensitive to all forms of beauty—animate and inanimate.

AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

Up in a court obscure and dim,
With walls and flooring scant and grim,
A weary artist lay;
A window, patch'd, let in the light
That winter's morn, so coldly bright,
With cruel, searching ray.

A new-lit fire within the grate;
A something covered with a plate
Beside the rising flame;

A chest, with faded cloth o'erlaid,
His simple breakfast things displayed,
Sufficient all the same.

An easel stood in light subdued ;
A pallette set, full many hued ;
His brushes lay in state ;
A canvas, fix'd, still pale as snow,
Till Inspiration might bestow
A subject that would take.

The world moves on 'mid show and glare—
The artist made content, tho' bare,
If only that he lives.
If fortune to his den repair,
'Tis oft with patronizing air,
And humbles while she gives.

Oh, hours ! oh, days ! oh, waiting years !
Oh, agonizing wrought in tears !
Oh, dreams and little more !
Instead, where wealth her bounties spread,
An attic and a crust of bread—
The portion of the poor.

COME, GENTLE EVE.

Come, gentle eve ! for ever welcome thou,
Laden with balm and earth's returning peace,
To soothe with meek repose the troubled brow,
And bid life's battle for a season cease.

Come, I have watched thee from my grassy height
O'er the fair heavens descending soft and slow,
Weaving thy shadows with the golden light
That o'er the west the slanting sunbeams throw.

Come, for my heart is glad ; from every spray
Swells with o'erflowing joy the warbler's song,
Bearing my purest thoughts to heaven away,
Where strains undying fill the hallowed throng.

O, surely it is bliss to linger here,
And quaff the sweetness which kind Heaven bestows;
Our souls refreshed, we seek a higher sphere,
And leave behind our pleasures and our woes.

Now from the fields the weary rustics come,
Joyous, methinks, their labours at a close,

Stalk o'er the wonted path that leads them home,
Where happy smiles may greet them, and repose.

Season beloved ! my spirit's caught in thee,
And I would stay within thy mystic light ;
But time is fleeting, and I turn to see
Thy presence fading in the folds of night.

SONG.

The sun shineth fair on the braes of Dalhanna,
And high in the welkin the lark trills its song ;
The woodlands are gay in the tints of the summer,
And merrily glide the clear waters along.

The angler, abroad with the mists of the morning,
Pursues still his sport 'neath the breast of the hill ;
The plough-boy is whistling aloud in the meadow,
His eyes glancing bright as his own mountain rill.

In the uplands, so still, the lambkins are bleating,
The wild birds wheel round me, and flash in the sun ;
The blithe shepherd lad, with his faithful young collie,
Seeks his path 'mong the heather till daylight is done.

But how my heart sinketh 'midst all that is happy,
For Nature no longer is joyous to me
Since the light of my eye, and my heart's dearest treasure,
Is far, far away on the treacherous sea.

How oft when the moonlight lit up the lone valley,
And made it a home for the fairies to dwell,
We talked, as we strayed, of the future so lovely—
The thought of it now makes my bosom to swell.

His step, so familiar, I miss at the dawning,
His voice, ever pleasing, no longer I hear ;
But Ronald is true as the sun that now shineth,
And beams on his cot, ever sacred and dear.

Oh ! Powers ever watchful, who guard the dark waters,
Oh ! guide his lone bark to its port in the West—
And wake his young soul to its highest endeavour,
For all that is noblest, and truest, and best.

And as long years revolve, and winter and summer
Shall change, in their turn, the lov'd face of the glen ;
A day may arise when we'll wander together,
And each be the happier for meeting again.

BY THE SEA.

I stood by the sea when the sun went down,
The earth was laid in a stillness deep,
So calm, the great waters seem'd asleep,
And a glory transfigur'd the little town.

The boats of the fisher folk, afar,
Like phantoms, show'd thro' the golden sheen,
And music that charm'd like a summer dream
Came over to me 'neath the evening star.

I linger'd there till the shadows fell,
And the lights were seen along the shore—
For my heart was filled with a scene of yore,
And it held me rapt in its sacred spell.

I stood by the sea in that long ago,
But one was near on that peaceful strand :
Methinks I feel the soft touch of a hand,
And hear a sweet voice that whispers low.

Oh ! hours in whose transports, pure and deep,
I live again ; ah ! yet not the same,
For around my home a dark shadow came,
And my love now lies in a dreamless sleep.

My world is dim, tho' the skies are bright,
And flowers spring opening to the sun ;
Oh ! lift the mists ere my day is done,
Thou Merciful One, Thou Father of Light.

JAMES FETTES.

THE Rev. James Fettes, Edinburgh, was born at Alnwick in 1819. He passed his Arts course in the University of Edinburgh, studied theology, &c., in the Free Church College, and was licensed by the Edinburgh Presbytery. Mr Fettes

went to Canada in 1846, and having laboured in Beauharnois County and the City of Quebec for about three years, he was in 1850 inducted as minister of Ladhope Free Church, Galashiels. He removed to St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Douglas, Isle of Man, in 1865, and continued there until he was obliged to retire from his charge in 1884, after undergoing a severe operation. Since then Mr Fettes has lived in Edinburgh in very weak health.

Our poet has done a considerable amount of good literary work in his day—some of it original, such as, tales, newspaper sketches, articles, reviews, biographies; also, translations from the German, such as Schiller's "Love and Intrigue," which was published by Messrs Black in 1844. Several of his sermons and lectures have also been printed separately. He contributed a tale—"The Victim of Disappointment"—and some translations to the "Provincial Souvenir" (1845-46), edited by his friend, the late W. Wallace Fyfe, then of Paisley. The ballad, "Earl Morton," from which we quote below, first saw the light in the "Souvenir," under the *nom-de-plume* "Aubrey S. V. Stanley." Along with the late Rev. G. O. Campbell, he, in 1845, assisted the late James Hogg in starting "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," one of the most popular and entertaining magazines of the time, and contributed a tale in the first volume, entitled "Julia Kenneth," as well as several much-admired translations from the German. Mr Fettes being a gentleman of unassuming manners, and of a retiring disposition, has not been so widely known as he would otherwise have been. "Earl Morton" is a fine specimen of the style of the "auld-warl ballant," and shows that, had Mr Fettes possessed more ambition in this line, he would have occupied a high position amongst our poets. His miscellaneous verses flow with rhythmical ease, and are a reflex of his noble Christian character, cultured gracefulness, unobtrusive

life, homely simplicity of character, and warmth of heart.

EARL MORTON.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

Up, up, Earl Morton! mount and away,
The avenger of blood is behind;
There is danger and death if longer you stay,
The foeman is near and will brook no delay,
Let your steed gallop swift as the wind.

Night still dyes the earth, the forest, the skies,
With darkness to favour your flight;
No whisper is heard save that of the breeze,
Which speeds o'er the mountain your heart's blood to freeze,
That shall flow ere to-morrow's pale light.

Your murdered bride's pale spirit doth stalk,
Clothed in mist, over mountain and plain,
She, in anger and rage, with her brother doth walk,
Fierce, fierce are their looks, and deadly their talk;
See, see, they are coming amain!

Quick started Earl Morton from his couch in fear,
His limbs shook with terror and fright;
The lights they burnt blue, and the night it was drear,
The storm loudly whistled, no guardian was near,
For Satan was busy that night.

Earl Morton was bold, and Earl Morton was brave,
Yet the sounds still rung in his ear,
Which the pale-sheeted spectre, rank from the grave,
Had uttered that night Earl Morton to save,
While his young bride lay stretched on her bier.

Full quickly his chamber he left in dismay,
He buckled his brand to his side,
To the stall of his steed he urged his way—
Far, far from the castle, ere break of the day,
Earl Morton that night had to ride.

He sprung to his steed, nor for saddle did care—
In the stable a blue flame did play—
He crossed the drawbridge, no warder is there,
The gates they stand open, the road it is bare,
And he rushed from his castle away.

His charger he spurred, and, scorning to guide,
The reigns on his neck down he flung ;
When anon at his back, and anon at his side,
He suddenly found two horsemen did ride,
Who this wild catch merrily sung :—

"Tramp, tramp, through the glen,
Through moss and through fen,
Earl Morton doth gallop away ;
But gallop, and gallop, and gallop he may,
We'll chase him forever, he shall be our prey,
Though he ride through the world till the great judgment day."
Such, in devilish glee, did the two spirits say,
As they spur their dark coursers amain.

Quick o'er the dark heath doth Earl Morton ride,
Though the night is as dark as a pall ;
His blood curdles thick as he thinks of his bride,
Who is murdered ere yet she has slept at his side,
Yet the fiends are more dreadful than all.

On, on, in despair, through forests and moors,
While deep thunder rends earth and skies ;
The forked levin flashes, the rain down pours,
No cottage is near to open its doors
To shield the proud Earl as he flies.

Sulphureous flames and hideous yells
At times rend the storm-loaded air ;
The astonished wight says an Avè and tells
His beads, as the sounds rebound through the dells,
And strike on his paralysed ear.

Still gallops the Earl, though hardly prest
By the fiends who follow behind ;
With his hand on the mane, his head on his breast,
He goads on his steed, not thinking of rest—
His foes fill his horrified mind.

The thunder has ceased—all is dreadfully still,
The storm has raged its last ;
Nothing earthly is seen—not a tree, house or hill ;
Death's terrible silence the whole space doth fill—
All trace of humanity's past.

A glimmering light in the distance appears,
In the front a black river doth glide ;
The Earl his steed for a moment uprears,
Then, dashing along, urged on by his fears,
He spurs for the opposite side.

The grey light of morn illumines the sky,
The wild, fearful chase is nigh o'er;
The river is deep; the wild fiends are nigh—
Their victim they clutch, with a shrill, hellish cry,
And Earl Morton is never seen more.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WATCHWORD.

"IT IS WRITTEN."

Earth has echoed many watchwords,
Many watchwords men have given:
But the Christian's only watchword—
"It is Written"—comes from Heaven.

God's own Word—the Bible—written
Through the Eternal Spirit's power,
Is the Church's guide and charter
In her brightest, darkest hour.

"It is Written"—Man's a sinner,
Guilty, lost, and Satan's slave;
"It is Written"—Christ, the just One,
Died and rose the unjust to save.

"It is Written"—by Christ only
Is the sinner brought to God;
Only through faith in and by Him,
Can the path of life be trod.

"It is Written"—Christ the life is,
Glory, righteousness, and light,
Of God's New Creation, ransomed
Through His precious blood and might.

"It is Written"—Christ's exalted,
Sion's Prophet, Priest, and King;
Thus the heavenly hosts adore Him,
Thus on earth believers sing.

Christ is Head—thus "It is Written"—
Head and Lord—the King of Kings;
Blest the nations who confess Him,
And accept the grace He brings.

All the nations who reject Him—
"It is Written"—perish shall;
Kings and people, peers and princes,
He shall crush and conquer all.

THE COMING REST.*

O ! mourn not, weep not, mother dear,
Calm your vext heart, dry up that tear ;
The rest I've sought for many a year,
That rest is coming now, mother—
That rest is coming now.

'Tis true, life's pulse is flick'ring—weak—
My strength is gone, pale is my cheek,
On earth fresh health I may not seek ;
But rest is coming now, mother—
God's rest is coming now.

By wasting strength, God—ever kind—
Earth's tender ties has all untwined,
And higher thoughts now fill my mind ;
Thoughts of God's coming rest, mother—
Thoughts of God's coming rest.

Why should I doubt, or fear to die?
My Saviour-brother lives on high ;
Exalted King o'er earth and sky.
His rest is coming now, mother—
Christ's rest is coming now.

My Saviour died, but rose again ;
He died my death, He bare my pain ;
He calls me home with Him to reign.
Death is just going home, mother—
Death is just going home.

Here life is short, there life ne'er ends ;
Here sin breeds pain, there nought offends ;
Heaven's glory all my thoughts transcends.
Heaven's rest is coming now, mother—
Heaven's rest is coming now.

*A beloved daughter, aged twenty-three, a few days before her death said, in reply to her weeping mother's question, "Are you afraid to die?" —"Mother, I have long looked upon dying as just going home. I will give you a text to comfort you—'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'"

DANIEL M'INTYRE HENDERSON.

MR FORD, in his "Poets' Album," truly says that among the numerous company that have found homes in the New World there are few who strike a sweeter, clearer lyric note than Daniel M'Intyre Henderson, author of "Poems : Scottish and American," published by Messrs Cushings & Bailey, of Baltimore, in 1888. Mr Henderson is a native of Glasgow, and was born on the 10th of July, 1851. His father, a native of Thurso, and a carpenter to trade, was then employed at Port Dundas by the Forth and Clyde Canal Company. In 1861, when our poet was ten years old, the family removed to Blackhill Locks, on the Monkland Canal, near Glasgow, where his parents still reside. Here he found himself in a position between town and country —near enough to the great city to feel its stir and be moved by the current of its busy life, and remote enough to have the opportunities for contemplation and reflection which the country affords. His surroundings thus had an influence in moulding his thoughts into rhyme. He received his education in his native city; and from his friend Mr Copeland (noticed on page 122 of this volume), and Mr Ford's sketch, we understand that on leaving school he was sent to learn the wholesale drapery business in Glasgow. By this time Mr Henderson, as already hinted, had discovered his poetic faculty, which chose to manifest itself in the earlier stages of its career in flashes of good humoured satire. After filling one or two situations, he was appointed book-keeper to the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, a fact which indicates the interest he has ever taken in the cause of temperance, and other movements for the moral and spiritual well-being of humanity.

In 1873 Mr Henderson sailed for America, and landed in Baltimore, where he secured a position as book-keeper with Messrs R. Renwick & Sons, a large and well-known firm of furniture manufacturers, with whom he still remains. Memories of home, and all the loved and loving ones there, tended to intensify and develop his poetic spirit. In 1874 he wrote "Flowers frae Hame," which attracted much attention, and on being set to music by the late Mr Archibald Johnson, of New York, became decidedly popular. Soon after "Scotland Mine" appeared, and proved that, however much Mr Henderson had become attached to the land of his adoption, his heart still beats loyally to auld mither Scotland.

Mr Henderson's most matured efforts have been written in America, and some of these first appeared in the *Scottish American Journal*, the *Christian Leader*, and other periodicals and newspapers. He possesses a remarkable gift of fancy and command of lyric measure. In all his carefully thought-out verse there runs a strain of bright hope, spiritual trustfulness, and a strong feeling of loyalty. He gives us numerous sweet home-pictures, showing the man of wholesome taste and true culture. As one of his critics has well said—"Coupled to sweetness and freshness, there is admirable sincerity in all Mr Henderson's work. His poetry forms a worthy contribution to the vast store of genuine lyrical Scottish verse, and entitles its author to no mean place amongst the sweet singers of his native land."

REST THEE, BONNIE DOO.

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo!
In the Faither's keepin';
Nocht shall fear or fret thee noo,
In the kirkyard sleepin'!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best.

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo,
White, white is thy plaidie!
Sae He gie'th snaw like 'oo',
Warm and lown to hide thee!
Rest, my bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best.

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo,
Bide the summer, bringin'
Gowan's white an' bells o' blue,
And the birdies singin'.
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest.
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best.

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
Aye we'll mind oor dearie,
A' the gowden summer through,
A' the winter dreary.
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best.

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
Sair has been oor sorrow!
Oh to greet the bairn we lo'e
In Heaven's gleesome morrow.
There, my bairnie, wakin's best,
There, my bairnie, wakin's rest.

FLOW'RS FRAE HAME.

Oh! ken ye what cam' ower the sea?
A gowan sae sweet an' a sprig o' heather,
Tied wi' a bonnie blue ribban thegither—
They cam' in a letter yestreen to me.

Wha was it, think ye, sent them? Wha
But the ae dear lassie that lo'es me weel,
We vowed to ilk ither we wad be leal,
An' she's true to me, though I'm far awa'.

Whaur, ken ye, does my lassie bide?
Whaur the martyrs dee'd, whaur the poet sang,
Whaur this heather grew, whaur this gowan sprang
On the flower-fringed banks o' the bonnie Clyde.

My lassie kens me rough but true,
An' that's what she means by the heather-bell;
But the gowan sae sweet is her ain sweet sel'.
An' Constancy's token's the ribban blue.

"I lo'e thee weel, I'll aye be leal,"
That is the message the bonnie flow'rs bring ;
They gladden my heart and they gar me sing,
Oh, I'll aye be leal, for I lo'e thee weel.

Scotland ! 'tis thine, the heather free—
My Scotland, 'tis thine, the bonnie wee gowan ;
An' by a' the waters between us rowin',
I'll aye be true to my lassie an' thee.

SEEKIN' SYMPATHY.

Twa e'en as bricht as mornin' licht,
And bluer than the lift abune,
They cuist a glamour ower my sicht,
And stole my heart ere a' was dune !
Sic havoc in my breast they wrocht,
Sic pangs o' love they garr'd me dree,
I thocht and sighed and sighed and thocht,
And then I wished that I micht dee !

I tell't my sorrow to the breeze,
To hear it sigh in sympathy ;
But ah, it whistled thro' the trees,
An' listenin' birdies lauched "te—hee" !
I socht the shore at eenin'-tide
And tell't the rowin' tumblin' sea,
But "wheest, wheest, wheest," was a' it cried,
And oh, I wished that I micht dee !

I cried to a' the stars abune,
And bade them hear me mak' my maen :
There's naething new aneath the mune,
They winked and glowered and winked again ;
And Jock, my frien' langsyne at schule,
I thocht guid counsel he micht gie ;
But na, he lauched and ca'd me fule,
And oh, I wished that I micht dee !

Yestreen I met her at the well—
The lassie wi' the witchin' een,
And there I tell't it to hersel',
The love that racked me morn and e'en—
Oh, wind and sea and stars and men,
Ye a' may lauch or frown for me—
The lassie vowed to be my ain,
And noo I dinna wish to dee !

THE SNOW.

A child looks out on the falling snow,
With wondering eyes and bright,
And the little heart is all aglow
With rapturous, new delight,
As merrily round the white flakes go,
And the world is lost beneath the snow.

A mother looks on the falling snow,
Then looks on her baby boy;
Her eyes are filled with the overflow
Of her soul's sweet love and joy:
The falling snow and her baby bright—
Has the earth aught else so pure and white?

An old man looks on the falling snow,
And into his dreamy heart
A message drops from the long ago,
And the sudden tear-drops start:
Ah! who but he and his God can know
The thoughts that wed in a flake of snow?

A saint looks out on the falling snow,
And thinks how its flakes are white,
To tell us the Father will bestow
A garment as fair and bright!
Oh! sweet in Eden the flower will blow
Whose germ was nourished beneath the snow!

TAM, TAMMY.

When I was but a toddlin' wean,
My faither's pet, my mither's lammie,
Sae proud were they, sae blythe and fain,
When I could ca' them *dad* and *mammie!*
My faither danced me on his knee,
My mither sang sweet lilts to me,
An' ca'd me aye her *Tammy.*

An' oh, young manhood's gleesome days,
When Kate an' I first met ilk ither!
An' oh, our rambles o'er the braes,
'Mang yellow broom and purple heather!
'Twas *Tam* she ca'd me, an' it meant—
Altho' I kenn't na hoo I kenn't—
That I was mair than *brither.*

But years ha'e come, and years ha'e flown ;
Eh me ! an' could they no' ha'e tarried ?
My hair is grey, I'm aulder grown,
It's twa score years sin' I was married ;
An' saxteen summers' suns hae gane,
An' saxteen winters' snaws ha'e lain
Aboon my Katie, buried.

I wadna fret for what maun be,
But say, *It's weel !* whate'er befa' me ;
My frien's are guid an' kind to me,
An' *Tammas*, wi' respect, they ca' me ;
It's sweet—yet aye, sae frail I am,
I min' my Katie ca'd me *Tam*,
My mither ca'd me *Tammy*.

OH, LIPPEN AND BE LEAL.

A PARAPHRASE.

Oh, lippen and be leal !
The Faither's bairns are ye—
A' that He does is weel,
And a' that's guid He'll gie !

The birds they ken nae cark,
They fear nae cauld nor weet—
His e'es ower a' His wark,
They dinna want for meat.

Think o' the bonnie floo'rs,
Wi' slender gracefu' stem,
Drinkin' the summer show'rs—
The Faither cares for them !

The lilies o' the field
At God's ain biddin' bloom ;
His bosom is their beild,
His breath is their perfume.

And if He minds the floo'rs,
And decks them oot sae braw,
He'll care for you and yours—
Then trust Him wi' your a'.

The Faither's bairns are ye—
A' that He does is weel,
And a' that's guid He'll gie—
Oh, lippen an' be leal !

JOHN M'CLURE,

AUTHOR of "Echoes from Sunnyland" (Glasgow: John S. Marr & Son, 1874) is a native of the parish of Colmonnell, South Ayrshire, where his father was an extensive sheep farmer. Many years ago, however, the family removed into Wigtownshire, and settled on the farm of Barvennan, Newton-Stewart. Local tradition says that our author is descended from a race of men noted for their great physical strength and witty sententious sayings. Many instances of such characteristics are related by the older people of these parts. The subject of our sketch received his education partly from tutors in the family, and partly at the village school of Barrhill. Subsequently he attended one session at the Glasgow University. He was always fond of reading—Goldsmith, Macaulay, and Hugh Miller, with a little of Thackeray and Dickens, being his favourite prose authors. In poetry he has always preferred Scott and Byron to Wordsworth and Tennyson. Prose has generally been his vehicle of thought, and the writing of his poem, "Echoes from Sunnyland," which has been well received, was due to circumstances rather than a predilection to woo the muses. During 1887 he published, under the *nom-de-plume* "M. N. Herbert," a volume of prose entitled "By the Cliff's Brow." It, too, has had a good reception both from the press and the public. Business duties, however, have dominated over his literary labours and love of books. For the last sixteen years Mr M'Clure has been settled in Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, where and in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, he is actively employed as a seedsman. His volume of "Echoes" comprises nearly all his contributions to poetry. It is a well-sustained poem of five cantos, showing the truly poetic and ardent lover of Nature in all her moods, the

intelligent observer of character, and portraying the simple joys and sorrows of humble rustic life. Throughout the poem there are numerous brightly-painted word pictures of rural scenes, as well as graphic descriptions of stern mountains, lonely moors, smiling valleys, and rippling streams, interspersed with graceful and tender lyrics. As has been remarked by a competent authority, the poem contains "wealth and variety of rhythm and rhyme, tasteful adaptation of style to story, and all else that indicates a poet's vocation."

THE THUNDERSTORM.

Clouds darkly piled o'erhang the west;
The wind hath sobbed itself to rest,
Like fitful babe—so calmly still,
Not even the restless aspens thrill.
The feathery tribes on leafy spray
Sit mute, as if had closed the day.
The flocks unbidden crowd the fold;
The lowing kine seek sheltered hold.
The sun, erst dight in glory rays,
Now, darkling, hides him from our gaze.
In sadder em'rald th' sward is drest,
And nature all wears look distrest.
For the voiced thunder distant rolls;
Now earth seems tottering on her polls,
Like trembling paralytic pale,
Whose palsied limbs to bear him fail.
And, lo! adown the western sky—
Like mountain torrent, swollen high—
Bursts, tortuous, an electric stream,
Of thrice concentrate fiery gleam.
Far as the eye may ken it sends
A thin pale light, which horror lends,
Intense, t' the fiery gulf within,
And seems to swell the thunder's din.
The clouds, dissolved, in torrents pour;
The swollen stream sends forth its roar,
And o'er its banks, now erring wide,
Pours down the glen a troubled tide.

But, hark! what crash accosts our ear
To add fresh terror to our fear?
'Tis the thunder-bolt which, shot from heav'n,
With furrows deep the earth hath riven,

And prostrate laid yon lusty oak,
On which, unscathed, oft storms awoke.
And there a tall pine smitten lies,
Which erst shot proudly to the skies,
Shattered its stem, and blackened all
Its foliage fair, like funeral pall.
Heav'n flings her fires more awful round,
The spacious, skyey domes resound
With crash terrific, ev'n as Jove
With ruin wheels rode past above.

. . . . . .

And now the storm's all passed away.

We forth emerge from our leafy bower,
And drink of the glories of the hour.
The sun earth floods with golden light,
And diamonds every leaflet dight.
The birds pour carols from every spray ;
The cattle low as they wend their way ;
The flocks come forth with eager feet,
And, bleating, seek their pasture-meat.
The hawthorns up the steepy vale
Pour balmy odours on the gale,
From boughs o'erhung with blossoms white,
As snows them wreathe on stilly night.
All nature now wears gladsome look—
E'en troutlets wanton in the brook ;
And myriad insects wing around
To tell their joys in buzzing sound.

SCOTLAND, THOU HOLDEST IN THY TRUST.

Scotland, thou holdest in thy trust
Much of thy martyred children's dust—
Thy glens, thy hills, and moorlands drear
To them how oft have given a bier !
Their ashes, scattered far around,
Have made thee consecrated ground.
Thence Phœnix-like arose, benign,
The sprite of Liberty, divine,
To bless our soil, and from thy shore
Waft kindred weal the nations o'er.
What though no storied marble tell
Where now they rest or how they fell,
Be honoured who their lives did give
That we in freedom's lap might live ;
Be, too, revered each nook and glen
Where sleep those sacrificial men.

O, WOMAN FAIR!

O, woman fair!—the fairest sight
That may the eye of man delight—
More soft thy mould, more fair thy cheek;
Impulsive, loving, trustful meek;
Conscious of weakness, seeking stay,
As th' vine on prop its hold doth lay:
Man's lot, hence, meetly formed to share,
Solace and softener of his care.
As breath of Spring upon the flower,
Thy gentle presence owns a power
Which lordly man must ever own,
By which he's blest or overthrown.
Use wise that power, a power which may
The sage's breast, the monarch's sway;
And if mayhap thy conquering charms
Beckon to thee a lover's arms,
His love with a meet love requite,
If thou therein dost take delight;
But woo not by one look his flame
Who may not, dare not, e'er thee claim,
Else mayst thou vex another's rest,
And wing an arrow to thy breast.

MY LAND, MY NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL.

My land, my native land, farewell,
It is my last adieu;
Aye shall thy mem'ries with me dwell,
Though sunnier shores I view.

Dear Scotia, how my bosom's knit
To thy sky-soaring fells,
Where I in childhood's day did sit
And pluck the heather-bells.

Thou sanctuary of Freedom blest
And seat of patriots free,
Thou land of hallowed Sabbath rest,
I, grieving, turn from thee.

Farewell, poor cot, with rushes spread,
Hid 'mong yon heather braes;
Earth's dearest home, thou lonely shed,
The seat of my young days.

Farewell, thou rustic house of prayer,
Where, on the Sacred Day,
I bent the knee with reverent air,
And taught my lips to pray.

Once more farewell, each stream and glen,
With teeming mem'ries dear;
Ye mountain birds, thou thrush and wren,
All claim my parting tear.

ANNIE STEEL

AS a daughter of the late Mr Steel of Newington, in the parish of Annan, who was a man of marked ability and of much influence in his native district of Annandale. Miss Steel received her education at Findie Lodge, Annan—a seminary for young ladies, admirably conducted by the Misses MacMaster. She has inherited much of her father's taste for literature, and is a valued contributor to several newspapers. Though one of the most youthful of our writers of verse, she has already produced much that is full of excellent promise. Her poetry is musical and flowing, of a reflective cast, evincing quiet observation, and is often richly imaginative.

DREAMS.

I dreamt! What was my dream?—
A dream of love,
And happiness that seemed
From heaven above.
"If thou shalt dream it thrice,
Love comes to you."
I dreamt it only once—it ne'er came true.

I dreamt! What was my dream?—
A dream of fame,
Of honour, praise, of power,
And lofty aim.
"If thou shalt dream it thrice,
Fame comes to you."
I dreamt it only twice—it ne'er came true.

I dreamt! What was my dream?—
A dream of woe,
Of anguish, and of pain,
Of grief. And, lo!
I slept and dreamt it thrice—
To me came woe.
I've lived, and learned at last 'twas better so.

THE SEA.

The sun sinks low,
The evening glow
Steals o'er the land;
The zephyrs blow,
The wavelets flow
To kiss the sand.

"My lover dear
He cometh near,
And soon I'll see
The ship in sight,
And ere the night
With me he'll be."

The wild wind moans,
A maiden roams,
With anguish dumb
The huge waves roar
Toward the shore,
The night has come.

LOST.

Only a light mist floating,
Gently it comes and goes;
Only a trav'ller hast'ning
Home ere the daylight's close.

Only a thick fog creeping—
A stealthy, treach'rous foe;
Only a wand'rer straying
Far from the plain below.

Only the cruel darkness,
In it a spirit's flight;
Only the morning brightness
After the gloom of night.

THE SOLWAY SHORE.

The sun is shining brightly
Upon the Solway shore ;
A maid is singing lightly
The same strain o'er and o'er.

"Farewell, dear love, farewell again ;
O ! quickly haste to me once more—
To meet is joy, to part is pain,
Beside the treach'rous Solway shore."

The sun no longer shineth
Upon the Solway shore :
A weeping maiden mourneth,
The stormy billows roar.

"Farewell, farewell, for evermore ;
Ah ! ne'er again I'll see thee, love,
Till after life's dark night is o'er,
Upon the golden shore above."

AGNES H. BOWIE.

MISS AGNES H. BOWIE is well entitled to occupy a niche among the poets of Scotland. Born in the village of Bannockburn, near one of the most famous historic sites of our country, the romantic scenery and the inspiring associations of the neighbourhood early developed the poetic temperament. The first poem she wrote was when she was about ten years of age, the subject being "The Sabbath." She informs us that she will never forget how her father looked when he read it. She still seems to hear him say—"If the Lord has given you that gift, see that you lay it on the altar ; and oh ! seek grace to use it for His praise and glory."

Miss Bowie is the third daughter of the late Mr William Bowie, builder, Bannockburn. Her mother,

whose name was Agnes Henderson, was descended from an old family who were farmers on the Braes of Doune. The subject of our sketch removed to Glasgow when very young, to take charge of her brothers and make a home for them. She still presides over the household of two of them, devoting a great portion of her time to church and mission work, and writing occasional poems.

The Rev. Dr Macmillan, Greenock, to whom we are indebted for the details of this sketch, and of whom she says: "every day I live, and every line I write, I am debtor to Dr Macmillan's ministry and friendship," informs us that she inherited much of the poetic temperament from her father, a man of fine character and deep insight into the religious and poetic side of things. She began to compose poems on various subjects at an early age. The tendency of her gift was towards the lyrical, and the picturesque incidents in which the history of our country so largely abounds furnished her with many a theme for a quaint and stirring ballad. She excelled in this latter form of composition. It gave her inspiration and her sensibility full scope. Of late years she has cultivated more particularly what may be called the mystical or analogical form of poetry, and we have seen several specimens of this kind which abound in beautiful thoughts and sparkling imagery, clearly and succinctly expressed. Miss Bowie is evidently possessed of a keen analytical mind, wide sympathies, vivid fancy, warm affection, and great power of seeing the resemblances and analogies of natural and religious things. She has cultivated an easy flowing style of verse, and the stream of her poetic thoughts runs between flowery banks, with a sweet musical cadence, and a clear sunny sparkle. Dr Macmillan, who, before removing to Greenock, was her minister in Glasgow, adds—"Much and well as she has already written, I believe that the

author of such a fine and expressive poem as "The Martyr's Crest," has not yet reached the full maturity of her powers, and that the stream of her poetry will yet cut for itself a deeper channel and gather a larger volume as her faculties expand by cultivation, and her experience of life grows richer and fuller. She loves poetry for its own sake, and finds in it much solace for all the duties of life. What she has already done is exceedingly creditable to her, and will, I am sure, be an augury of greater and more successful endeavours in the years to come." The following verses are from a poem descriptive of the anniversary day of the battle of Bannockburn, on the occasion of the inauguration of the new flag-staff, 25th June, 1887 :—

The summer sun rides grand and high—
Great monarch o'er a cloudless sky !
In zenith of this beauteous noon,
For 'tis the height of lovely June ;
And song and fragrance everywhere
Are wafted on the blissful air.

See how the hedge-rows, blossomed white,
Are shining o'er the landscape bright ;
Where fairy knowes of golden broom,
And blushing roses all-bloom,
With bonnie blue and crimson bells,
Light up the brackens in the dells.

How stately grows the thistle here !
How proud those brilliant poppies rear
Their heads among the early corn !
Where wildings all the lanes adorn !
And banks of daisies smiling say
Come here and keep high holiday.

A sense of joy is in the breeze,
With dream-like hum of laden bees ;
'Mong milky clovers in the grass,
Where lambs are bleeting as you pass ;
And, oh ! how glad the Bannock flows—
The music of my song it knows.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

Out of the darkness into the light,
Clothed in her robes of radiant white:
Borne away by the angel band,
Led into light by her Saviour's hand—
Oh! what a rapture of glad surprise
Now has burst on her opened eyes.

Long, long ago, in her youth's sweet dawn,
Over her vision a veil was drawn—
While the sunshine gleamed in her flowing hair,
And the world around her was bright and fair;
When a joyful child she culled the flowers,
Her sky grew dark in her morning hours.

And nothing that wealth or love could do
Could bring one ray to those eyes of blue;
For the dear child looked in a wonder gaze
Though the sun shone forth in meridian blaze;
She saw the heavens as a boundless track,
But the heavens to her were veiled in black.

And how shall we speak of the heart's despair,
Of those parents who wrestled with God in prayer;
Whose cry went up through the pall of night
To ask for the largess of His sweet light
For this loved one, who now in darkness lay;
They held by the angel till break of day.

And deem not the God of Sabaoth's ear
Was deaf to the cry of his children dear—
They asked for the light of the sun, but He
Gave a light that no mortal eye could see;
For into the heart of their child her Lord
A light that is not of the earth had poured.

While He led her forth to a land so strange,
He enriched her with grace to bear that change;
He 'lumined her soul with His love Divine,
He chose her in suffering here to shine;
And no murmur we heard from her patient tongue,
Through her darkened life her heart still sung.

And now that the tale of her life is told,
And she walks with the saints the streets of gold—
Where they need not the light of the moon or sun,
Where she hears from her Lord the glad "well done;"
While we mourn on earth the loss to-day
Of the gentle spirit that has passed away.

Methinks among all that radiant throng
Will arise than her's no sweeter song ;
The angels will hush their harps to hear
Her triumph notes so glad and clear ;
While we in the valley, 'mong the tents of men,
Will join to the anthem our loved amen.

A MOUNTAIN NYMPH.

Maiden with the raven hair,
Arched eyebrows passing fair,
Radiating round thee ever
Youth's sweet light from God the Giver.

Joy was ours, who walked with thee
Awhile by mountain, glen, and sea ;
Nymph of that wond'rous fairy land,
Enchanting as with magic wand ;

Kindling with thy guileless art
Emotions high in ev'ry heart,
Making earth again to seem
Pure and lovely as a dream.

Bring the fairest buds that blow
Of the lilies, white as snow,
Twine them with the ivy green,
Here to crown our fairy queen.

Warbling songsters o'er the plain
Echo ye the glad refrain ;
Lady, beautiful and sweet,
Love lies bleeding at thy feet.

WEDDING BELLS.

Ring out ! ring out ! oh, wedding bells,
Ring soft, and long, and clear ;
Ring through the halls of Silver Wells—
Ring, ring, with gladdest cheer.

Ring till a thousand hearts to-day—
A thousand far and near—
Shall echo back your joyous lay,
And pay sweet homage here.

Ring, ring, for now a queenly maid,
In summer's beauteous bloom,
Comes forth in bridal robes arrayed
To meet her gallant groom.

Ring while with tremulous delight
Her gentle bosom swells,
To view that land of promise bright—
Ring, ring, oh ! wedding bells.

Ring, ring, for now she soon shall stand
And breathe her vows divine ;
Ring while she gives her lily hand
To wear the mystic sign.

Ring while her maidens strew sweet flowers
All o'er her bridal way,
And angels, from their starry towers,
Smile on her joys to-day.

Ring, ring, through all these golden hours
That deeper joy foretells,
Of wedded love in blissful bower—
Ring on, oh ! wedding bells.

MOURN NOT LONGER GENTLE LADY.

Mourn not longer gentle lady, raise thy golden head,
As a dew-drenched lily drooping o'er thy loved and dead,
Roses, let them bloom once more, o'er thy cheek so fair,
Youth in all its regal beauty should be reigning there.

Dwell not now on sorrows over, clouds must pass away,
Unto thee a light is breaking, of a grander day,
Flowers shall blossom on thy pathway, joyous as the spring,
Fuller harmonies shall wake thee and thy heart shall sing.

THE MARTYR'S CREST.*

* This memorial is affectionately dedicated to Miss Sarah Spreull, the lady personated in the poem, as a tribute to the memory of her kinsman, John Spreull (Bass John), born 1646, and died 1722, a worthy citizen of Glasgow, and a representative man of his day. He was the last of those who suffered imprisonment in the Isle of the Bass Rock for his defence of religious liberty in the times of Claverhouse. After his release he assumed as motto on his crest the words, "*Sub pondere cresco.*"

What means this motto, quaint and grand,
On this our ancient crest,
As written by some hero's hand,
"I grow 'neath weight oppres'd"?

Did some mighty warrior win it,
As conqueror of the field—
Carve this palm branch and pomegranate
On signet, sword, and shield?

Was there then a mandate royal
To honour so this lord,
Were ten hundred knights all loyal
Following with the sword?

Was there guerdon still more precious
To crown his noble daring,
Fairest lady, loved and gracious,
All his honours sharing?

Were there seen from tower and castle,
All waving in the breeze,
Banners borne by lord and vassal?
Say! were his glories these?

Nay! a saintly man, and holy,
Crowned with suff'ring, pain, and loss,
Like the Master, meek and lowly,
Bending underneath a cross;

In those days of tribulation,
Now two hundred years ago,
When the blood of our loved nation
Was like water made to flow;

When Claverhouse with warriors fierce
Rode o'er this weeping land,
And many a noble heart did pierce
With cold and murd'rous hand,

'Twas then our kinsman, strong in youth,
Amid those storms so drear,
Stood forth a champion for God's truth
All nobly and sincere.

Nor did he give his God that day
A service of no cost:
Full soon was his the price to pay
Of home and freedom lost.

Soon exiled in a foreign land,
His wealth, his all laid down,
All seized by ruthless spoilers' hand
As booty for the Crown;

While, in his absence, wife and child
Their cruel vengeance taste—
Driven forth by brutal soldiers wild
From home in awful haste.

Then when the wearied exile seeks
To visit home once more,
The persecutors' fury reeks
All direful as before.

He had but touched his native soil,
And as he quietly slept,
Outworn with travel and with toil,
Their spies a watch have kept.

The sleeping man they rudely wake,
Though of a friend the guest,
As pris'ner of the State to take
By warrant and arrest.

And yet in him there was no cause
Or crime against the State;
They are the breakers of the laws
They madly vindicate.

He had but changed with good Cargill
Some words of salutation,
As friends in common sufferings will,
Or leaders in a nation.

But these marauders range the glen,
The hamlet, and the city—
Like wolves or lions of the den,
They neither spare nor pity.

And so, their victim now to gain,
They torture with the boot,
But nobly he endures its pain,
Calm, firm, and resolute:

Until Dalziel, that coward, uttered
Those words so dark and grim—
"Bring the old boot; * this," he muttered,
"Is not enough for him."

But heart and flesh grow sick and cold
To bring their deeds to light;
I leave much cruelty untold,
Too black for me to write.

Enough, that by a soldier borne,
They send him back to jail
All lacerated, sore, and torn,
Accepting not of bail.

* A more ancient and excruciating form of torture.

Nor pleading wife may entrance find
To soothe his sufferings there,
Or tender hands his wounds to bind—
Denied a surgeon's care.

But God is near in that dread hour
Of agony and pain,
A present help—a rock—a tower,
Where help of man is vain.

. . .

Seven years of his fair manhood's prime,
Confined within the "Bass,"
Through all that weary troublous time
A prisoner's life to pass.

Yet his was no fanatic creed,
Or weird ascetic's dream,
But noble purpose, aim, and deed,
His country to redeem.

He cast his lot with men who dared
The faggot and the rack,
And gladly in their troubles shared
To win our freedom back.

His life, a presence and a power,
His counsels, great and wise,
Were to the Church a precious dower—
A living sacrifice;

Till came an interlude of peace
To our afflicted nation,
When weary prisoners had release
By royal proclamation.

Then well I wot no subject was
More loyal, brave, or true,
Than this last prisoner of the "Bass,"
Restored to life anew.

A legend says that, when again
He owned his rights and lands,
The Queen a rich pearl necklace then
Accepted from his hands.

And long he bore in after life,
In this our ancient town,
The scars and wounds of that hot strife,
His Master's marks and Crown.

"Bass John" his townsmen named him here,
And we are told by them
This title was to him more dear
Than monarch's diadem.

Great patient Martyr! now we know
The meaning of that crest—
God's kingdom has been made to grow
By men like thee distress'd.

Now shines that motto like a star
So bright, on us set free,
A trophy from that holy war,
Fought out by such as thee.

JAMES CHALMERS DEAN FRASER,

AUTHOR of a volume of poetry entitled "Wayside Flowers, gathered by a Wayfarer along the Highway of Life" (Edinburgh: 1871), dedicated to Professor John Stuart Blackie, "in grateful remembrance of much instruction, good counsel, kindness, and encouragement," was born in the County of Midlothian in 1850. He is the elder son of an Edinburgh physician, and was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, from which, in due course, he proceeded to the University of that city. There he gained two prizes in poetry—the one for the best metrical translation of a Greek chorus, and the other for the best original poem in English. With a view to the reception of holy orders, Mr Fraser afterwards studied theology for two years at Trinity College, Glenalmond. In 1874 he was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester to the curacy of Hallow, a large agricultural parish on Severnside, running up into the suburbs of the city. Canon Pepys, a descendant of the Diarist, was his

vicar. At the close of the following year, his good friend, the late Bishop Suther, of Aberdeen, presented him to the incumbency of Banchory-Ternan, Kincardineshire, in which he still remains.

Although he considers that his volume of "Wayside Flowers" is merely the work of his boyhood, and published when he had little idea of "selection," there are few, if any, weeds amongst the flowers, and the volume was well received. In the preface, the author tells the reader that he has tried to follow humbly in the steps of the great masters who have gone before him, "by giving everywhere prominence to those great ideas which have been the texts of the poet in all ages—Love, Life, Eternity—and to make them subservient to the Faith of the Cross. True poetry, built on such a foundation, has expanded and raised men's minds above this earth from the beginning of the world, and will continue to do so until the world shall be no more, and that Heaven opens to which it so clearly points."

Mr Fraser's poetry is generally marked by much felicity of metrical expression, exalted sentiment, and an ever present kindly, human, and Christian tone. His simpler pieces are characterised by warm-hearted tenderness and unassuming sincerity, while his more recent productions show high reflective powers, artistic finish, and scholarly culture.

AULD TIME.

I hae lo'ed thee lang an' truly,
  Syne first I saw thy face;
Tho' the years hae fled sae fleetly,
  Auld Time has won the race.

But I lo'e thee still as dearly,
  As when my love was new;
And hooever lang my journey,
  Auld Time shall find me true.

When we baith were young I lo'ed thee—
We are but young e'en noo—
But when baith are auld I'll lo'e thee;
Time ne'er shall find me rue.

I hae lo'ed thee in life's mornin'—
I'll lo'e thee at its eve;
And when Time brings on the gloamin',
He shall not find me grieve.

For I dae but ken I lo'e thee,
I care for nought beside;
Sae Auld Time may try an' prove me—
I fearna time or tide.

Ah! hoo fondly I hae lo'ed thee
Nae tongue or pen can tell;
But I tak' Auld Time to witness
That I hae lo'ed thee well.

ODE—THE PAST.

. . . . .

O Past! mysterious Past!
So dim and shadowy, yet so clear;
So far removed, and yet so near;
Travelling away so fast,

. , ...

What is our life but memory—
The Present lives but in the name—
The future is but shadowy.
The Past is real, and the same
For ever to eternity.
That which has been,
Though now unseen,
Doth yet must surely wear, through all our years,
A fadeless green.
Despite all hopes and prayers, and sighs and tears,
The Present fleets away,
Like a Midwinter day,
To come again as fast,
Clad in the livery of the Past,
When we have deemed it spent,
Like ghost from Hades sent,
To flit before our sight,
And haunt us day and night.

Time once to me did seem so long !
Not in its weariness, but in its pleasure,
Joys seemed so thick to throng.
The Seasons were like years in measure,
I then in Winter used to look for Spring—
In Spring I looked for Summer.
Brown Autumn came, I hailed him King,
But welcomed the next comer,
Old Winter, with a fresh delight.
I loved both day and night,
And all the Months and Seasons then would stay,
Till I was tired, and wished them all away.

Now all is changed. Time flies so fleet,
I cannot keep his pace,
I urge my weary feet,
But cannot win the race.
He seems to know that he will beat,
And mocks my endless chase.
. . . . .

'Tis eve ! how like the eve of life !
No more bustle—no more strife ;
Hope and Expectation lie
Dreaming, like the weary sky.
Memory fills the throne of mind,
Like odours on the sleeping wind—
Fragrance from heavy flowers and trees,
Richly lading each faint breeze.
Memory, Porter of the Past,
Holds it even to the last ;
Age may babble what to Youth
Hath no sense or end or truth—
'Tis but the Past recounted ill,
For Memory stands Warder still.

NO MORE A CHILD.

I am no more a child ; but I feel no repining,
Though care and unrest overshadow the man ;
With my childhood all careless enjoyment resigning,
I start on the race that my forefathers ran.

I am no more a child ; but I am something higher—
I've climed some more steps to the altar of Time !
And each step that I mount brings me nigher and nigher,
Each glimpse of the Future seems yet more sublime.

I am no more a child ; but I mourn not my childhood—
The God who redeemed me was also a Man ;

And His childhood was merged in the might of His manhood,
The crown of the glorious race that He ran.

I am no more a child ; but I feel no repining ;
I would not return to that age if I could ;
I will strive day by day to make manhood more shining
By thoughts, and by words, and by actions of good.

THE STAR.

I look from the sky with a piercing eye
Upon the world below,
And all that is done under the sun,
In the silent night I know.
In the glaring day I hide away
Behind my curtain blue,
And shut out the bright and scorching light
That mortal men must view.

But, when the Sun's hot course is run,
And he sinks away in the west,
To take for his pillow the dark green billow,
I awake from my lengthened rest.
As the Evening ends and the Night descends
I laugh with a new-born joy,
And smile in my mirth on the listening earth,
With an eye half bold, half coy.

But, when a pall is spread over all
The length and breadth below,
I have no fear, but shine out clear,
With a bright and steady glow ;
For I know that men will look up then,
To see my home above,
And feel, as they gaze at my diamond rays,
New thoughts of wonder and love !

When hurrying gales o'er hills and dales
Sweep with a howling blast—
Twisting the trees, and scouring the seas,
And bending the stout mainmast—
I laugh at their rage, and the wars they wage,
For I know that I am safe ;
They cannot get me, over earth and sea
To carry away like a waif !

I listen to mortals who stand at the portals,
And knock at each other's heart ;
I guess their fears, and I see their tears,
As they struggle at last to part.

I bend my ear, the better to hear
Their love and their jealousy—
Ah! I know full well what tales they tell,
Alone to the moon and me.

But, when the awning is raised, and the Dawning
Comes forth to waken the globe,
I lay down my head on my cloudy bed,
Enwrapt in a misty robe;
And I leave the day to the Sun's hot sway,
Till 'tis time for him to sleep;
Then I take my stand with my kindred band,
And a ceaseless vigil keep.

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND

WAS born at Gavinton, a village on the Langton estate, belonging to the Breadalbane family. He was a contemporary of the late venerable Robert Mennon, the Ayton poet, noticed in this work. Mr Sutherland, in one of his epistles to Mr Mennon, closes as follows:—

"Now to conclude, tho' I'm a rustic bard,
Of uncouth lay, of small or no regard;
Altho' my strains to merit have no claim,
Yet I've a breast that's felt the muse's flame;
And will be happy, happy from my heart,
Whene'er you please, and in whatever part,
O'er flowing jug, beside some sweet fireside,
To hear your strains, fair Ayton's lofty pride."

All the education Sutherland received was obtained at the parish school, and at a comparatively early age he was apprenticed to the carpenter trade. His poetical effusions were composed during his leisure hours, and in his lonely wanderings amid the beautiful scenery of Langton woods He afterwards made a venture in commerce, and opened a grocer's shop in

the town of Coldstream, but this not proving a financial success he emigrated. Nothing was afterwards heard of him, and the published edition of his works was collected and arranged by the minister of the parish. His writings display an intense love of nature in all her various moods, while a rich vein of humour pervades some of his lighter pieces. Of satire, too, he had a considerable gift, which is noticeable in many of his effusions; but it is in his songs that we find him at his best, and although to the present generation his name is almost forgotten, some of his songs are still popular in the rural districts of his native shire. While many of his longer pieces had only a local interest, and the scenes and incidents which called them forth have been forgotten, his songs live in the memories of the peasantry, and are sung at their kirns and social gatherings.

THE LASS O' BOGGAN GREEN.

In sweetest smiles began to close
The rosy e'e o' day,
As fondly by yon bonny burn
I musing chanced to stray;
The gentle breeze scarce stir'd the trees,
Delightful was the scene
Where first I saw, in yonder shaw,
The lass o' Boggan Green.

Her flaxen locks, in graceful tates,
Flowed on the honoured gale;
Ye hills, come hear me sing her praise,
And echo't to the dale;
The fairest flower in nature's bower—
The most delightful scene,
Can ne'er compare wi' her sae rare,
Sweet lass o' Boggan Green.

She's always handsome, neat, and clean,
But never flirdy braw;
She's kind, good-natured, modest, free,
And is beloved by a'.

Her mind shines bright, as stars at night,
When frosty winds blaw keen ;
She's wond'rous rare, ayont compare,
Sweet lass o' Boggan Green.

Those charms a', an' hundreds mair,
This lassie doth adorn,
Wi' bloomin' cheeks o' rosy hue,
Sweet as the vernal morn ;
Young, handsome, neat, genteel, and sweet,
Wi' twa bewitchin' een,
Delightfu' fair, my love, my care,
Sweet lass o' Boggan Green.

THE HAPPY LOVERS.

Now rosy May, in summer's pride,
Bedecks ilk pleasant plantin',
Ilk flowery lawn, an' smilin' brae,
That banks the windin' Langton.
Now comes the time, the happy time,
Mair dear to me than ony,
The ever heart-revered day,
I first beheld my Annie.

'Tis now a year, this very day,
Since first I saw my charmer ;
May Heaven watch o'er her temptin' years,
An' ne'er let evil harm her ;
Her age was lovely sweet sixteen,
Her face unpeered by ony ;
Her e'en shot death at ilka glance,
An' a' the crack was Annie.

Oh ! mony were the gallant youths
That sighed, but ne'er could move her
She slighted a', 'twas weel for me,
For dearly did I love her.
Amang the rest I made my suit,
Mair fortunate than ony,
My every sigh was bathed in tears
By the kind eyes o' Annie.

At ilka link o' love's dear chain,
There hings a pund o' pleasure ;
In every fond enamoured sigh,
The lover finds a treasure ;
A kindly look frae ane we like
Mair sweeter is than honey ;
I wadna gie for warld's gear,
A single blink o' Annie.

TO A FICKLE FLAME.

My winsome lass, I gat your letter,
And no intend to rest your debtor;
I understand by what ye hint,
Ye're now beginning to repent
O' promising your heart and hand
To join wi' mine in wedlock's band.
Just as ye like, I dinna care,
I never fleetch the paughty fair;
The back o' ane's the face o' ten,
There's plenty women wantin' men.
Sin' that's the way o't, there's my back,
I'll get anither in a crack;
A sweeter, truer, and mair leal;
Sae, dorty Jessie, fare-thee-weel.

JESSIE WANLESS BRACK

IS a native of Longformacus, a quiet rural village in the Lammermoors. She belongs to a gifted family. Her father was parish schoolmaster, and spent the greater part of his life amid the scenes of this out-of-the-way spot. Mr R. M. Calder, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information concerning Berwickshire bards, informs us that he was a man of sound intellectual attainments, and was very highly appreciated as an able and industrious teacher. Jessie was one of a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom emigrated and settled in Canada and the United States. She is not the only one of the family gifted with poetical talent—her brother, Andrew Wanless, of Detroit, Michigan, being already noticed in this work as the author of several volumes of excellent poems and songs After receiving her education at her father's school, she, like the rest of the family, had to make a way for herself in the world,

and at a comparatively early age engaged as a domestic servant. After being a number of years thus occupied in the town of Duns and neighbourhood, she went to Canada, where several of her brothers had preceded her. Settling in Sarnia, on the Huron river, in the province of Ontario, she again spent some years in service, and ultimately married a well-to-do farmer in the County of Huron.

Although Mrs Brack had successfully courted the muse in her earlier years, her natural modesty made her "hide her light under a bushel," and it was not until she had been some years married, and had the cares of a family on her hands, that she was emboldened to contribute her effusions to the press. The pieces we have appended are from the *Scottish American Journal*, to the pages of which she has long been a welcome contributor. Her poetry breathes of the old home left behind, and the scenes of her childhood supply her with themes for her sweet and flowing lines.

GAUN AWA' HAME.

I've crossed the saut seas, an' mysel' I've to blame,
It's a lang, lanesome year sin' I left the auld hame;
My faither was greetin', an' mither an' a',
When I packed up me wee kist an' e'en cam' awa';
But I'm gaun awa' hame, Wully, gaun awa' hame—
My he'rt it is sair, an' I'm gaun awa' hae.

When I came to this kintry 'twas a' new to me,
I wandered aboot, but nae kent face could see;
I was just like ane lost, a' my ain' leefu' lane,
An' sair did I rue for nae bidin' at hame;
But I'm gaun awa' hame, Wully, gaun awa' hame—
My he'rt it is sair, an' I'm gaun awa' hame.

Auld Ritchie sent word I wad be a great man
If I wad come oot an' conform to his plan,
But his plan is sae queer, I like na't ava,
Sae my bundle's tied up, an' I'm e'en gaun awa';
Yes, I'm gaun awa' hame, Wully, gaun awa' hame—
I hae cancelled his plan, an' I'm gaun awa' hame.

When I first saw auld Ritchie, my countenance fell,
For he was a miser, 'twas easy to tell,
An' stinginess reigns in his kitchen an' ha',
An' sune I was sorry for comin' awa';
But I'm gaun awa' hame, Wully, gaun awa' hame—
I rue sair my reid, an' I'm gaun awa' hame.

He thinks the Scotch callant should ne'er sleep ava,
But rest a wee while on a pockie o' straw,
An' sin' up an' at it ilk morn aye the same—
Sae I'm dune wi' the hale o't an' gaun awa' hame;
Aye, I'm gaun awa' hame, Wully, gaun awa' hame—
I'm dune wi' it a', an' I'm gaun awa' hame.

He grudges the morsel I pit i' my mooth,
But his ainsel's sair fashed wi' a wonderfu' drooth,
An', as for my cleedin', I get nane ava,
Sae I'll tak' far less hame than what I brocht awa';
But I'm gaun awa' hame, Wully, gaun awa' hame—
I hae tied up what's left, an' I'm gaun awa' hame.

I tak' it sae hard to get naething ava—
I wasna used that way i' my faither's ha';
I had plenty o' a' thing I could ca' my ain,
An' sweet smilin' faces roun' faither's hearthstane;
Sae, fare-ye-weel, Wullie, I'm aff awa' hame—
Then, hurrah for my Jean, dear auld Scotland, an' hame.

Think weel, neebor Tammas, ere ye gang awa';
There's nae muckle siller in Scotland ava,
They hae ta'en it to Lunnon, altho' it's nae fair,
An' they've sunk it i' stocks, an' we'll ne'er see it mair;
Sae dinna gang hame, Tammas, dinna gang hame—
Just send for your Jean, but dinna gaun hame.

Noo Jean has come oot, an' my he'rt's nae sae wae,
She's helpin' me brawly to speil up the brae,
When we get to the tap o't, an' dune wi' a' care,
We're gaun awa' hame to see Scotland aince mair;
Yes, we're gaun awa' hame, when we're dune wi' a care,
To see a' oor auld frien's an' Scotland ance mair.

THE BANKS O' THE DYE.

The sun glances bright on the bonnie Dye water,
The summer breeze skims sweetly over the lea.
An' steals awa' doon 'mang the blue bells o' Scotland,
To ripple the leaves o' the hawthorn tree.

Doon in the glen, where the mavis sings sweetly,
The bright yellow broom hangs its blossoms sae high ;
An' the saft, downy buds o' the auld weepin' willow
Dip sweet in the water that's wimplin' by.

There, near the ruin o' auld Craggie Castle,
The hazel-nut bushes o'er-shadow the hill ;
An' the cowslip an' primrose, in wildest profusion,
Grow sweet on the braes aboon the auld mill.

An' there is the bridge—in my visions I see it,
The stanes in its arch I can clearly define—
Spannin' the water that murmured sae sweetly,
Where I aft watched the minnows in days o' langsyne.

An' there, too, the kirk, an' the landlord's big mansion,
To me a' sae bonnie in memory's eye,
An' the pride o' the Lammermoors, dear Longformacus—
A' nestlin' sae sweet on the banks o' the Dye.

I hae crossed o'er the seas, an' hae seen mony places—
They may be far grander, an' clearer the sky ;
Yet still will my thoughts turn, wi' fondest affection,
To the auld place at hame, on the banks o' the Dye.

THE OLD HOME.

I dream of a home in far away Scotland,
Standing so beautiful by the pine trees,
Spreading their branches, so cool and inviting
And waving so graceful when fanned by the breeze.

'Tis the home of my youth—how I long to behold it !
And walk on the path I so often have trod—
The one, of all others, I aye thought so lovely,
That led by the bridge to the House of our God.

There, in the kirkyard, so silent and peaceful,
Are resting the parents I think of with love ;
Their dust it is mixed with the clods of the valley,
But their spirits are yonder in heaven above.

Home of my love, how I'm longing to see thee,
And see the dear faces and places once more,
And wander again by the scene of my childhood,
And rest on the old oaken seat at the door.

But time hastens on, and a voice to me whispers—
"Scotland again you will never see more :"
Yet often my waking dreams fly with me homeward
To see the loved place and the seat at the door.

MARGARET M'LEAN CLEVER

IS a native of Glasgow, where her father held an important position in the police force. Left an orphan when she was but a child, she was adopted by an uncle, and was educated in Edinburgh, and finished her studies at a ladies' school at Todlaw, Duns. She afterwards went to London, and, after filling several situations, she married Mr W. J. Clever of the Commercial Agency there. With the exception of a few years spent in Canada, she has resided in London ever since. Mrs Clever was early given to rhyming, and the pieces appended here are selected from among her earliest efforts. Of late years she has devoted special attention to dramatic readings, in which line she has attained a marked measure of success. As an exponent of Scottish song she has also taken a high place, and is in much request at the social gatherings of Scottish societies in London and neighbourhood. Her children seem to inherit much of her talent—her oldest boy especially giving evidence of wonderful dramatic gifts, and, young as he is, he has already appeared in several Shakspearean characters.

TRIBUTE TO POETICAL GENIUS.

Thy spirit hath a gift—a secret gift—
  That answers only to the far bright stars,
When through the greenwood's high and changeful rift
  Streams down the light of Venus or of Mars;
Which answers only to the woods and streams,
The sweet wood-blossoms, and the pale moon-beams.

Thou see'st strange beauty in the silent things
  That others idly pass. The small wild bird
That flutters o'er the rose, his bright blue wings;
  The singing brook, by careless ears unheard;
The wild-flower swinging in the bosky dell—
All bind thee with a strong and wond'rous spell.

REMEMBER ME.

Just four short months you say, and then
The wild Atlantic main
Divides our paths for evermore—
We ne'er shall meet again.
But though my lot be far from thee,
I only ask, remember me.

From childhood, till this parting hour,
Thy counsels I revere,
And when thou'rt in a distant land
Thy memory shall be dear.
Therefore, loved friend, where'er you be,
I only ask, remember me.

Should fortune smile and stamp success
On everything you do,
Should pain give place to pleasure
In the land you're going to—
Should all be fair as now I see,
I only ask, remember me.

But should the brilliant star of Hope
Sink far beyond thy sight,
Do not despair; the brightest morn
Succeeds the darkest night;
Yet should thy fate so dreary be,
I only ask, remember me.

And as I bid my sad adieu,
Where'er thy footsteps wend,
Oh! promise you will always be
My true and trusty friend;
And when these simple lines you see,
I only ask, remember me.

THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

He's passed away, his race is run,
His Gospel work on earth is done,
And now, through Christ, the victory's won,
O'er Death's dark gloom,
For there he shines beyond the sun
In fadeless bloom.

He's passed away—the wanderer's guide,
Whose tender heart was opened wide,
To tell them how the Saviour died
For Adam's race,
And rose the third day glorified,
Our Hope of Grace.

Though passed away, his words shall still
Live in the heart, and rule the will
Of thousands over vale and hill,
On land and sea,
Whose praise for pardoned sin shall fill
Eternity.

And when we're called, and there shall bend
Over our tomb some loving friend,
May glad hope with their sorrow blend
Of sin forgiven,
Joint-heirs with Christ, our journey's end,
The bliss of Heaven,

Where there's no night, no cloud, no sea,
But brightness, love, and joy, for He,
The King of Kings, the light shall be;
Then may we sing—
"Oh! Grave, where is thy victory?
Where, Death, thy sting?"

"HOME."

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND ABROAD.

Away 'mid the city's great tumult and din,
With no loving arms to caress him;
No brother or sister to comfort and cheer,
No mother to watch o'er and bless him:
Alone with his Maker he passed from this earth,
And entered, we trust, a more glorious birth
In the Heavenly Home.

Too tender in years, and more tender in heart,
The world's cold frown so distressed him;
He had not the courage to battle alone,
And banish the cares that oppressed him;
But the cheerful June sunlight poured down from the sky
And whispered of "Peace," as he lay there to die,
Far from Home.

The murmuring winds fanned the flowerets so gay,
And soothed with their whispers his sleeping;
The birds trilled their sweetest and liveliest lay,
While the Angels their vigils were keeping.
They ministered peace to the dying boy,
And filled to o'erflowing his heart with joy
As they wafted him Home.

So do not regret him, too fragile for earth,
Nor fret that the world did tempt him;
He loved our dear Saviour, and trusted His word,
From all his past sins to exempt him;
So let us take comfort, our boy waits us there
Where no sin or sorrow, no trial or care
Can enter that Home.

MARY MAXWELL CAMPBELL,

AUTHORESS of the spirited and well-known song, "The March of the Cameron Men," was the fifth daughter of Dugald John Campbell, Esq. of Skerrington, Ayrshire. Her mother, Janet Baillie, was a daughter of Lord Polkemmet—a senator of the College of Justice. Miss Campbell was a lady of many accomplishments, and had a wide circle of literary and other distinguished personal friends, to whom she was greatly attached, and by whom she was held in much esteem. These included the late Principal Shairp, and the amiable and gifted Miss Agnes Strickland. She had a remarkable power over the young, and possessed quite a talent for amusing and entertaining children, by whom, as well as by those of riper years, she was much beloved. Several of her songs and poems she specially addresses to "the bairns," and in these happy utterances she evinces the heart of the true poet by speaking of them

as the cheering sunbeams and fragrant blossoms that brighten the home of the lowliest as well as the highest. Miss Campbell was pretty and handsome, but unassuming, and had a sweet disposition and attractive manners. She not only retained her natural cheerfulness, but continued lively and energetic, even when advanced in years, and had an exhaustless fund of anecdotes and stories. She had resided for a good many years with her only surviving sister, Mrs Skene, senior, of Pitlour, at St Andrews, where, as a Christian worker in connection with one of the Presbyterian churches, she was a regular and welcome visitor at the homes of the poor. Although for some time she had been in rather delicate health, she was cut off somewhat suddenly on the 15th January, 1886. In the following month there appeared in one or two newspapers and periodicals a short but interesting biographical notice of Miss Campbell, written by an old friend of hers at Bathgate, where—when staying at Boghead House with Mr and Mrs Durham Weir, her brother-in-law and eldest sister, and, after their death, with her nephew and niece, its present occupants—she had endeared herself to many.

The authoress of "The March of the Cameron Men" composed not only the poem, but also the music, which was arranged by Mr Findlay Dun, and published by Messrs Paterson, Sons, & Co. Miss Campbell likewise composed the words and the music of the "Lament for Glencoe," and, at the request of the author, the music for "The Lass of Loch Linne," by Principal Shairp. She also wedded to her own music "The Menagerie," which is the first of a series of "Songs for Children." Miss Campbell had a very humble opinion of her poetical gifts, and it was only in consequence of "The March of the Cameron Men" being more than once assigned to others that she was induced to acknowledge the

authorship. It was composed when she was very young—after travelling from morning to night through Highland scenery, with a member of the family of Lochiel.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

There's many a man of the Cameron clan
That has follow'd his chief to the field ;
He has sworn to support him or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen ;
While light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh, proudly they march, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more ;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gather'd before.
I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true—
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said
That whatever men dare they can do.
I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

LAMENT FOR GLENCOE.

Ye loyal Macdonalds, awaken ! awaken !
Why sleep ye so soundly in face of the foe
The clouds pass away, and the morning is breaking,
But when will awaken the sons of Glencoe ?
They lay down to rest with their thoughts on the morrow,
Nor dreamt that life's visions were melting like snow ;
But daylight has dawn'd on the silence of sorrow,
And ne'er shall awaken the sons of Glencoe.

Oh, dark was the moment that brought to our shealing
The black-hearted foe with his treacherous smile ;
We gave him our food, with a brother's own feeling,
For then we believed there was truth in Argyle.
The winds howl a warning, the red lightning flashes,
We heap up our faggots a welcome to show ;
But traitors are brooding on death near the ashes
How cold on the hearths of the sons of Glencoe.

My clansmen, strike boldly—let none of you count on
The mercy of cowards, who wrought us such woe;
The wail of their spirits when heard on the mountain
Must surely awaken the sons of Glencoe.
Ah, cruel as adders! ye stung them while sleeping!
But vengeance shall track ye wherever ye go!
Our loved ones lie murdered—no sorrow nor weeping
Shall ever awaken the sons of Glencoe.

THE MOLE AND THE BAT.

My friend is a Mole, and I am a Bat,
Two travellers are we;
And we have gone o'er the wide, wide world,
To see what we could see.
But the Mole and I came back again,
And both of us agree,
That there's no place in all the world
So good as our countrie.

And first we went to merry France,
Where the sun shines warm and bright;
But frogs to eat were no great treat,
So we only stayed a night,
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

And next we went to Holland,
But 'twas far too damp for me;
'Twas all as flat as the crown of your hat,
And nothing could we see.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

We then set off to Germany,
Where they made us understand
That they smoked their pipe and drank their beer
For the good of their Fatherland.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

We went to Spain and Portugal,
And thought them pretty places;
But 'twould appear that water's dear,
For they never wash their faces.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

Oh, then we came to Italy,
Where beggars swarm like bees;
The Mole had to work like any Turk,
While they sat at their ease.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

Then we went off to Austria,
Where, much to our surprise,
They tried to shut us up for life,
And call'd us English spies.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

And next we got to Russia,
Where we tried to look about ;
But we chanced to stare at the Russian Bear,
And he order'd us the knout.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

We started off to America,
The Land of the Free and the Brave ;
But they said the Mole was as black as a coal,
And they'd sell him for a slave.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

We travell'd off to Africa,
To see a wondrous lake,
But turned our tail, and made all sail,
When we met a rattlesnake.
So the Mole and I came back again, &c.

Then last we went to Scotland,
Where we met some pleasant fellows,
But every one wore waterproofs,
And carried large umbrellas.
So the Mole and I came back again,
And satisfied are we
That there's no place in all the world
So good as our countrie.

THE MENAGERIE.

Sound the drum, all people come
And see the wonderful wild beast show—
Serpents rare, a Polar bear,
With porcupines and pelicans from Mexico.
Look at the lion—he's a sly one—
Don't go near his monstrous claws ;
Here's the hippopotamus, would swallow any lot of us
If he got us in his jaws.
Sound the drum, etc.

Here is the tiger—a splendid fellow—
Sixteen feet from head to tail ;
Here is the Cobra di Capello,
And the Armadillo with its coat of mail.
Sound the drum, etc.

Here are Australian kangaroos,
With very long legs and short paws;
Here are Brazilian cockatoos,
With blue-tailed monkeys and maccaws.
Sound the drum, etc.

Here is an elephant, with his trunk
He'll knock an oak tree into shivers;
Here is the Bombay alligator,
Lurks for his prey in the mud of rivers.
Sound the drum, etc.

Here is an animal called a sloth—
Hangs upside down upon his toes;
Look at the terrible old rhinoceros,
With his horn upon his nose.
Sound the drum, etc.

Here's the gorilla and his daughter,
Married to an old baboon;
Here is a toad from Killarney water,
Sometimes croaks an Irish tune.
Sound the drum, etc.

Come once, come twice,
Children and babies are admitted half-price.
Come now without delay—
We positively close upon Saturday.

O, WHAT WILL WE DO IN THE MORNING.

O, what will we do in the morning?
O, what will we do in the morning?—
When we open our eyes we will cheerfully rise,
And dress ourselves neat in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning?
O, what will we do in the morning?—
With water and soap, our faces, I hope,
We'll wash till they're clean in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning?
O, what will we do in the morning?—
We've a brush and a comb, so we'll never leave home
Without smoothing our hair in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning?
O, what will we do in the morning?—
Be contented and good with the plainest of food,
And never be cross in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning?
O, what will we do in the morning?—
We must make it a rule to go early to school,
And never be late in the morning.

O, what will we do in the morning?
O, what will we do in the morning?—
As quiet's pussy cats, we'll put off our hats,
And say to our teacher, "Good morning."

ANNIE DENNISON HOSSACK,

THE amiable authoress of the pieces that follow, is an Orcadian by blood and birth. Her father, Sutherland Hossack, was a native of Burray, one of the islands of the Orkney group, and was by occupation a cooper. When a young man he left Burray, and went to reside in Stronsay. Annie was the seventh child of five sons and five daughters. Her father died when she was but eight years of age, and the mother, thus left with a young family unprovided for, had a hard struggle to get them reared and educated. To this, however, she nobly set herself. Though the children had to leave home at a comparatively early age in order to do something for themselves, they were kept at school until they had received a fairly good English education. Miss Hossack remembers gratefully her indebtedness to Mr Forbes, a painstaking and successful teacher, who for many years held that post in Stronsay, and of whom we have heard not a few of his former pupils speak with gratitude and affection. Her school days over, she left home, and for several years was engaged in domestic service in various places in the South, but chiefly in the neighbourhood of London. In 1866 her mother and a widowed daughter

removed to Kirkwall, and began business there as dressmakers. Annie joined them in 1876, and all are now kept well employed. Miss Hossack is a member of the United Presbyterian Church congregation, Kirkwall, of which the Rev. David Webster has long been the esteemed and faithful pastor. She is an earnest and faithful Sabbath School teacher. It was not till she settled in Kirkwall that she began to cultivate the muse. Several of her productions have appeared in newspapers and periodicals both here and in America. Occasionally her poems partake of the simplicity and pathos of the old ballad, and at times they show her love of nature in its grand and majestic aspects as well as in its quiet beauties; but more frequently her verse displays a highly devout and religious feeling.

THE WANDERING GIPSY.

One morning at the dawn of day,
Beside the path a gipsy lay,
While often she was heard to say,
"No home have I beneath the sky,
But here a wanderer I lie."

Beside her lay a child, so young,
Could scarcely lisp its mother tongue,
But ever and anon it sung,
"No home have I beneath the sky,
But here a wanderer I lie."

A stranger halted, as he said,
"Why are you here so lowly laid";
Commenting thus, she answer made,
"No home have I beneath the sky,
But here a wanderer I lie.

"He's dead, he's gone, my all, my own,
Where'er he was 'twas always home,
And now I'm left alone to roam;
So here I lie beneath the sky,
A homeless wanderer am I."

LORD IN SUPPLICATION MEEK.

Lord, in supplication meek,
  Humbly we surround Thy throne ;
Thou hast told us those who seek
  Ne'er for bread receive a stone ;
Lord, as teachers, guides of youth,
Fill us with Thy love and truth.

Fill us with Thy Spirit's power,
  That reflecting grace may shine ;
Daily, and from hour to hour,
  Let our lives be wholly Thine ;
Lord, as teachers of the Way,
Guide us all in what we say.

Guide us when Thy Word we teach,
  When the young we try to win ;
Lord, we know 'tis Thine to reach,
  Thine to save the soul from sin ;
Grant that we, as teachers weak,
Faithfully Thy Word may speak.

Guide the young, Thy grace impart,
  Fix their youthful thoughts on Thee ;
Write their names upon Thy heart,
  Make them what Thou wouldst have them be—
Thus may they still more and more
Onward, upward, Heavenward soar.

Lord, in thanks and adoration
  Lowly we would bend the knee,
For the gift of Thy salvation,
  For the grace so rich and free ;
Lord, as teachers, we would raise
Loud our voices in Thy praise.

GO FORTH.

Go forth, proclaim what God hath done
  For nations that in darkness lie ;
Tell how from heaven He sent His son
  To earth, for man to bleed and die.

Tell of the perfect life He led
  'Mong sinful men while here below ;
Tell of the thousands that He fed,
  And how He felt for human woe.

Tell how the Father hid His face
Whilst Christ the cup drained ere it passed;
Tell how it was the traitor's kiss
That told the Jews to hold Him fast.

Tell of His death, the story tell
Of how He died on Calvary's tree;
Tell how He vanquished death and hell,
That He might set poor sinners free.

Tell how His death brings joy and peace
To all who for their sins repent;
Tell 'twas to save, not to destroy,
That He the Lord from heaven was sent.

THE COVENANTERS' MONUMENT.

Yonder it stands, a monument to those
Who counted not their lives dear unto them
For Christ their Saviour's sake;
Firm and erect as those it represents,
Between the turbulent ocean and the peaceful shore
It stands alone. Yet not alone stood they, but in the van.
Much had been forgiven, they loved much,
So forth were driven, to seek a home on foreign strand,
Huddled together like oxen for the slaughter,
On yonder ship. On they come, but, lo!
The clouds begin to darken, and to brood for evil.
Can it be, O God, we cry to Thee;
For Thee we've all forsaken, save us in this hour.
But no, a shorter road to glory waits,
On yonder rock they're dashed,
And many find a watery grave, and with their blood
Baptised these rocky shores,
And, 'neath the shadow of this pile, to rest were laid;
But some escaped to land to sow the seed
That bears such glorious fruit,
And welcomed were by all who loved the Truth;
And to this day their offspring keep the Faith
Once to the saints delivered.

HENRY JOHNSTON.

ALTHOUGH Mr Johnston's business life is one of the most active in busy Glasgow, his flights into the literary atmosphere, made after the work of the day was over and its duties discharged, have been numerous and of high excellence. In addition to having written several volumes containing studies of Scottish character, he is also a contributor to *Blackwood*, *Good Words*, *The Quiver*, &c., as well as to several of the leading weekly newspapers. Until recently, he chose the guise of anonymity or a *nom-de-plume*. These facts are brought out in a genial and lively manner in one of the "Poets' Album" sketches in the *Weekly News*, and we cannot do better than show our indebtedness to Mr Ford by selecting from him. He says that the thousands in Glasgow and elsewhere who know the subject of the present notice as a shrewd and active man of business, and have met or have crossed pens with him in the discharge of his onerous duties, either as secretary to the Glasgow Western Infirmary, as secretary to the Glasgow Ophthalmic Institution, or as like functionary to the Glasgow Public Halls Company, Limited, but have not been admitted within the delightsome atmosphere of his unofficial personal friendship, will be not a little surprised when they come to know of all the excellent literary work, both in prose and verse, which he has been able to accomplish in the limited leisure time at his disposal. It is true, of course, that among those of us who have the meanest allowance of spare time are to be found those who take the most out of the life-spaces, popularly so termed. And to one blessed with a healthy body and a sound mind, certainly an active, if not over-laborious, day's work is the best stimulus to renewed activity in a fresh and more congenial field

of labour in after hours at the fireside. There is a popular notion to the contrary, but it has been bred by the action of good-for-nothing individuals, with "neither hands nor harns"; for the man who is slothful in business or unfaithful to his master will not be true to himself, or any art or science which he may affect to pursue. The day's work and the night's work act and react the one on the other for good to both. So has it been in the case of Mr Henry Johnston, who has written more in prose and verse than his countrymen at large are aware, just because he has been so busy throughout the day.

Mr Johnston is a well-known and esteemed citizen of "Auld Saunct Mungo," and in addition to filling the public offices already named, he is secretary to the Glasgow Ballad Club; lay vice-president of the Glasgow Art Club; and a member of the Pen and Pencil Club, of which he has the honour to be one of the founders. Previous to his appointment to the secretaryship of the Western Infirmary he was secretary to the Glasgow Athenæum, and manager of a Glasgow newspaper, from which he acquired much experience of the inner workings of press life. He was secretary of the Glasgow Musical Festival of 1874, out of which sprang the successful choral and orchestral concert scheme, for which he has acted as honorary secretary up to the present time. The energy and business acumen which Mr Johnston calls into play in his work-a-day life find pleasing illustration in the fact that every scheme and institution to which he applies himself prospers under his fostering care. When he joined the Western Infirmary, on the opening of that institution about fifteen years ago, it was altogether fundless. Now it has an annual income of something like £15,000, and a capital fund of close upon £50,000.

So much for Mr Johnston's purely business career. Let us now glance at the literary side of his character.

He is the son of Scottish parents, and was born in the north of Ireland, but, in the best sense of the word, is a Glasgow man, for he has resided there since he was three years old. Literature early manifested a charm for our subject, and thus far has been the delightful recreation of his leisure hours. In these circumstances, he nibbled his literary cake nightly in secret for many years, and now, at the age of forty-seven, he has very properly chosen to reveal his identity by allowing his name to appear on the title-page of a charming work on Scottish life and character, entitled "The Chronicles of Glenbuckie," published by Mr David Douglas of Edinburgh.

Mr Johnston's earlier lucubrations appeared in the columns of the Glasgow *Weekly Citizen*, to which he contributed tales and sketches of character, under the name of "Arthur." One of our author's fugitive sketches of that period, "The Electric Trip to London," has gone round the world in different newspapers. In addition to "Glenbuckie," Mr Johnston's published works are the "Dawsons of Glenara," in three volumes; "The Mystery of Glenshiela," in two volumes (written for the *Weekly Herald*, but not yet republished in book form); "Martha Spreull," contributed originally to the columns of *Quiz*, and subsequently issued in volume form, much to the delight of the many admirers of that garrulous "single wumman."

Our poet, as we have already hinted, is a member of the Glasgow Ballad Club, and in the volume of "Ballads and Poems," by members of the Club (published by Messrs Blackwood in 1885), he occupies a prominent place. This Club was formed in 1876 for the study of ballads and ballad literature, and for friendly criticism of original verse by the members. Some six or eight of the members who contributed to the volume have already a place in our "Modern Scottish Poets," and we hope yet to have a

few of the others. The work was very warmly received, and was spoken of as being unique in the history of poetical publication, showing that while so much real poetry is astir in the souls of men, the ancient fire of the world's heart can never quite burn out. Mr Ford speaks of our author's ballad in this work—"The Enchanted Bridle"—as "perhaps the best thing of its kind in the book." But the poems are by no means confined either to ballad spirit or to ballad form. They are as different in all respects as the minds of the singers must be; and Mr Johnston is here also seen not only as a prolific but also as a versatile writer. While at home with the quaint spirit of ancient minstrelsy, he also touches very sweetly the tender, lively, and pathetic lyric chords. Mr Johnston's language is always poetic in every sense of the word. There is ever present an elegance of versification, perspicuity of sentiment, and deep, generous feeling. His poetry might well be characterised as a realm of fascinating beauties, always ennobling, bright, winning, and patriotic.

THE MAID O' KILRUSKIN.

The sunlicht glints red o'er the green woods o' Fairlie,
The heather blooms sweet on the braes o' Bigleas,
And up frae the rich yellow hairst-rigs o' Stairlie
The reaper's sang comes on the fresh-scented breeze.

Yet it isna the sunlicht, it isna the heather,
It isna the hairst-lilts, sae blythesome and fine,
That mak's my heart joyous and licht as a feather—
It is that the Maid o' Kilruskin is mine.

Her lips are like rosebuds in gardens o' roses;
Her e'en like the speedwell that grows on the lea;
Her voice, like the lintie's when saft e'ening closes,
Is sweeter and clearer than bird-sangs to me.

The lamb lo'es the whin-sheltered nook on the mountain,
The mavis the cool soothing hush o' the dells;
The young troutie bides near its hame i' the fountain,
And I lo'e the spot where my dear lassie dwells.

Her faither, auld body, is keen o' the siller—
He winks, and he chuckles wi' laughter sae slee,
And he thinks o' the wealth o' auld Steenie, the miller,
No kennin' his dawtie will wed nane but me.

If gowd be the main thing at twa-score-and-twenty,
O' love a young maiden's heart maun hae its fill;
And sae, as o' siller and love I hae plenty,
The miller, auld carl, may gae back to his mill.

THE AFTERTIME.

A wee cot hoose abune the knowe
A snod flower-yaird wi' mony a posie,
Where lilacs bloom and myrtles grow
Beside a bower fu' snug an' cosy—
'Twas there I woo'd my winsome May,
Twas there I pressed her to my bosom,
When spring keeked oot frae bank and brae
In mony a bud and mony a blossom.

An auld kirk stands beside the stream
That wimples through the daisied meadow,
Where cowslips glint and lilies gleam
Beneath the spreading bourtree's shadow—
'Twas there I wed my bonnie bride,
When summer light was fain to linger;
'Twas there, while nestling at my side,
I placed the goud ring on her finger.

A lonely kirkyard i' the glen,
Where mony a pearlie tear has fallen,
Where silence seals the strifes o' men,
Whate'er their rank, whate'er their callin'—
When winter's blast piped i' the grove,
When lingering blooms had fa'n and perished,
'Twas there I laid my early love,
Beside a babe we baith had cherished.

But there's a lan' ayont the blue
That kens nought o' our kittle weather,
Where a' the leal and guid and true,
Though pairted lang may yet forgather.
There sits she by the gouden gates—
For there I hae a tryst to meet her;
But love that strengthens while it waits
Maks a' the aftertime the sweeter.

IN THE VALLEYS.

Children in the valleys
  Brawl and sport and run ;
Wading in the brooklet,
  Basking in the sun ;
Gambolling up the hill-side,
  Romping in the bowers,
Chasing spangled insects
  'Mid the honeyed flowers.

Happy, heedless children,
  In the twilight beam,
Picking shining pebbles
  From the singing stream ;
Sitting on the green banks,
  Where tall shadows stand ;
Grasping golden handfuls
  Of the treacherous sand.

Foolish, thoughtless children,
  Sporting all the day,
Lingering on their journey,
  Home so far away ;
Night is slowly dawning
  'Mong her starlights pale,
O'er the homeless children
  In the lonely vale.

Men are in the valleys,
  Sporting thro' the bowers ;
Chasing golden fancies
  Thro' the fleeting hours ;
Catching wingèd sunbeams
  In the noontide's flame—
Ardent fingers grasping
  Bursting bells of fame.

Oh ! we're only children
  Pleased with every chime ,
Twining fond affections
  Round the neck of Time ;
Sitting in the valleys,
  Spending life's short day—
Never, never thinking
  Home is far away.

Sunset beams are sinking,
  Day is nearly done,
And a mask is falling
  O'er the mellow sun ;

Still we stay, dispelling
Every shade and fear,
Hugging empty phantoms,
As if home were here.

FAIRY JANE.

Teasing, pleasing Fairy Jane,
Warbling through the sunny weather,
With a voice like linnet's strain,
With a heart like buoyant feather.

Jane has lips of cheery hue,
Cheeks like peaches, fair and waxen,
Laughing eyes of summer blue,
Rippling ringlets, soft and flaxen.

Pure as light—where'er she treads
All the fragrant air grows sweeter,
Sister flower-buds raise their heads
With a radiant smile to greet her.

Wealth laid down his precious gains,
Hoping in his thrall to bind her;
But she, snapping golden chains,
Cast the shining links behind her.

Wisdom passing, paused to gaze—
Left his lore and followed after,
But she, knowing Wisdom's ways,
Shattered all his plans with laughter.

Then Love came with footsteps coy—
Offered her a slender blossom,
Though she chid the backward boy,
Now she wears it in her bosom.

THE WITCH O' TORRYLINN.

She is wizzened an' wee, wi' a face like the heather,
As ribbet an' scaured as the crags o' the linn;
An e'e in her head that e'en ragweeds micht wither,
A hump on her nose, and a wart on her chin.

She's bow't i' the back, has a growth on her shouther,
And hirples in daytime when steerin' frae hame;
But nichtly birrs aff like a rocket o' poother,
And reels 'mang the staurs on a broomstick o' flame.

She wears an auld mutch that is proof against watter,
A short-goon and coat o' an age nane may tell ;
And though she ne'er hearkens to ither folks' clatter,
She aye has a guid routh o' crack to hersel'.

Her hame is a bield that has ta'en little biggin',
Some say that the deil was its tenant before—
It's a dwellin' without either rafters or riggin',
And only a witch could win in by the door.

There's a spot on Craig Aisla a' scouthered and barren,
And sapless and deid as the ribs o' a creel ;
It's said she gangs there frae her bothie in Arran,
At Yuletide ilk year to keep tryst wi' the deil.

And whiles on sic nichts, when the sailor is dreamin'
O' saft kissing lips, or the grip o' a hand,
He hears on the wind eldrich laughter and screamin',
But wae to the boat that comes near to the land.

Big Roy will himsel' gang nae mair to the fishin'
Sin' the Yuletide he sailed her weird ploys to explore,
For its back to the port he soon fand himsel' wishin'—
But Roy or his wherry was never seen more.

The guidwife o' Smourig was thrang wi' her kirnin'
Ae morn ere the daylicht keek'd doon through the lum,
When in through the lozen twa e'en were seen burnin',
And though she kirned fainly nae butter wad come.

When Ferig, the shepherd, was oot i' the gloamin'
A hare at his foot skelter'd aff for the knowes ;
His collie gied chase, but it scream'd like a woman,
And next day he coonted a score o' deid yowes.

And whiles in Kilmory, when midnicht is chimin',
And a' Nature's bairns but the burnie are still,
A riderless horse dirls the air wi' its climbin',
And airn heels clank roun' the crests o' the hill.

Or maybe a deid-licht is seen i' the corrie ;
Or maybe a bairn-cry is heard on the storm ;
Or a goat-bleat comes up frae the wilds o' Glentorry—
It's then kent the witch-wife has work to perform.

O ! wae on the lad that cam' ower frae Stragaelin,
And wae on the brave heart that never won hame—
He gaed i' the deid-mirk to harry her dwellin',
But fause was the courage that sought for sic fame.

Noo, if after gloamin' ye pass Auchareoch,
Where burns meet and marry wi' flichtering din,
Tak' tent when ye step roon the dark wuds o' Skeoch,
For fear o' the wifie o' lone Torrylinn.

MY GARDEN.

O ! wind that blows from the sunny south,
Come into my garden prepared for you,
And kiss the buds with your balmy mouth,
Till they thrill and blush through the gleaming dew.

The swallow has come to the reedy moat ;
The sparrow looks out from the belfry cone ;
The blackbird is tuning his liquid throat,
To hail thy coming with choicest tone.

Search out the blossoms, ye hungry bees—
The air is sad with your eager hum ;
There is wealthy fare on the apple trees,
But the store is sealed till the south wind come.

O ! tender butterfly, come not yet,
No pansy-kindred are here to woo :
The sun of the crocus has barely set ;
'Tis weary waiting when love is true.

The knotted buds on the pear trees shine,
The lily gleams through her sheath of snow ;
The primrose droops, and the cowslips pine,
For they will not burst till the south wind blow.

Ah ! there is a garden as drear as this,
Though tear-bedewed by the true and kind,
Where loves that bloomed but an hour of bliss
Await the coming of God's south wind.

A SUMMER-DAY IDYL.

MORNING.

Morn on the mountains wide and far
His rosy wealth is flinging,
And drowsy mists from gorse and briar
Their upward flight are winging.

Come, friend, the lark is in the sky,
The golden hours are fleeing ;
The cloudless eyes of youth and hope
Are surely best for seeing.

There is a glamour in the glens,
Where rustic bells are chiming ;
The glowing hills beyond the fens
May yield a prize in climbing.

We'll journey on by flood and field ;
We'll run and laugh together ;
And love and truth shall be our stay
Through clear and cloudy weather.

NOON.

Here let us linger for a while—
The green leaves clustering o'er us ;
The lay of life is soft and sweet,
When bird-throats swell the chorus.

The zephyr woos the pensive brook
That steals by broomy cover ;
The mated finch on blossom'd spray
Pipes to his nested lover.

Ambition seeks the upland path ;
Wealth care-born fancies follows ;
But love is found in humbler ways,
'Mid green and peaceful hollows.

O ! eyes that droop with tender grace !
O ! lips that bloom for kissing !
If love wear truth upon her face,
This is her hour of blessing.

EVENING.

'Tis sweet to stray by violet nooks
When birds their mates are calling,
And sweet, sweet is the voice of love
When evening dews are falling.

O ! helpful hands that fain would rest,
Rest—sweet—nor dream of sorrow,
Think you the heart that loved to-day
Will love you less to-morrow ?

The flowers that shine about our feet
Slept safe in winter's keeping,
And woke to-day to fragrant life
More sweetly for their sleeping.

What though we find the changeful sun
His weary charge forsaking,
We'll lay us down in hopeful rest,
And dream of brighter waking.

LEWIS GRANT

IS not only the most youthful member of our "choir of singing birds," but he is also a poet of very rich promise. His name was first brought prominently before the public in the columns of the *People's Journal*, and he is already under the sheltering wing of Professor Blackie, who says "he is a remarkable lad, and will come to something great if he is wise." In the course of a letter to the editor of the *Journal*, Lewis writes:—"Can you expect to find my life very romantic? Like the Isla, I rose from Loch Park—the Isla from within it, and I from beside it. The Isla is sixteen miles long—I am almost as many miles of a year each." Our poet was born in a cottage on the banks of Loch Park, the source of the Isla, on 9th Dec., 1872—the anniversary of Milton's birth. This is one of the sweetest places in Banffshire, but the subject of our sketch considers that it is divested of much of its beauty by an intruding railway that sweeps along the edge of the water. Lewis is the eldest of a family of six, and while he was yet a mere child the household removed to Mill of Towie, near Keith, where his father is a workman. He learned the alphabet by copying letters on the hearthstone from hand-bills and the *Christian Herald*, and enquiring of his mother what their names were. Then, he tells us, "came a long portion of the 'sequestered vale of life,' when I spent my time mostly at school, but partly in the occupation, quite as classical, of herding a cow"—the latter duty being engaged in chiefly in the holidays, but sometimes for much longer periods. He had then resolved to be a sailor, and, like many boys, had made a fine miniature fleet. This early resolution soon left him, and till last year, 1888, he studied at Keith School. These

studies were interrupted by a painful illness, and during the time of weakness that followed he read many of the works of the best English authors, and composed the poem "A Dewdrop on a Rose," regarding which Professor Blackie says—"There is a power of diction and a swing in the verses extremely rare at such an early age, and which must be a prophecy of something far above the average in the record of the Muses." Before this time—though he first began to write verse in his eleventh year, most of which he destroyed—he had sent a poem to the *People's Journal*, which was declined. Although extremely modest, and far from courting notoriety, this stung him at the time, and he wrote to the editor what he calls "a foolish epistle," but which was in reality clever. This was the means of drawing forth a number of replies, and bringing him under the notice of several well-known writers, including Mr James Kinlay, who supplied some interesting information about the new poet. The genial editor ultimately wrote as follows, under the heading of "A Promising Young Banffshire Poet":—"On the 13th October last we published an 'Epistle to the Editor,' signed Lewis Grant, Mill of Towie, in which the writer complained that some verses he had sent us had been 'declined with thanks.' We receive so much more good poetry than we can possibly afford space for that we are often compelled, very much against our will, to reject pieces which might well be published, and the rejection of his verses did not necessarily mean that we thought them worthless. On the contrary, we thought very highly of Lewie's verses, and had we known then what we know now, that they were written by a boy a couple of months under sixteen years of age, we should very likely have given them the honour of insertion—an honour which they fully deserved on their own merits irrespective altogether of the youthfulness of

their author. Lewie's epistle was the means of drawing forth several replies, and a rejoinder from the youthful Lewie himself. There were plenty of generous-hearted champions ready to take the field in defence of the youthful Banffshire bard, but as we soon had sufficient proof from his own vigorous pen that Lewie was a lad, like 'Hal o' the Wynd,' quite able to 'fecht for his ain hand,' we concluded that enough had been written and published on the subject of his 'Rejected Manuscript,' and all the more so that the controversy was evidently one which he rather disliked and modestly shrank from. . . . One reason for reverting to the matter now is that we have received another poem by Lewie [alluding to "A Dewdrop on a Rose"] which, considering that he is scarcely sixteen years of age—only a schoolboy, in fact—is unquestionably a finished composition. The subtle thought and polished diction which it displays are certainly features rarely to be met with in the productions of juvenile poets."

What his ultimate "calling" may be, Mr Lewis Grant has not yet decided. When seized with an illness last year he was studying for a bursary for Aberdeen University, and the poems he has recently written, he tells us, merely "form a pleasant relaxation during hours that will not bear the stress of study." He is anxious to attend the University if health and means will allow. The publicity given to his productions by the newspaper already alluded to has brought him many friends and admirers, including several of the gifted *literati* of Aberdeen. This he appreciates very highly, for friendship he considers "tends to make one unselfish"—the friendship, he adds, "that *nisi inter bonos esse non potest*," which, he hopes, "is not arrogant assumption." Doubtless, he will profit by the sound advice given concerning him in the course of a letter written by Professor Blackie—"Let him take care not

to be lifted off his feet by too much wing. However high a ladder one may pile to reach to Heaven, as Richter says, the steps must rest upon the earth. Let him study, in the first place, to live a steady, sober, pure, healthy, lofty, and noble life, and then the poetry will shift for itself. Poetry is a poor affair if it does not mean wisdom. Genius without sense, as in Ruskin, or without control, as in Burns and Byron, is only a brilliant blunder—a sort of intellectual intoxication, which elevates for the hour, but issues in permanent degradation. I shall watch the progress of the Banffshire bard with great interest." After the opinion of the authorities already quoted, we do not require to add much of a critical nature. Lewis Grant, we consider, is gifted with remarkable powers of imagination, and he has considerable mastery of metrical forms. What is wonderful in one so young is the fact that he is able to see and read the common secret of life, and has power to give expression in fitting words to poetic emotion and thought. To an already highly cultivated taste he adds the qualification, indispensable to a true poet, of being able to interpret the teachings of nature. But while he writes clearly and effectively in his shorter pieces, it is evident that he possesses many of those characteristics that make a dramatic poet. Most of his pieces are dramatically conceived, and while his imagination is rich, and he brings up distinct and vivid impressions, his verse is always subdued and finely tempered.

A DEW-DROP ON A ROSE.

A calm came o'er my spirit as I dreamed
  Within a city of the flowers whose bright
Streets, with the flush of even gilded, seemed
  All gold like heaven's. Meanwhile the mellow light
  Faded, and earth in the sun's fringes dight

Was, as she whilom was, a Paradise ;
She breathed so sweet, so gentle, like the flight
Of angels' wings—'twas hard to realise
That earth was one rent heart and every breeze her sighs !

As evening waned a white rose did appear,
Viewing the dying glory of her gleams,
Bowed as if in sorrow, and a tear
Had fallen upon its breast. And the light beams
That flitted ere they fled, like happy dreams,
Smiled a sweet smile that tinted o'er the drop
Hues like a rainbow laughing through the streams
That dim the sky, or sunbeam on the top
Of a white hill that stands like grief begilt with hope.

If angel can shed tears, to me it seemed
Some eye angelic gave the flower to wear
Its small kaleidoscope that bore a dimmed
Picture of something heavenly, or a tear
Wiped from the eye of some worn wanderer
New entered there ; or seraph watering flowers
From the Life-River, like our Avon clear,
Save for inverted pictures of green bowers,
Let fall, in love, one drop into this world of ours.

Or it might be old Father Time, who now
His children's sorrows claspèd in his breast,
Wearied, his locks all snowy, and his brow
Furrowed like a ploughed field, sate down to rest
Awhile, but not to sleep, and from the west
Glancing his eye, dark-circled, o'er their woes,
Would shed one tear, but his tear that expressed
Six thousand years' hearts bleeding would have chose
Some other spot than the pure breast of that white rose.

He would have shed it on the wailing deep,
That to my eyes, and other eyes than mine,
Seems one great salt tear wept o'er those who sleep
'Neath their damp cover, where the cold weeds twine
Their arms around the bosom that "lang syne"
Was locked in arms more loving ; or he would,
Still mourning pensive o'er man's last decline,
Have wept it in the churchyard's solitude,
Where worm and coffined clay are blent in brotherhood.

All ocean has been wept through human eyes
Since exiled man first sought his desert home—
In tears that floated pleadings to the skies,
And mourned the loss of many an Absalom,
And they have watered verdure o'er the tomb,

Kept weeping willows fresh ; and in them swam
The grief they could not drown ; and sorrow's gloom
Remained, when grief was settled to a calm,
And marble cheeks proclaimed what tears did once embalm.

Ye tell me woman's softer eye alone,
Or craven's timorous eye is made for weeping
What circles round all eyes. O heart of stone !
No eye like *thine* was wept o'er Lazarus sleeping !
O Salem ! from thy hills I see Him keeping
His tearful gaze upon thee, as a mother
Bends o'er her only child when death is reaping
Her field, and leaves her poor—without another.
Thy God was weeping there, yet scarce ye deemed Him Brother.

When the star glanceless seems a dim-eyed planet,
Whose ray is fixèd like a star in weeds
Of woe—then let it hide from hearts of granite
Polished, perchance, but granite never bleeds,
Nor feels, nor softens, and whatever pleads
A fellow-sigh is answered by—their sneer.
Tears quench the flame of grief, and weeping needs
Expression, not repression, till some dear
Sun of a face, or Time, evaporate the tear.

I leave thy ocean, human eye, for now
Calmed is the sea that floats about my own,
And the sea strand is dry—I know not how ;
Still, even yet, in some sad hour, alone,
A wave breaks o'er, for in me there is sown
Something whose fruit is tears, whose leaf is sighs ;
And grief would sit, all dark and gloomy, on
The parchèd shore—the fringes of the eyes—
Until the tide of tears should swamp him in its rise.

And thou, where weeping sits as on a throne,
White foam upon the airy sea ! white snow !
White emblem of white purity, whereon
A tear descends to make it still more so !
I love thy hue, and loved it long ago.
I love the small white summer sails that float
Upon the blue above, and the blue below—
Below, where white-winged skims the sea's toy boat ;
Above, the wings, perchance, of angels and high thong

I almost love the snow ; yet love I more
The early snowdrop—she is Flora's spy !
Dear little gems ! like white studs studding o'er
The shirt of earth ! when other flow'rets lie
In wintry beds—but I, and where am I ?

Listless and undefined my wanderings ;
'Tis time my soul and I bear company,
Or I, the soul, in clay recage my wings—
I know not which am I—yet they are different things.

Sweet flower ! I know not whence has fallen that drop,
Pure as the blue of skies o'er Italy,
Or the air that flows along Ben Rinne's top ;
But as thy image lingers on my eye
I feel a rising of reality
Of something like that dew-drop, but less pure ;
They say the rose speaks love ; if Love could fly
From earth, I'd send this symbol to allure
Him back to earth anew, but Love will much endure.

Like mates with like ; and few men's hearts are white,
And mine is not ; yet from thy purity,
Methought the soul's dark blended with the light ;
Still every breathing deepened to a sigh
To think the sweetness of the rose may die,
Not in the arms of zephyrs, but the blast ;
At last 'twould die ; and I—and what am I ?
Am I not hastening to the like at last ?
Something mysterious, dark, yet brighter than the past ?

AUTUMN GLOAMING.

The Autumn day is ended,
The Autumn sun is set ;
And daylight, lingering where he left,
Beseechingly pleads—" Not yet."

But gradually it fades away,
As the light in the eyes of one
Who left the earth in her youthful day
For the sunlight of the Son.

From that deep blue of Heaven
Appearing stars look o'er
The face of earth, and bear us smiles
From the loved ones gone before.

'Tis good to have some friends in Heaven,
For it draws us to the skies ;
'Tis pleasant to see in the stars at even
The glance of their tearless eyes.

And when all things are resting,
And the darkling eve grows cold,

'Tis pleasant to sweeten the sighs of wind
To the music of harps of gold!

I see the sheen of silver light
Along the river dying;
And, like the mulberry trees of old,
Afar off pines are sighing.

Sweet flowers have closed their eyelids,
Nature is hushed in rest,
But golden light is streaming through
Her windows of the west.

Could I unfold what sunsets tell,
That touch the human mind,
Like the lingering swell of a dying bell,
They leave their trace behind.

The sky of life is darkened
Like autumn-evening skies,
But the glory of its setting sun
Will calm Hope's eager eyes.

Her eyes shall light the dark of night
As stars that thin the gloom,
And, arm-in-arm with Faith, disarm
The terrors of the tomb.

THE OCEAN SHELL.

Unto the day and all its load, farewell!
Save to the memory of its joy and care,
Wherein, like ocean in the ocean shell,
We hear once more the voice of things that were.
But these, farewell! Let strains of that wild air
That trembles o'er God's instrument, the sea,
Whose waves are keys that from His fingers bear
Their music, soothe the night, even as they be
In the ocean shell condensed to murmuring melody.

Faintly the music whispers in the ear,
Faintly, as faintly, o'er a new-filled tomb
Dim lights at eve to some keen eyes appear,
Whose orbs their souls mysteriously illume.
It whispers calm to weary souls, to whom
It speaks not of a joy long past, but blends
Its "sound symphonious" sweetly with their gloom—
"Give me sad music; your light strain offends
The shades or voices lingering round of parted friends."

There is a deep tone in the hollow breast,
Low sighing zephyrous fills the reft hearts rent ;
In the dim cave weird echoes lie at rest,
Till, to our voice responding, they have vent ;
And in the hollow shell is murmur pent,
Like to those other sounds of gloom which dwell
In what were emptiness save for sadness blent—
'Tis thus we fill the vacuum with a knell
When friends in their dear stead have left their last farewell.

And I have known of wearied ones to whom
The sounds of joy by long estrangement made
The past float forward on their tears ; in gloom
They lived retiredly, even as in the shade
Travellers would walk the sunshine to evade.
Symbolled I saw them in an icicle
That hid below the eaves, all wan and staid,
Wasting in tears in sunshine, calm in chill—
Their loved and lost had left their place alone to fill.

And yet it needs not knells to fill their places,
Nor freshening with our tears their ivied bowers—
It clouds the expression parted from their faces
For the last time to view the cloud on ours.
Are there not tenderer times, when in the hours
Of night, awake, we hear their words again,
Coming like odours from our withered flowers,
Not as their forms as yet returned to men,
But the echoes lingering still?—we feel no vacuum then.

Like the far ocean slumbering in this shell,
Like in the ear the tune of some sweet song,
They dwell around—these accents of farewell—
As if entwined the curtain folds among ;
And some have died, belovèd ones and young,
Where waves have danced wild dirges o'er their tomb,
But not from them the waters bore along
The moan that filled this shell—they met their doom
With lips firm lockt in calm, as one might die at home.

They had loved the ocean, though his bed be graves,
And evermore his breast heaves sighingly,
And, ever freed from all things save the waves,
Are, souls aspiring, rising to the sky.
They left their own mortality to lie
In caves' dark rooms, or on some distant shore ;
Wherefore we could not with our outer eye
Dampen their resting place. The sea's loud roar,
Her lower melodious sighs, lament them evermore.

There is a dome above them, Ocean hight,
That is their monument unto all time,
And to its roof bright shades of stars of night
Descend to dance unto its muffled chime,
That knells the dead that rest in floors of slime;
Around their breasts wild waves their arms entwine,
And blend their wildness with the slow sublime,
And almost choke these shades, and thus combine
Wave-muffled shrieks, and sobs and sighs of hearts that pine.

THE GIFT OF AGONY.

I am waiting till the dawning of the blessèd day arise,
And my vigil is the awning from the drop that dims the eyes
Of the river flowing under, where the shades are wrenched asunder
From their clinging memories—evermore.

Long the night has dwelt around me, dark and weary as its woe,
And the kindly rest has found me ever, ever saying—"No,"
And the lamp but renders luminous all the fiends and all the gloominess
Of the hell that seems to haunt me—evermore.

I have thought of old Prometheus with a soul-intense desire,
And absorbinger than Lethe is, for the substance of his fire,
Noble fantasies to fashion, brightening their eyes with passion,
And to send them forth to war—evermore.

O, Prometheus! mighty Titan! wheresoever thou may be
Come my spirit to enlighten how the fire was stolen by thee!
I have fantasies all fashioned, waiting to be all-impassioned
With the theft of Mount Olympus—evermore.

Lo! the gloomy roof is cleaving, and a Shape is looming through,
And a voice of fire is heaving, noble as the Form I view—
"Mortal! what thou wouldst I gift thee freely. Mortal! I will lift thee
To the mountain where it dwells—evermore."

Then in hour of deepest coma Psyche with the spectre ranged,
While the cold, relinquished Soma for her changing state was changed—
For the eyes were fuller orbèd, as with sorrow all absorbèd,
And the lips were not for kisses—evermore.

To Olympus I was lifted, and Prometheus standing hoar—
"This the flame wherewith I gifted the cold clay I formed of yore,"
Said he, while my soul was glowing, inspiration through it flowing,
And a thrill of passion filled me—evermore.

Then said Psyche, earthward fleeing—"I will fill with heavenly fire
Many a pure and lofty being, trembling from the living lyre;"
But a voice was "Backward" saying, and the raptured soul, obeying,
To a happy earth returned—nevermore.

And a mountain, darkly looming, shivered icily before me,
And a vulture, blood-consuming, spread a blood-dropt shadow o'er me,
And a chain that clankt terrific sent a sickening and horrific
Awe throughout my shuddering heart—evermore.

Said Prometheus, the Titan—"Let the stolen fire be thine,
In thy bosom so to brighten all thy fantasies divine;
But the chain shall bind thee ever, and the vulture leave thee never,
Though they leave the fire unlessened—evermore.

Suddenly my soul grew heedless of the glaciered hill before,
And the clanking chain remedless, and the vulture's thirst for gore,
And the icicles that kist me, oft where warmer lips caressed me—
Titan! I can suffer ever, evermore!

MARION WALKER WOOD,

THE gifted wife of the Rev. James Wood, the accomplished author of "Stories from Greek Mythology," "The Strait Gate," editor of "Nuttall's Dictionary," and the translator of Barth's "Religions of India," is a daughter of the late Hector Gavin, Edinburgh, formerly of Croft-an-righ, now the property of the Crown and included in Holyrood Palace grounds. She is also a niece of the late William Walker, the celebrated picture engraver. Mrs Wood was born in 1831, and in addition to being the authoress of many striking poems, she wrote and published a little "In Memoriam" volume in graceful and tender

verse, on John Burn, M.D.—a much esteemed and skilful physician, to whom many owe much of what is best in them, and who was ever as regardful of the spiritual as of the bodily welfare of his patients.

Mrs Wood ascribes her love of poetry to the fact that all her early life was spent within the precincts of Holyrood, and among birds, trees, and flowers, and parks. Her favourite walks in summer were through the then King's Park, by St Anthony's Well, Duke's Walk, the Radical Road, and almost nightly to the summit of Arthur's Seat. Going up to town in the winter evenings from that then lonely spot, the moon and stars were her companions, with whom she made friends, and with whom she conversed. While yet young, her thoughts found utterance in verse from the mere force of the beauty of nature around her.

The old mansion house of Croft-an-righ, in which she was brought up, and which was formerly the residence of the Regent Murray, with its sculptured roofs so beautifully modelled, and its old quaint turrets, fed her imagination; while, in the grounds, the pear tree planted by Mary, Queen of Scots, and the ruins of Holyrood Chapel in its solitary and weird grandeur, so closely adjoining, told their own tales of the past. Surrounded, too, as she was at home by the finest collections of art, with the opportunity of frequently seeing the old paintings in the Palace, her youthful mind received only impressions of what was beautiful. At the same time the domestic atmosphere she breathed being that of the purest, her life was spent in a sort of fairyland altogether surpassingly beautiful, which left its indelible impress on her mind. It will thus be readily understood that her love of literature, poetry, and art has been fostered and matured during her wedded life.

Mrs Wood's poetical productions are numerous, and some of them have appeared in various newspapers

and periodicals, but she has not as yet published them in book form. They display true sympathy with animate and inanimate nature, a keen appreciation of the sweet and true, a musical flow, a pure and noble aim, and a tenderness and delicacy that in certain moods of mind and heart prove helpful in the spiritual life.

BABY.

Lovely little baby, moulded as of wax,
Long dark silken lashes, hair as soft as flax,

Like a deep fringe hanging down the chiselled face,
Making it a model of beauty and of grace !

Bashful little baby, cannot brook to see
Faces but of loved ones hovering near thee !

Darling little baby, arms around me pressed,
Lisping forth sweet accents, clinging to my breast !

Pattering little baby, ever here and there,
Always to the mother's heart, beautiful and fair !

This was my dear baby I fondly hoped to keep,
Pouring down upon her love both full and deep.

Now an angel baby is singing in the sky,
Now a baby's lisping is praising God on high.

Now a mother, stricken low, silently doth weep,
Praying God her heart and soul in His own grace to keep,

And give her faith and strength to see His love in all below,
Till in the fulness of His time she all His will shall know.

ALL THINGS PRAISE THEE.

The tiny rill that takes its rise in hill or mountain steep
Grows broader, deeper, as it flows to reach the mighty deep,
But from its cradle to its grave one song alone it sings—
The power and wisdom of that God from whom its being springs.

The boundless ocean drinks it in, and in the tempest's roar
Calls on the rocks and isles around their Maker to adore ;
Or in the calm of summer's tide, refulgent with the glow
Of heaven's light, it breathes His love in murmurs soft and low.

The mountain-peaks that pierce the air, and scan God's wonders high,
Receive the tones from zephyr's wings and waft them to the sky,
'Midst boom of mighty avalanche and glacier-torrent's strain,
Whilst dread volcanic fire and smoke send forth a wild refrain.

Till with their praise Heaven's gate resounds, and all the shining sphere
Re-echoes back the sacred chords in notes prolonged and clear,
That float through all ethereal space, while, 'mid the lightning's gleam
And thunder's crash, reverberates the anthem's glorious theme.

Then bursts the chant in solemn sounds, loud pealing o'er the earth,
That herbs, and trees, and flowers may tell the mystery of their birth;
Till, jubilant with sacred praise, the birds of every wing
Make forests, plains, and hills around with hallelujahs ring.

And beasts of every name and tribe, and life of every shore,
From every haunt their pure "Amen" in full response outpour;
Shall he who with God's breath is fired alone be made in vain,
For whom, to give him endless life, the Son of Man was slain?

Who in His image first was made, to whom all earth was given,
That he might live for praise of Him, the Lord of earth and heaven—
Shall he alone be mute and dumb, nor voice nor word make known
The wonders of his Maker's love, the glories of His throne?

THE GERM OF LOVING KINDNESS.

The germ of loving kindness to some may now seem rare,
The inward beauty of the soul a thing that is not there;
The strongest bonds of human love but rushes of the mere,
The sympathy of noble hearts not worth its smallest tear;
The age of noble manhood to them may seem long gone,
And purity of heart and life a theme of ancient song;
The faith by which our fathers lived, the path in which they trod,
Forgotten and forsaken been for Balaam's paltry god—
But right to wrong shall never yield its sceptre or its might,
Nor God of Truth lay down its sword in falsehood's deadly fight;
Though vice may shine and glitter, in its lacquered baubles decked,
O! virtue's reefs, of purest gold, its bark shall sure be wrecked—
For stronger is the force of right than all the strength of ill,
And caves of earth can thousands yield who work God's holy will;
And o'er the rolling, swelling waves of evil's murky tide
The ark of love, with its noble freight, in victory shall ride,

FIRST SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

I was sitting by the fire,
  And listening once again
To my infant's gentle prattling
  When a vision crossed my brain,

And held me with entrancing power
  Till day and night had fled,
And days and nights succeeding still
  Their course had o'er me sped.

'Twas only a cherub form
  That flitted across my sky,
Brightening it up for a moment,
  Then winging its flight on high.

Only a little fledgeling,
  A tiny mite of a thing,
All of a sudden that came to me,
  And nestled under my wing;

Making my pulses throb
  Alternate with hope and fear,
Lest only for a season
  Its dwelling might be here.

Only a lovely blossom,
  With dew-drops sparkling bright,
And shining all the purer
  As day waned into night.

. . . . .

Only a little grave
  In a quiet and sheltered spot,
And a voice in my ear—"Of such
  Is My kingdom; forbid them not."

Only a dream that has vanished,
  But left its hallowing power
To softly tone my brightest days,
  And tune my darkest hour.

THOMAS LAWRENCE WORK.

ACCORDING to a promise we made in our prefatory note in the Eleventh Series of this work, we will now devote considerable space to sketches of the career of a number of Scottish Australian poets, with selections from their writings. We would here merely refer our readers to the "note" itself, in which we give a bright list of names, showing how largely Australian literature has been recruited from Scotland, proving that, while the "Scot Abroad" readily takes root and flourishes in a foreign country, and while ever loyal to the land of his adoption, time in no way changes his tender memories of his native land. There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the character of the Scottish people. In all lands and climates their hearts are ever filled with tenderness when they think of "Auld Mither Scotland," and many of the following pieces show that our brethren in Australia have no desire to "quat their grup" of the couthie Doric—the language of Burns and of Tannahill. In grateful acknowledgment of our indebtedness to a gifted poet and patriotic Scotchman residing in Melbourne—Mr T. L. Work—who, with unwearied effort, has gathered and placed at our disposal much valuable information, we give him the place of honour.

Thomas Lawrence Work was born at Aberdeen in 1838. His parents were natives of the Shetland Isles—his father, Jeremiah Work, a seaman, belonging to Whalsay, and his mother, Marion Moffat, to Lerwick. She is still alive—1889—in her 87th year, and living with her son. His grandfather on the maternal side, John Moffat, was celebrated in those remote islands as a violinist and composer of dance music—one of his tunes, "Moffat's Rant," still attesting his

skill as a musician. The poet's father experienced some striking vicissitudes of fortune during his lifetime. At the beginning of the century, when a boy serving his apprenticeship on board a Newcastle collier, the vessel was captured by a French privateer, and the crew made prisoners of war. Jeremiah Work was imprisoned for over nine years in different fortresses in France, but principally at Arras and Valenciennes. He was educated, along with other lads, by British prisoners, and obtained a superior education by this means, including a thorough knowledge of French and navigation. During his captivity at Valenciennes he acquired the trade of bookbinding; for the conscription including all males from 16 to 60 years, tradesmen were glad to get the prisoners to assist them during the day, but they had to return to their prison quarters at night. He frequently saw the great Napoleon, and Marshals Ney and Soult, and witnessed many fearful scenes of prisoners being publicly shot for attempting to escape and for assaulting the soldiery. On the abdication of Napoleon to Elba, the prisoners were marched back through France to the northern maritime ports, and shipped to England. They received the kindest treatment from the French peasantry, and Mr Work's father used to contrast rather forcibly the reception he got in England after his long imprisonment. When landed in Dover, a man expressed great sympathy for the friendless sailor, and invited him to drink. Overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep in the tavern, and when he awoke found that he had been robbed of his money and everything of value he possessed by the hypocritical scoundrel who had commiserated his forlorn appearance. In this wretched plight he had to walk all the way to London, and beg for assistance, which was frequently refused him. On reaching the Metropolis, and making enquiries, he was informed that there was a Shetland

brig in the river. Interviewing the captain, he earnestly requested permission to work his passage home to Shetland. The captain inquired his name and nativity, and, on being told, became strangely agitated. He hurried Jeremiah down to the cabin, and, convulsively embracing him, announced that he was his elder brother, Lawrence Work, whom he had not seen for ten years.

Somewhat late in life Jeremiah Work married and settled down at Aberdeen. His youngest child, the subject of our notice, received an ordinary school education, and was apprenticed to the printing business, to Mr William Bennett, the printer to the Spalding Club. During his boyhood, Thomas had the kindly counsel and aid of Dr Longmuir, the able and accomplished minister of Mariners' Church. After finishing his apprenticeship, Mr Work removed to Edinburgh, and was employed in a book office and also on the *Scotsman* newspaper. During his residence in "Auld Reekie," he thoroughly explored its olden precincts and the places of interest in its vicinity. Mr Work thereafter went to the north of England for several years, but, having an ardent desire for a rambling pedestrian tour, he indulged in long excursions over Scotland and Ireland, visiting every place of historic interest. When in Dublin he was engaged by a German friend for service on the Tauchnitz press in Leipsic, and was on the eve of departure when he got intimation of his father's serious illness. He broke his engagement and returned home. On the death of his father it was resolved upon to emigrate to Melbourne, where his sister had been settled for several years. Along with his mother, he sailed from London, and, after a tedious passage of 146 days, arrived in Melbourne on the 1st of January, 1864. His first employment was on a daily newspaper, but eventually he got the management of a bi-weekly paper in a gold-mining

district. He returned to Melbourne, and obtained employment in the Government Printing Office, in which he still remains.

The subject of our sketch is well known to the public and to his "craft" as a facile writer of prose, as well as a vigorous poet. With other printers he ventured on publishing a collection of tales, essays, and poetry in 1885, entitled "The Australasian Printers' Keepsake," three-fourths of the book being contributed by Mr Work. One of his sketches—"Caxton's Novitiate at Bruges"—has been justly admired for its skilful handling, antiquarian knowledge, and delineation of character. He has also ready for the press a "Necrological Register" of printers and journalists who have died in the Colonies from 1850 to the present date. Mr Work has written a number of strikingly realistic metrical sketches of Scottish life and character. He also is very successful in the ballad vein—his ballads being marked by much tenderness and pathos, while his reflective and shorter pieces are ever felicitous in expression and thought.

FINLAY MACBAIN.

Finlay Machain was a maisterfu' chiel ;
His arms were like aiks, his wrists like the steel,
He was buirdly an' stark, wi' a martial mien,
E'en Oscar himsel' had nae better, I ween ;
For a fringe o' red whisker emblazoned his face,
And he strode up an' doon wi' a champion's grace ;
To 'list him the auld Hielan' sergeant was fain,
But his fleechin' was tint upo' Finlay Macbain.

Our Finlay had nae great regaird for the Kirk,
As it flyted an' frowned on his ploys in the mirk ;
Him the minister piously doomed to the Deil—
For the saunts o' his parish were wud in their zeal ;
When a neebor or crony wad daur to exhort,
He leugh, an' replied wi' a sneer or a snort ;
The Clerk an' his elders he held in disdain—
"They're sic taiglesome bodies !" quo' Finlay Macbain.

But to play on the bagpipes delighted him weel,
Or swackly to flisk thro' a daft foursome reel ;
Tho' the lads didna like him, they aye made a lane
When caperin' amang them cam' Finlay Macbain—
For, drest in his tartans, wi' sporran' an' plaid,
His straucht limbs ungall'd by the shackles o' trade,
Nae wonder the women (a clamorous train)
Aye hung in a bourach roun' Finlay Macbain.

Then Finlay, when tired o' the toon an' its blare,
Gaed awa' to the hills for a waucht o' fresh air.
He leister'd the grilse at the mid hour o' nicht,
An' fleggit the kelpie wi' bleezin' torch-licht ;
Mawkins he snared, an' shot deer in the cleuch
(Tho' ven'son was scrimpie, he aye had eneuch ;
An' the ptarmigan, pait'rick, an' bonnie muir-hen
Were sib to the table o' Finlay Macbain.

But his boonmaist desire was a piper to be,
An' he kittled the pipes in sae furich a key
That frae Dingwall to Dysart, frae Dunse to Dunblane,
Maist pipers gat wittance o' Finlay Macbain ;
An' aye when wi' Finlay the pipers wad turn,
The whisky ran plunk-plunkin' oot like a burn ;
Tho' he birled i' the clachan for weeks, it was plain
They ne'er socht the lawin' frae Finlay Macbain.

For Finlay had started to profit himsel'
In a far-awa' corrie, a cantie bit stell ;
The publican hecht him the necessar' grain,
To be niffer'd for "peat-reek" frae Finlay Macbain.
Then hunters, an' pipers, an' ramplors, an' a',
Till his shielin' sae bien' wad at orra times ca' ;
Wi' a bicker in hand he wad rule like a thane,
For a desperate deevil was Finlay Macbain.

But the gaugers an' sodgers cam' after him there,
An' tracked the bauld smuggler at last in his lair.
He was lyin' asleep in the heat o' the day,
Yet he sprang to his feet like a lion at bay,
An' he dang oot the harns o' twa gaugers gey fast,
Till, clean overpower'd, he was grippit at last.
He was tried, an' said Braxfield*, wi' ominous grane—
"We'll rax oot yer neck for ye, Finlay Macbain !"

* Of that most eccentric judge, Lord Braxfield, it is related that ere he passed sentence of death upon a prisoner who had energetically defended himself, he remarked—"Man, ye're a gey clever chield, an' aiblins ye ken sae yersel' ; but, for a' that, ye'll be nane the waur o' a hangin' !"

Sae Finlay was panged in a dungeon sae drear,
Yet the jailer was kind to the brave mountaineer;
Quo' he, "*Honest* lad! mind, whate'er ye micht want,
Save your liberty only, I'll readily grant."
Cried the captive—"What's a yer sma' comfort to me
When matched wi' the freedom ye canna weel gie?
Yet, gin my bonaillie ye'd help to obtain,
Wyse my auld frien's, the pipers, to Finlay Macbain."

'Twas done, an' the pipers convened far an' near
On the nicht ere the hangin' to meet wi' their fier;
Ilka man o' them oxter'd his pipes on the sly,
Wi' a pickle o' sneeshin' an' whisky forbye;
An' blythe was the welcome, an' byous the ban
Upo' gaugers an' gangrels—an ill-deedie clan;
For what were twa Sassenach sumphs fairly slain
Compared wi' a gallant like Finlay Macbain?

Then they snuffed an' they sampled the strong mountain dew,
An' syne at their chanters they birsed an' they blew;
They screeded aff marches, an' strathspeys, an' reels,
Pibrochs and ports, in gilravagin' squeals;
Then in dancin', advancin', indulged a' the corps,
Still rougher an' gruffer becam' the uproar,
Yet, far aboon shouts or the pipes' fiery strain,
Was heard the wild "hoogh" o' young Finlay Macbain.

Puir chiel! while he pranced in his wee prison hole,
The thocht o' the mornin' flash'd full on his soul;
He dementedly skirled, an' fell flat to the ground;
Disjaskit, the pipers foregathered around,
Till their music had dwined to an anterin' drone—
"Ochone!" Finlay wail'd, in an agonized tone,
"Gin it wasna this wearifu' hangin', ye see,
The happiest nicht o' my life this wad be!"

THE MANAGING MOTHER.

Materfamilias loquitur:

Weel, Peter, sae you're here again?
An' welcome aye—ye ken it's true!
You've come sae aften till oor hoose
That I maun speak a word wi' you.
You've cracked wi' my guidman on craps,
On foreign news, an' a' sic like,
An' bummed aboot—a vagrant bee,
Disposed to join our humble byke.

I've kent your worthy mither lang—
We've neebors been for mony a year;
But, losh! I'm no' sae daft as think
That frien'ship only brings you here.
Na, na! on nichts sae weet as this
It's by the chimley-cheek you'd bide—
I think our Meg's the sweet bit star
That lures ye till our ingle-side!

Heich-howe! ye needna glower sae hard,
Nor blush wi' sic a fiery glow;
The truth's aye best the warld ower,
An' we've jaloused it long ago.
Ye micht dae waur than come this gate,
For, oh! she loves but you alane;
Then dinna trifle wi' the heart
That's faithfully an' freely gi'en.

Our Meg's nae useless tawpie, mind!
She's guid wi' me, an' guid wi' a';
She'll mak' a sark wi' ony ane,
Syne wash' an' dress it like the snaw.
She snods the house baith butt an' ben,
An' lays the dinner nicely doon;
An' better parritch than oor Meg's
Ye winna get in a' the toon.

Altho' I say't that shouldna say't,
She'll mak' an eident sonsy wife,
An' sair I'll miss the lass, I fear,
E'en tho' I am wi' dochters rife.
An', oh! be kindly wi' her lad!
I ken ye will—I'll say nae mair;
But, trustin' in your manliness,
I leave my lassie till your care.

Meg's ben the hoose—puir tremblin' thing!
I ken she's unco fain to see you;
My blessin', Peter, on ye baith!
Gae briskly ben, an' Gude be wi' you!
An' recollect, *you've our consent*—
What better news could sweetheart hae?
Sae set your heads thegither there,
An' settle soon the bridal day!

MATERNAL LAMENT.

My he'rt is sair, my he'rt is sair,
My he'rt is sair, an' aye maun be—
Yestreen I had three manly sons,
Now ne'er a ane is left to me.

They kiss'd me ere they gaed awa',
  They gently kissed me ane by ane ;
Some bodin' voice wailed a' the time—
  " You'll never see your sons again !"
    My he'rt is sair, my he'rt is sair,
      A waefu' weird I've had to dree—
    Yestreen I had three manly sons,
      Now ne'er a ane is left to me.

They gaed to redd our country's wrangs,
  Frae foreign faes our land to free ;
My verra soul was twined in theirs,
  An' noo my sons nae mair I'll see.
Oh ! dool be on sic time o' weirs !
  The fierce invaders won the day ;
My gallant lads wad never yield—
  Their life's bluid ran adoon the clay !
    My he'rt is sair, my he'rt is sair,
      As ony mither's he'rt can be—
    Yestreen I had three stalwart sons,
      Now ne'er a ane is left to me.

My brave first-born, sae frank an' fair,
  His buried sire he seemed to me ;
An' Kenneth, wi' the lang brown hair,
  An' Ninian, wi' his laughin' e'e—
I'll never, never see them mair,
  Nor listen to their sangs an' glee ;
Nae mair I'll hap them warm at nicht,
  Nor pray wi' them on bended knee.
    My he'rt is sair, my he'rt is sair,
      My he'rt is sair, an' aye maun be ;
    Oh, God ! in mercy end my care,
      An' kindly lay me wi' the three.

OUR COUNTRY'S SANGS.

Our country's sangs ! What Scottish heart
But loups wi' glad, impassioned start,
An' dirls to its inmost part,
  At mention o' their names ?
Oh ! magic lilts o' lang ago,
Pregnant wi' feeling's fervid flow,
Ye keep alive the bardic glow
  In Caledonian hames.

The sangs that shed a hallow'd hue
On common things—the loom, the plew—
That kiss the draps frae Labour's broo,
  And hanker in the mind ;

That glad the thoughtless and the sage,
Relax the frenzied hands o' rage—
That cheer the graveward-track o' Age—
The sangs that sway mankind.

Unkent their source, unkent the time
When first they jinkit thro' our clime—
The melody an' hamely rhyme
We cherish noo wi' pride.
Oh ! seems na it that some slee wight
Had overheard the music bright
At fairy ploys, in clear moonlight,
An' spread it far an' wide?

Hark to yon maiden's simple strain !
She weaves a waefu' tale o' pain,
O' sailor sunk beneath the main—
His lonely trothplight's fears.
Sae piteous plaint an' deep distress
The eerie tune can weel express,
That e'en the verra sangster's face
Is wet wi' sudden tears.

Some neebor tries a blyther key—
Mirth waukens in the dooncast e'e ;
Swift as a glance gaes welcome glee
To ilka heavin' breast.
The sang—a pawky rant o' yore—
Ends amang smiles an' kindlin' roar ;
The callants spang athort the floor,
An' dance wi' Hielan' haste.

But ah ! how thrilin' to the ear
O' him who then may chance to hear,
Self-banished in another sphere,
His native lays once more.
Slowly unto his mental gaze
Uprises Scotland's burns an' braes—
The thackit house o' early days –
His mither at the door.

Oh, ye who claim to guide the soul,
An' keep it under due control—
Who fortify it weel to thole
The test o' comin' years !
A *wee bit sang's* a shaft o' flame
Will penetrate your buttress'd frame,
Confound your wisdom into shame,
An' melt ye into tears.

GEORGE GORDON M'CRAE

IS perhaps the ablest and most distinguished of all the Scottish poets in Australia. He was born at Anchorfield, near Leith, in 1833. His father, Andrew Murison M'Crae, was representative of an old Ross-shire sept, and his mother was related to the ducal family of Gordon. Mr Andrew M'Crae was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and, on the formation of the Colony of Victoria, emigrated there about 1839, along with his brother, Dr Farquhar M'Crae, an army surgeon, at one time attached to the Inniskilling Dragoons. Mrs M'Crae, with the family, did not arrive in the colony until 1841, when they took up their residence at Arthur Seat, near Port Phillip's Head. Mr A. M. M'Crae (who died at Hawthorn, near Melbourne, in his 87th year) was appointed a police magistrate at Kilmore, some thirty miles distance from Melbourne, and he is still remembered as an able and energetic Scotchman.

George M'Crae was only eight years old when he left Scotland. He was educated in Melbourne, but his alternate residence at Arthur Seat and Kilmore made him a keen observer of aboriginal life in the early days of the colony, as well as of the distinctive characteristics of the Australian bush scenery and the wild denizens therein. Mr M'Crae obtained a clerkship in the Patents Office, Melbourne, in January, 1854, which he still retains. He visited Britain in 1864-65, and made a tour on the Continent, particularly in France, where he was instrumental in rediscovering the heart of Richard I., which had been deposited originally in a vase of silver in the church of Notre Dame, at Rouen, in Normandy, but the silver reliquary was afterwards sold to assist in defraying the ransom of St Louis, and the heart transferred

to an urn of stone. He published in 1865, when in London, his first poetical venture—"Two Old Men's Tales of Love and War." In 1867 Mr M'Crae, who had been regularly contributing to Melbourne publications, made his first bid for popular favour by publishing two poems on aboriginal themes—"Balladeädro," and "Mämba, the Bright-eyed." The story of "Mämba" is well told, and, as Mr M'Crae in the poem avers, it is—

> "A memory, in a narrow span,
> Of days long dead—too bright to last;
> A shadow of primeval man,
> A footfall echo of the past.'

None but a thorough adept in aboriginal customs, and an accurate observer of Australian fauna and scenery, could have written "Mämba." It holds a position equivalent to Longfellow's "Hiawatha," inasmuch as it conserves the manners and traditions of a race swiftly disappearing before the powerful pale-faces. In a prefatory note to "Mämba," Mr M'Crae stated that it was his intention to bring out a mythological tradition of the aborigines, the grandest and most startling which they possessed; but want of encouragement has delayed the publication of "The Legend of Karakorok." When it is borne in mind that Mr M'Crae has related these aboriginal stories in graceful verse, it seems a strange omission on the part of Stephen Thomson, who recently wrote in a London magazine concerning colonial literature, to make no allusion to them, inasmuch as they are peculiarly Australian in character and treatment.

During the Franco-Prussian war Mr M'Crae wrote a number of striking poems, amongst them being "Bismarck's Broken Vase," and the "Story of Bazeilles"—a pathetic incident of that dreadful struggle, and sufficient of itself to stamp Mr M'Crae as a true poet. But the ablest and most finished work of his

muse was published in 1873, and in it the influence of his French tour can be clearly traced. It is a poetical romance, in four books, entitled "The Man in the Iron Mask." The poet is a stedfast believer in the theory that the unfortunate French prisoner was the twin brother of Louis XIV. The four books are devoted to "The Mask's" successive imprisonments at Pignevol, Esiglie, St Marguerite (near Cannes), and the Bastille. There are many grand passages throughout the poem, the interview of the King with the gaoler St Mars, after the death of "The Mask," when the head is produced before him, being a splendid piece of descriptive verse, indicative of a master mind. Scattered throughout the romance are many lyrics and pieces of fragmentary verse. One of these, "Morning at Sea in the Tropics," was included by the great American poet, Longfellow, in his "Poems of Places." It was well worthy of that honour, as it truthfully depicted what every voyager who has crossed the equinoctial line will acknowledge—the wondrous beauty and almost imperceptible change of colours in tropical sunrises and sunsets as seen at sea. "The Man in the Iron Mask" has been translated into French by a literary abbé in the south of France, and was published at Paris in 1888.

Mr M'Crae is preparing for the press a volume on Seychelles, which will principally be a record of his own travels there. It will be entitled "Seychelles from its Discovery by Vasco de Gama to the Present Day." Another of his unpublished works is "Early Melbourne," a thesis which ought to be both congenial and familiar to him.

Mr M'Crae enjoyed the literary friendship of William Howitt, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Henry Clarence Kendall, and other distinguished men. He is unquestionably the ablest and aptest Scottish writer of the Southern Hemisphere, and being a compara-

tively young man, much excellent literary workmanship may yet be expected of him.

THE STORY OF BAZEILLES.

A silent day among the hills,
  Where winding paths of dust and glare
Burn, half-deserted; and the mills,
With languid sails the breeze scarce fills,
  Turn pausingly in air.
The flocks are folded, though the day
  Stares on the daisied meadowland,
The fields of standing corn and hay,
The garden-plots with roses gay,
  The valley's burning sand.
Beneath the oak's broad chequered shade
  The heat-vexed kine untended lie
'Mid the sere fallen leaves that fade,
  Or, swooning, droop, and reel and die.
While silent every peasant cot
  Within the village cluster stands,
It seems as if the foe were not
Advancing on the doomed spot
  In overwhelming bands.

. . . .

Yet, on we strode; our hurtling shells,
  Grim heralds of ourselves and Death,
Scorched up the verdure on thy fells,
The vines upon thy brow, Bazeilles!
  With fiery, sulphurous breath,
On! with a steady, martial tread,
  Thro' crushed and wasted fields of corn,
Where here and there a man lies dead
'Mid his ungathered "daily bread"
  In acres yet unshorn.
And now the village burns amain,
  While the artillery bolts of levin
Burst o'er the church, again—again,
And bathe the streets in fiery rain,
  The spire that points to Heaven.
Now, midway in the quaint old street,
The Frenchman's war-drum wildly beat
To arms!—The youth sprang to their feet,
Age hobbled from the window seat;
  To arms! while bells were pealing.
They shot our men from window-ledge,
From loop-hole shelter through the hedge
  They sent our comrades reeling;
And, dashing on our serried line,

These peasant trainers of the vine,
With shouts and curses fell.
They wildly fired, we sternly charged,
With slaughter we were sick—ah ! well,
The gaps in their mad ranks enlarged,
The number slain we cannot tell ;
But, mark !—the deed was none of ours,
The blame, the misery was theirs,
To dare God's instrumental pow'rs
In William's army ! They were ours
Body and soul, I ween !
Why, then, resist the right, the might ?
Why arm them for a lawless fight
That never need have been ?
Their dead choked up the narrow road,
While here and there a cripple strode
With blood-shot eyes and tempels bound,
To dare us . . and to die !
And once again beneath the eaves
Of what had been a cabaret
We harvested some deathly sheaves ;
Young men and maids, whose skirts and sleeves
Were dyed with life-blood gay ;
Then, lying in a cool green lane,
We found a lad that bled tow'rd death—
We tried to staunch the crimson rain,
He tore away the bandage vain,
Raised up his handsome face again.
And cursed us with his breath !
And so with one, with all, the same—
They could not feel their souls were ours ;
Their houses food for German flame
That surely shrivels and devours.
No gratitude nor love they knew !
They called upon their own in vain,
Their brethren and their sisters slain ;
And some, with fix'd and upturn'd eye,
Adjured a Father in the sky—
As if the God that rules the world,
And, Heav'n (whence Prussia's bolts are hurled !)
Cared for their bourgeoise !

. . . .

'Twas thus we spoke, in pride and haste,
When mingled blood ran rivers deep,
When thought and act each other chased,
And ere remorse had learned to weep.

. . . .

But one sad sight that met my eye
Half conquered my philosophy,
And made my Teuton nature feel
(Though I had deemed my heart of steel)

One common natural pang!
An aged woman, bronzed and tall,
With threatening brow, yet noble air,
Responding to our challenge call,
Rushed from her hut, with streaming hair,
And wild reproach that rang.
It rang in my hot ears that day,
Good Lord! 'tis ringing in them still!
As when she dared our armed array
To slay or work their will.
"A wife!—a mother see in me!
My husband, caitiffs! ye have slain,
My sons' twin corses stain the floor
With drops of blood and gouts of gore;
My brother bleeds among the corn—
I still survive, and yet I scorn
To yield to such as ye!

. . . . .

So shrieking, with a withering glare,
She raised a musket (levelled well)
Up to her shoulder, bruised and bare.
But still with that sad, noble air
No words can paint or tell—
"Fire!—or *I* fire—I die the last—
My hope, my love, my joy is past;
Slay!—or *I* slay." . . . *They* fired, and she
Reeled forwards in her agony.

. . . . .

Not gone!—ah, no! I raised the head
That drooped upon her bleeding breast,
Held her thin hand, and gave her drink,
And thought to soothe her into rest.
"Mother!" I murmured, soft and low
(Using her native tongue). . . She sighed,
Then smiled unutterable things—I know
She meant to bless me ere she died.

FUNERAL OF THE YEAR.

Toll! For the dead old year,
Prone on his starry bier,
Sullenly passes.
Strewn on his breast, dead hours
Like ghosts of wither'd flowers
In dreamy masses,
With doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Breathed in now deafen'd ears,
Heart-mocking blisses,
With transient smiles and tears,
And pain and all his peers,
Wan, worn-out kisses.

Breathe ! winds, that rise and fall,
And gently wave the pall
Whose cloud reposes
Calm on the Death-King's thrall
With faded roses—
That pall a midnight sky
Stern in its majesty,
Whose setting stars' pale rays
Stream downward through the haze
In silver tears,
Blurred to the weeper's gaze,
A pallid, fitful blaze,
Since grief crowns fears.

Toll ! He is passing on !
Roll Heaven's diapason
In mournful thunder,
And break the silent calm
With grandly swelling psalm—
Woe without wonder.

The gates are won—Fall back !
For centuries in the track
Are pressing on,
And ages of the past
Their dim eyes towards him cast,
Their hands extending.
Blow ! winds, the farewell blast !
For bier and year have pass'd,
Both space-wards wending.

Closed is the wondrous gate—
Closed by the hand of Fate
Within—the ages serried
Surround, mayhap, the bier
And pall of starry tear
Till both be buried ;
Buried to rise again
And live—spite spot and stain—
In History's pages.
A memory of pain
And joy—of born and slain,
And good and ill for ages.

MORNING AT SEA IN THE TROPICS.

Night waned and wasted, and the fading stars
Died out like lamps that long survived a feast,
And the moon, pale with watching, sank to rest
Behind the cloud-piled ramparts of the main.

Young, blooming morn, crowned with her bridal wreath,
Bent o'er her mirror clear, the faithful sea,
And, gazing on her loveliness therein,
Blushed to the brows, till every imaged charm
Flung roses on the bosom of the wave,
Then, glancing heavenward, both, they blush'd again,
As sprang the sun to claim his radiant bride;
And sea and sky seem'd but one rose of morn,
Which thenceforth grew in glory, and the world
Shot back her lesser light upon the day,
While night sped on to seek the sombre shades
That sleep in silent caves beyond the sea.
The day grew calmer, hotter, and our barque
Lay like a sleeping swan upon a lake,
And such soft airs as blew from off the land
Brought with them fragrant odours, and we felt
That orange groves lay blooming 'neath the sun
Which blazed so fiercely overhead at sea.
We heard, with fancy's ear, a distant bell;
And thro' the haze that simmer'd on the main
Pictured a purple shore—a convent tower,
And snowy cots, that from the dark hill-side
Peep'd forth 'tween plantain-patches at the sky,
Or smiled thro' groves of cocoas on the sea.
Meanwhile our ship slid on, with breathing sails
Fraught with the melody of murmur'd song,
Such as the zephyr chanted to the morn;
And showers of diamonds flashed before the prow,
While sternwards whirl'd, unstrung, pale beads of foam—
Pearls from the loosen'd chaplet of the sea.
'Mid these the flame-bright nautilus, that seem'd
Itself a flow'ret cast upon the stream,
Spread out its crimson sail, and drifted on.
Beyond, arose a cloud (as 'twere) of birds
That leapt from out the wave to meet the sun,
Flew a short circuit, till their wings grew dry,
And seaward fell in showers of silver rain.
'Mid these career'd the dolphin-squadrons swift,
With mail of changeful hue and Iris tints;
And floating slowly on, a sea-flower pass'd,
A living creature (none the less a flower),
That lives its life in love, and dies for joy,
Unmiss'd 'mid myriads in the sapphire sea.

THE ISLAND HAVEN.

(FROM "MAN IN THE IRON MASK.")

Months had we ploughed the wilderness of waves,
The sport of winds, poor plaything of the storm,
Our sides all rusted with sea salt—our sails
Fell from the yards in shreds—the ropes hung slack,

As landwards turned we, like an albatross
That feels the warning of an inward wound,
And seeks the shore in some secluded spot,
Where he may rest him on the sun-warm'd sand,
And with bright eye still fixed upon the sea,
Lie calm, and listen to the waves' sad song,
Bow down his head to sleep—or haply die.

The bay we entered was as sapphire clear,
Of purest water, like a liquid gem
Set in a frame of burning yellow sand,
That seemed as 'twere a broken quoit of gold;
And where the break was, there the entrance lay
Thro' which we drifted to our paradise.
Behind the golden belt—the riven quoit—
There stood a grove, whose leaves of glossy green
Weaved a cool canopy o'er greener turf,
Whereon bright hosts of tropic flowers reposed,
While far beyond, and stretching inland, rose
A forest weird and dense, whose loftier boughs
Gave sanctuary to the bright-plumed birds,
And shadow to the brutes that fear'd not man,
And coolness thro' the mid-day heat to all.

The sun from heaven sent kisses to the sea,
The strand, the grove, the sombre forest scene,
While the wave, dimpled with a dreamy smile,
Kissed tremblingly and glad the golden shore,
Which thereat smiled back all the love again
Upon the gentle Naiad in its arms;
And all the bright-eyed flowers glanced up to heaven,
And all the trees stretch'd down their mossy arms,
To touch the turf and bless the bloom thereon,
With loving, wond'rous, self-taught sympathy.

Meanwhile we anchor'd near the golden sands,
And feasted each and every one on joy,
And gazing on that scene with all our eyes,
Pass'd on unconsciously from noon to night,
When sudden burst upon our blissful minds
The stars sown broadcast on the fields of heaven,
The purpled hemisphere, whose silvery orbs
Beam'd love upon us in our new-found rest,
And kissed earth, air, and sea, till all was peace.
Then came the cricket's chirp, the night-bird's song,
The ripple on the soft, star-silver'd beach,
And music of the breeze amid the boughs,
Murmured once more, and soothed us all to sleep.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

WITH a magnificent territory, unencumbered with obstructions, with unrestrained freedom, and with balmy sunshine nearly all the year round, the young Australian takes instinctively to the saddle, and becomes as splendid a horseman as the world can produce. If any man has incited the love of equestrianism in our Southern Colonies, and imparted a poetic and even romantic tint to the rude generalities of remote station life, assuredly it was the late Adam Lindsay Gordon. The poet's career was a stirring and a stormy one, and it had a tragic termination. His personal history is involved in much obscurity, and he left behind but few indications whereby we might have augmented our knowledge of his antecedental history. The only one who has hitherto striven to pierce the mystery of Gordon's life is Mr Alexander Sutherland (of Scottish extraction, as his name sufficiently indicates), Principal of Carlton College, a private scholastic institution in Melbourne. Amongst his many contributions to Australian literature were a series of articles on "Eminent Australasians," which appeared in a monthly serial edited by Peter Mercer, D.D., and in the number for April, 1885, he supplied a biographical sketch and criticism of Gordon, which is the fullest account yet given of the poet—for the prefatory note to his poems, by the late Marcus Clarke, is very meagre. From that source, as well as from newspaper reports and private information, we have compiled the materials for this memoir.

Adam Lindsay Gordon was the son of an Aberdeenshire military officer, who had been in the East India Company's service for many years, and who, in failing health, returned to Britain, and was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Cheltenham Public

School. The poet was born in 1828, at the Azores Islands according to one account, but most probably in India. He was brought up in England, and educated under the care of his father. As he was intended for the army, he was sent to Woolwich to undergo the customary preparatory training, but he was thoughtless, and, being concerned in some betting transaction and disturbance, he was expelled. This was a great pity, as the military service lost a splendid soldier in Gordon. He was sent to Glasgow University, and visited his relations in Scotland. He also spent some time at Oxford University, but, instead of pursuing his studies, he was known as a dashing steeplechase rider, although he imbibed, in a desultory way, enough of the ancient classical literature to turn to good account in his poetry afterwards. His father, sorely grieved at some horse-betting escapade he was engaged in, sent the future poet out to South Australia in 1853, and he arrived at Adelaide when twenty-five years of age.

Gordon joined the police force of mounted troopers. There was a gold escort then between the Mount Alexander Diggings (in Victoria) and Adelaide, and the free life in the open air, campings-out in lonely places, and hunting after bush-rangers, suited his bold, innate love of adventure; but when the escort was abolished, and he had to attend to the odious routine of a policeman's duty in a rowdy town, his soul revolted at the change, and he longed for a release. The change came with the suddenness of an electric shock, for an arrogant sergeant of police having ordered Gordon to brush his boots, the indignant poet flung the boots at the head of his superior officer, and left the detested service. He then began business as a horsebreaker, and his feats of horsemanship became famous even in that equine country. One of his break-neck jumps on horseback near Gawler (a town

in South Australia) is shown to this day as "Gordon's Leap" A number of admirers have recently erected a monument near the spot in appreciation of his daring and of his celebrity as an Australian minstrel. He had a severe fall in mastering a vicious horse, and lay several weeks in a little inn in the hamlet of Robe, where he was assiduously waited on by a servant girl named Park. The grateful poet married the girl, and they lived very happily together. Gordon had one poetic peculiarity, which Mr Sutherland describes :— "When he had a holiday he would get down to the rocky coast, and from some high perch look out on the beautiful perspective of headland after headland melting among the clouds on the far horizon. After watching in absolute loneliness, as the changing day brought those fascinating changes, he would return home and steal away to bed, so that the spell of the day might softly merge in slumber rather than be rudely broken by the commonplace thoughts and topics of ordinary existence."

In 1864 the whole tenor of his life was altered by the news that reached him from the home country. His father had died in 1857, and his mother in 1860, but he knew nothing of it, as he had resolutely concealed his whereabouts, and never corresponded with his relatives. As £7000 had been bequeathed to him, the lawyers made inquiries. He was discovered, and received the money. He then purchased land and racehorses, and the people of the district elected him a member of the Legislature. He made several speeches, which Mr Sutherland characterises as "eccentric jumbles of Latin quotations and passages of fiery but ill-judged eloquence," which were utterly wasted upon the ovine and bovine legislators of that province. He did not seek re-election, and his land speculations proved unfortunate, so that he was obliged to mortgage them and leave the place. He ultimately bought

a livery stable business at Ballarat, but he was not qualified for the details of this drudgery; therefore, on receiving a sum of money from Britain, he paid off his debts, quitted the job, and went to reside in Melbourne. He began literary life, and published his first volume of verse—"Sea Spray and Smoke Drift"—in 1867, and in the same year "Ashtaroth," a dramatic poem. He went on a visit to a "brither Scot," Mr Riddoch, a squatter at Yallum, in South Australia, and it was while there that his best poems were written. Our poet returned to Melbourne, and took lodgings in a fisherman's house near Brighton Beach, ten miles distant, frequently walking in and out to Melbourne. Gordon trained horses for races, and occasionally rode them. At last news came that an estate in Scotland had been left to him by a relative, and on the strength of this windfall he borrowed £30 from a money-lender. His last and best publication—"Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes"—was being printed, when the mail brought intelligence that the estate (worth £2000 a year) could not be legally his. This was a disastrous blow to poor Gordon. He had to meet his £30 loan, and pay the printer, and was unable to do either. In despair he wandered about the streets of Melbourne, until he met another poet—the late Henry Clarence Kendall. Both bards were in straits, and it was as much as they could accomplish to have a drink and a talk together in a tavern. In this fateful colloquy Gordon divulged to his friend the failure of his hopes, and his determination to commit suicide. Kendall strongly dissuaded him, and urged him to bear up for the sake of his wife. Gordon said his wife would be provided for, and as all his children were dead, and his hopes crushed, he did not see the use of living. On the morning of the 24th June, 1870, he left his cottage, with his rifle in hand, for a saunter along the beach, and deliberately shot himself. From the posi-

tion in which his body was found, he must have seated himself on the ground, and placing the butt of the rifle firmly in the sand, between his feet, put the muzzle to his mouth, and with a forked twig touched the trigger and thus exploded the charge. Such was the melancholy close of the career of one much beloved in Australia. His "Bush Ballads" will preserve his memory green while our language lives, while many of his descriptive pieces are enough of themselves to give him a high name in poesy.

DEATH OF ACHILLES.

Am I waking? was I sleeping?
Dearest, are you watching yet?
Traces on your cheeks of weeping
Glitter, 'tis in vain you fret;
Drifting ever! drifting onward!
In the glass the bright sand runs
Steadily and slowly downward,
Hush'd are all the myrmidons.

Daylight fades and night must follow,
Low, where sea and sky combine,
Droops the orb of great Apollo,
Hostile god to me and mine.
Through the tent's wide entrance streaming,
In a flood of glory rare,
Glides the golden sunset, gleaming
On your golden, gleaming hair.

Many seek for peace and riches,
Length of days and life of ease;
I have sought for one thing, which is
Fairer unto me than these.
Often, too, I've heard the story,
In my boyhood, of the doom
Which the Fates assigned me—glory
Coupled with an early tomb.

Swift assault and sudden sally,
Underneath the Trojan wall;
Charge, and counter-charge, and rally,
War-cry loud and trumpet call;

Doubtful strain of desperate battle,
Cut and thrust and grapple fierce,
Swords that ring on shields that rattle,
Blades that gash, and darts that pierce.

I have done with these for ever,
By the loud resounding sea,
Where the reedy javelins quiver,
There is now no place for me.
Day by day our ranks diminish,
We are falling day by day,
But our sons the strife will finish,
Where man tarries man must slay.

Life, 'tis said, to all men sweet is,
Death to all must bitter be;
Wherefore thus, oh, mother Thetis?
None can baffle Jove's decree.
I am ready, I am willing,
To resign my stormy life,
Weary of this long blood-spilling,
Sated with this ceaseless strife.

Shorter doom I've pictured dimly,
On a bed of crimson sand,
Fighting hard and dying grimly,
Silent lips and striking hand;
But the toughest lives are brittle,
And the bravest and the best
Lightly fall—it matters little,
Now, I only long for rest.

Dry those violet orbs that glisten,
Darling, I have had my day,
Place your hand in mine, and listen,
Ere the strong soul cleaves its way
Through the death-mist hovering o'er me,
As the stout ship cleaves the wave,
To my fathers gone before me—
To the gods who love the brave!

Courage, we must part for certain,
Shades that sink and shades that rise,
Blending in a shroud-like curtain,
Gather o'er those weary eyes;
O'er the fields we used to roam, in
Brighter days and lighter cheer,
Gathers thus the quiet gloaming—
Now, I ween, the end is near.

For the hand that clasps your fingers,
  Closing in the death-grip tight,
Scarcely feels the warmth that lingers,
  Scarcely heeds the pressure light;
While the failing pulse that alters,
  Changing 'neath a death chill, damp,
Flickers, flutters, flags, and falters,
  Feebly, like a waning lamp.

Slowly, while your amber tresses
  Shower down their golden rain,
Let me drink those last caresses,
  Never to be felt again;
Yet the Elysian halls are spacious,
  Somewhere near me I may keep
Room—who knows?—the gods are gracious;
  Lay me lower—let me sleep!

Lower yet, my senses wander,
  And my spirit seems to roll
With the tide of swift Scamander,
  Rushing to a viewless goal.
In my ears, like distant washing
  Of the surf upon the shore,
Drones a murmur, faintly splashing,
  'Tis the sound of Charon's oar!

Lower yet, my own Briseis,
  Denser shadows veil the light;
Hush! what is to be, to be is,
  Close my eyes and say, "Good night."
Lightly lay your red lips, kissing,
  On this cold mouth, while your thumbs
Lie on these cold eye-lids pressing—
  Pallas! Thus thy soldier comes!

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE.

"Ay, squire," said old Stevens, "they back him at evens,
  The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her, Dick Neville is sweeter
  Than ever—he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
  But if he's a gent, who the mischief's a jock?
You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,
  He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
Been stripp'd for a trot within sight of the hounds—
A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,
And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest,
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward,
The light of their faces they show him his case is
Prejudged, and his verdict already secured.

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from the Drag;
You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,
Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

"And perhaps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up;
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool—and I think you may just win the Cup!"

Dark brown with tan muzzle, just stripp'd for the tussle,
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

"Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello!
Hold hard on the chestnut! Turn round on the Drag!
Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tartan!
So, steady there, easy,"—and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid,
Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound,
The crack, half extended, look'd bloodlike and splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of the last year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence (a wattle) floor'd Monk and Bluebottle,
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch;
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cocksparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall ;
And Giles on The Greyling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her, nor nursed her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we bored with a scramble—
My cap was knock'd off by a hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter ;
Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam,
Her flanks mud-bespattered, a weak rail she shattered—
We landed on turf with our heads turn'd for home.

Then crashed a low binder, and just close behind her
The sward to the strokes of "the favourite" shook ;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shorten'd her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her ; I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee—
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her,
The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running—discarding all cunning—
A length to the front went the rider in green ;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails, with a quickset between.

She raised at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit ;
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded
Brush'd lightly, our stirrups clash'd loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping—
The last—we diverged round the base of the hill ;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogg'd up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her,
And up to his girth, to his breast-plate she drew ;
A short prayer from Neville just reached me—"The Devil,"
He mutter'd ; lock'd level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard—
"The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurr'd.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges past her!"
"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!" "The Clown!"
The white railing races, with all the white faces—
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway, she strains in the straight way,
Still struggles—"The Clown by a short neck at most;"
He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Ay! so ends the tussle—I knew the tan muzzle
Was first, though the ringmen were yelling—"Dead heat!"
A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said—"The mare by
A short head." And that's how "the favourite" was beat.

THE RIDE FROM THE WRECK.

"Turn out boys!"—"What's up with our super to-night?
The man's mad; two hours to daybreak, I'd swear—
Stark mad! Why, there isn't a glimmer of light."
"Take Bolingbroke, Alec; give Jack the young mare;
Look sharp!—a large vessel lies jamm'd in the reef,
And many on board still, and some washed on shore.
Ride straight with the news—they may send some relief
From the township; and we—we can do little more.
You, Alec, you know the near cuts; you can cross
The 'Sugarloaf' ford with a scramble, I think.
Don't spare the blood filly, nor yet the black horse;
Should the wind rise, God help them! the ship will soon sink.
Old Peter's away down the paddock to drive
The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can—
A life and death matter; so, lads, look alive!"—
Half-dressed in the dark, to the stockyard we ran.

There was bridling with hurry, and saddling with haste,
Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon—
"Be quick with these buckles—we've no time to waste;"
"Mind the mare; she can use her hind legs to some tune:"
"Make sure of the crossing-place—strike the old track.
They've fenced off the new one. Look out for the holes
On the wombat hills." "Down with the slip-rails; stand back!"
"And ride, boys, the pair of you, ride for your souls!"

In the low branches, heavily laden with dew,
In the long grasses, spoiling with deadwood that day,
Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard oak grew,
Between the tall gum-trees we gallop'd away—
We crossed a low range sickly scented with musk

From wattle-tree blossom ; we skirted a marsh—
Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the dusk,
And pealed overhead the jay's laughter-note harsh,
And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon
The dim, dewy uplands were dreamy with light ;
And full on our left flashed the reedy lagoon,
And sharply "The Sugarloaf" reared on our right.
A smothered curse broke through the bushman's brown beard,
He turned in his saddle, his brick-coloured cheek
Flushed feebly with sundawn ; said—"Just what I fear'd—
Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the creek."
Black Bolingbroke snorted, and stood on the brink
One instant, then deep in the dark, sluggish swirl
Plunged headlong ! I saw the horse suddenly sink,
Till round the man's armpits the wave seemed to curl.
We followed—one cold shock, and deeper we sank
Than they did, and twice tried the landing in vain ;
The third struggle won it—straight up the steep bank
We stagger'd, then out on the skirts of the plain.

The stockrider, Alec, at starting had got
The lead, and had kept it throughout ; 'twas his boast
That through thickest of scrub he could steer like a shot,
And the black horse was counted the best on the coast.
The mare had been awkward enough in the dark—
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half broke ;
She had had me too close to a big stringy bark,
And had made a near thing of a crooked sheoak ;
But now on the open, lit up by the morn,
She flung the white foam-flakes from nostril to neck,
And chased him—I hatless, with shirt-sleeves all torn
(For he may ride ragged who rides from a wreck),
And faster and faster across the wide heath
We rode till we raced. Then I gave her her head,
And she—stretching out with the bit in her teeth—
She caught him, outpaced him, and passed him, and led.

We near'd the new fence—we were wide of the track ;
I look'd right and left—she had never been tried
At a stiff leap. 'Twas little he cared on the black—
"You're more than a mile from the gateway," he cried.
I hung to her head, touched her flank with the spurs
(In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a gap) ;
She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her sharp ears,
She flung it behind her with hardly a rap.

. . . . . .

She led, and as oft as he came to her side
She took the bit free, and untiring as yet ;
Her neck was arch'd double, her nostrils were wide,
And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met.

"You're lighter than I am," said Alec, at last ;
"The horse is dead beat, and the mare isn't blown ;
She must be a good one—ride on and ride fast,
You know your way now"—so I rode on alone.

Over the wasteland and under the wood,
By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
She gallop'd, and here in the stirrups I stood
To ease her, and there in the saddle I sat
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam
Of the track near the troughs—then she reeled on the rise—
From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,
And blood-red her nostrils, and blood-shot her eyes ;
A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed,
A bend round a bank that had shut out the view,
Large framed in the mild light the mountain had loomed,
With a tall, purple peak bursting out from the blue.

I pulled her together, I press'd her, and she
Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
And on by the paddocks ; yet under my knee
I could feel her heart thumping the saddle flaps hard
Yet a mile and another, and now we were near
The goal, and the fields and the farms flitted past,
And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer—
For a green, grass-fed mare 'twas a far thing and fast ;
And, labourers, roused by her galloping hoofs,
Saw bare-headed rider and foam-sheeted steed ;
And shone the white walls and the slate-coloured roofs
Of the township ; I steadied then—I had need.
Where stood the old chapel, where stands the new church
(Since chapels to churches have changed in that town),
A short sidelong stagger, a long forward lurch,
A slight choking sob—and the mare had gone down.
I slipp'd off the bridle, I slackened the girth,
I ran on and left her, and told them my news ;
I saw her soon afterwards—what was she worth ?
How much for her hide?—she had never worn shoes.

SONG OF THE SURF.

White steeds of ocean, that leap with a hollow and wearisome roar
On the bar of ironstone steep, not a fathom's length from the shore,
Is there never a seer nor sophist can interpret your wild refrain,
When speech the harshest and roughest is seldom studied in vain?
My ears are constantly smitten by that dreary monotone,
In a hieroglyphic 'tis written—'tis spoken in a tongue unknown;
Gathering, growing, and swelling, and surging, and shivering—say!
What is the tale you are telling? What is the drift of your lay;

You come, and your crests are hoary with the foam of your countless years;
You break, with a rainbow of glory, through the spray of your glittering tears;
Is your song a song of gladness?—a pæan of joyous might?
Or a wail of discordant sadness for the wrongs you never can right?
For the empty seat by the ingle? for children reft of their sire?
For the bride sitting sad, and single, and pale by the flickering fire?
For your ravenous pools of suction? for your shattering billow swell!
For your ceaseless work of destruction? for your hunger insatiable?

Not far from this very place, on the sand and the shingle dry,
He lay, with his batter'd face upturned to the frowning sky;
When your water's wash'd and swell'd high over his drowning head,
When his nostrils and lungs were filled, when his feet and hands were as lead,
When against the rock he was hurl'd and suck'd again to the sea,
On the shores of another world, on the brink of eternity,
On the verge of annihilation, did it come to that swimmer strong,
The sudden interpretation of your mystical, weird-like song!

"Mortal! that which thou asketh, ask not thou of the waves;
Fool! thou foolishly taskest us—we are only slaves;
Might, more mighty, impels us—we must our lot fulfil;
He who gathers and swells us curbs us, too, at His will.
Think'st thou the wave that shatters questioneth His decree?
Little to us it matters, and nought it matters to thee.
Not thus, murmuring idly, we from our duty would swerve,
Over the world spread widely ever we labour and serve."

JOHN RAE.

THIS, the most prolific writer in Australia, is a native of Aberdeenshire, and he emigrated to the Colony of Victoria in 1851, shortly after the gold discoveries. He is a schoolmaster by profession, and was stationed near the City of Sandhurst (formerly known as Bendigo). He was teacher in that district until about 1884, when he was appointed head teacher of the Sandridge or Port Melbourne State School, which position he still worthily retains. Mr Rae's first public appearance as a poet was in 1860, when he competed for a prize offered by the Cournun na Fieune Society of Geelong—a confraternity of Highland settlers, and won it. Mr Rae's verses were patriotic, thoroughly Scotch in sentiment, and brimful of that *amor patriæ* so characteristic of the expatriated Scot. His sons, who are printers, having purchased the *North Melbourne Advertiser* in 1881, he contributed numerous poems and a story of the struggle of 1745, entitled "The Shield and Banner Won; or the Crown of England Lost." This, with several poems, was printed in book form in 1882. The hero and heroine of the story are Allan Cameron and Mary Campbell Macleod, and the recital of their prowess against the Georgian soldiery gave mortal offence to a number of English residents, who deemed their country to be vilified when "Highland savages" were represented to have discomfited their countrymen. Mr Rae's sons attempted to dissipate the prejudice by explaining that it was the Lowland soldiery, and not the invincible English that were made mince-meat of by the conquering Camerons, but the John Bulls were incensed. Mr Rae inscribed a manly defence of the maligned Highlanders, which showed that he was a man of quick sympathies and warm imagination. Our poet

also wrote for the same paper another story, entitled "Stanley Gordon," narrating the adventures of an Aberdeenshire lad during the Peninsular war at the beginning of this century. He likewise collected his numerous poetic contributions, and published them in 1885 as "Chirps by an Australian Sparrow." All Mr Rae's pieces inculcate sound morality, and have a healthy tendency. His narrative is simple, his meaning clear, and the moral he conveys is judiciously given, and frequently happily expressed. He is a hale and vigorous man—a leal-hearted Scotchman, as his writings unmistakably evince.

NOTHING BUT PICTURES.

Far away on an isle to the west of Argyle,
Where the ocean keeps heaving and swelling,
There lived a poor toiler called Alister Lyle,
And his home was a fisherman's dwelling.
The wind and the tide were so often ahead
That Alister scarcely was able
To gather enough to buy clothing and bread,
And to frighten the wolf from his table.

His only son Ronald saw what a hard lot
Was a fisherman's poor situation,
So out to Australia his passage he wrought,
And flourish'd beyond expectation.
Within a few seasons his father was dead,
His mother knew hunger and sorrow—
Some days she had scarcely a morsel of bread,
And no hope of any to-morrow.

The pastor, who knew of this widow's distress,
Oft call'd to afford consolation,
He saw in her dwelling and read in her face
Deep sorrow and sad isolation;
The man had but little, yet kindly he shared,
Which made the old creature feel better,
He asked if she knew how her Ronald had fared,
And if he had sent her a letter.

"Oh, yes! he has often sent letters to me,
And about them I'm full of conjectures;
The letters are good and quite pleasant to see,
But within them there's *nothing but pictures!*

I'm poor—very poor—which I ought not to be,
My Ronald deserves all our strictures—
For why does he only send letters to me,
While in them there's nothing but pictures ?"

"My good Mistress Lyle, would you just let me see
These pictures you speak of already—
Why, bless me ! they're drafts on the Bank of Portree,
And you are as rich as a lady !
Here have you been living in hunger and care,
And thinking your wants were unheeded,
While right in your hand you had riches to spare
To buy every comfort you needed.

"Your case is a sample of many below,
Who, tho' they have money laid by them,
Are poor as a mouse on the cold winter snow,
And true friends can never get nigh them ;
But far worse than those are the people who die,
As poor as the sheep that are driven,
While right in their hands is a treasure to buy—
A home and a kingdom in heaven."

THOUGHTS ON LORNE BEACH.*

By sweet Loutit Bay, on a fresh breezy day,
I watched the waves rush to the strand—
One follow'd the other in martial array,
Till it broke with a roll on the sand ;
As each rolling wave fell again to its grave
My heart seemed to heave with emotion,
The unceasing sea in its waves was to me
The dawn of Eternity's ocean.

As each rolling crest cast the foam o'er its breast,
And threw up its portion of spray,
I thought that the sea quite exhausted would be,
And ages must wear it away ;
But far as my eye in the distance could spy
I saw but the waves' swelling motion,
And felt that the sea was as boundless to me
As the depth of Eternity's ocean.

What is life ? is a question five thousand years old,
And answered by thousands of sages—
A vapour, a shadow, a tale that is told,
A speck in the midst of the ages ;

*Lorne is a favourite sea-side resort of Victorians during the summer. Loutit Bay is named in honour of Malcolm Loutit, an early settler, hailing from Caithness.

As I look'd on the sea, so untiring and free,
My heart wildly thrill'd with the notion
That life is a wave which breaks over the grave,
And falls into Eternity's ocean.

A wave of the sea, when its spray has been toss'd,
Falls back to the ocean that sent it,
So life is a spark that can never be lost—
It returns to the ocean that lent it.
When time shall have roll'd its last wave on the shore,
And the earth disappear in commotion,
That spark shall endure, and will shine evermore
In the skies of eternity's ocean.

THE MUCKLE SNAW-BA'.

A bonnie little laddie, as he toddled thro' the snaw,
A thocht cam' in his busy brain to mak' a muckle ba';
He gript a bittie in his nieve, an' syne to wark began,
An' as he row'd it ower and ower it gather'd as it ran;
At first, for fear o' dingin't doon, he row'd it ower wi' care,
But soon it grew that, though he pech'd, he couldna turn it mair;
For heat he stampit his cauld feet, an' ga'e his thooms a blaw;
Wi' hauns an' pow he tried to row his muckle roun' snaw-ba'.

Ance mair he tried wi' a' his micht, but proved his pith in vain,
So then he thocht he wad gang roun' an' rowe it back again;
But when it wadna budge a bit, tho' he focht like a man,
His wee hauns on his breist he cross'd, an' sae to think began—
"Gin thus the warl' is to be made, by little an' wi' care,
I'll turn it ower wi' eydent haun, an' try to mak' it mair;
Aye onward shall my motto be—I winna turn ava',
I shauna try to shove it back as I did this big ba'.

"Gin cares that some fowk say there are sud offer to come in,
I'll kick them wi' my sturdy fit as sune as they begin:
I'll sen' them spinnin' i' the air, an' lauch them clean awa',
I'll never let them grow sae big as I've this muckle ba'.
As useless care mak's he'rts grow sair, then care I'll never loe,
An' gin my joys sud be but short, my sorrows may be few;
I'll mak the best o' what I get, though it sud be but sma',
An' while I live I'll min' upon my muckle cauld snaw-ba'."

SHADOWS.

I'm looking at the shadows as they flit across my brain,
And I'm thinking of the faces I shall never see again;
I'm working till the Master, who knows what way is best,
Shall bid me cease from labour, and from trouble be at rest.

I view each thing around me with a kind and loving eye,
For some day very shortly I must bid them all good-bye;
They are but flitting shadows, the creatures of a day
That shortly fade and wither, like flowers among the hay.

I never loved a mortal but I found them made of clay,
Nor leaned to earthly comforts but I found them each give way;
I may take up the pitcher to drink what I require,
But it is dashed in pieces when I the cup admire,
Which bids me set affection on things that are above,
For earthly things are taken, and taken, too, in love;
We murmur at bereavement, at loss we are distressed,
But we will learn shortly that all is for the best.

When dear ones have been taken our hearts go out in prayer
That we may rise to heaven and find our treasures there;
Thus we think less of riches and friendships here below,
Because we find them vanish like shadows on the snow.
Our friends are only strangers as through the world we roam—
Their passing shadows tell us that this is not our home,
But in the great Creator there is no change whatever,
His love, His word, His power to save, shall be the same for ever.

JOHN CURLE PATERSON

WAS born at Ayr about 1823, and was trained as a compositor in the *Ayr Advertiser* office. His uncle (as we surmise) was the celebrated James Paterson, well known as a genealogist and antiquary, and author of a number of works illustrative of Scottish literature. In a memoir of Alexander Crawford, prefixed to an edition of "The Huntly Casket" (1861), James Paterson makes the interesting admission that in 1823 he was a "typo" in the office of the *Ayr Courier*, and that he corrected the proofs of Crawford's tales, which were first printed in that office. John Curle Paterson, when only twenty-one years of age, published at Glasgow, in 1845, "A Lay of Life, and other poems," which was favourably received and

frequently copied in the leading publications of his native country, the poem, "My Mother." having been admitted into *Chambers's Journal*. Mr Paterson emigrated to the colony of Victoria during the era of the gold fever (1852-3), and took to journalism at once. It is indeed questionable whether he ever handled the "stick-and-rule" in the colonies; but he always had a kindly feeling for the craft, and frequently intimated to colonial printers that he was an old "comp." himself. Concerning his early career in the colony but little is known. It is presumed that he acted along with his brother Robert as a reporter and correspondent for the press. His ability was so conspicuous that Mr Edward Wilson, the able and energetic conductor of the Melbourne *Argus*, secured his services as reporter, and afterwards appointed him its commercial editor. In 1862 he was selected as *Argus* Special Commissioner, his mission being to visit every goldfield in the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales, and to report upon their progress and prospects. This task he faithfully performed, in a series of articles, pleasantly written yet teeming with statistical facts and figures. On severing his connection (about 1874) with this newspaper, on which he had been principal Parliamentary reporter for many years, the proprietary presented him with a handsome testimonial. He subsequently conducted for a short time Melbourne *Punch*, a satirical publication, and then crossed Port Phillip Bay to the town of Geelong, where he edited the daily *Advertiser*. He next went to Tasmania, and edited the *Mail*, a Hobart newspaper; but he eventually returned to Melbourne, and edited the *Evening Express*. This experiment in journalism failed, and Paterson removed to the colony of New Zealand. He was editor in succession of the *Wellington Independent*, the *Nelson Colonist*, and other papers; but the continuous strain upon his intellect shattered his

frame and brought on paralysis. He was admitted into the Dunedin Lunatic Asylum in February, 1879, and after several weeks' suffering died there. Mr T. L. Work—to whom we are indebted for most of these facts—says that it is doubtful whether he cultivated his poetic gifts in the colonies: the brand of anonymity would be on all his contributions. The poems we select are from the volume published in 1845.

MY MOTHER.

I hear the evening winds among
  The hoary forest trees,
As falling leaf and bending twig
  Are rustling in the breeze;
But, oh! the music of the leaves—
  Leaves meetly strewn and sere—
Reminds me of thy sweet, sweet voice,
  Long silent, mother, dear!

It brings to never-dying mind
  Those oft-remembered hours,
When I, a thoughtless child, with thee,
  Would wander 'mong the flowers,
And pull their fairest, while you smiled
  More sweet than tongue can tell—
The gowan aye was thine, and mine
  The bonnie heather-bell.

Then all was spring, for new-blown joys
  Sprung on each passing hour;
Or summer, for they ne'er would die,
  But ever freshly flower.
Ah! dark clouds dimmed that sunny sky,
  Now winter chills the year,
For thou wert summer's gentle queen,
  My long-lost mother, dear!

Still when the bright, the summer sun,
  Shines lovely from above,
And pours on every hill and dale
  A golden tide of love,
I wander to those early haunts,
  And think full long of thee,
And ponder if thy spirit keeps
  A loving ward o'er me.

For when thy dark eye ceased to shine,
Thy kind-toned voice to speak,
And when thy gentle hand no more
Could pat me on the cheek,
No eye there was to watch o'er me,
No voice to whisper mild,
No hand to lead, no heart to cheer
A weary little child.

Yet still in sunny dreams betimes
I see thee by my side,
And if I've done aught wrong, methinks
I hear thee gently chide;
While sadly in thy downcast eye
Appears the briny tear,
To guide my frail, though willing, steps
In truth, my mother, dear.

But when I walk in wisdom's ways,
And let my words be mild,
Methinks I hear thy praising voice
In every woodnote wild;
And thus, oh, mother! lead my steps
Thro' every changing year—
My heart to God, my life to truth,
As thou wouldst, mother, dear!

THE AULD WOOER—A SONG.

Saw ye auld Jockie come ower the lea,
Singin' an' joggin' fu' lichtly alang?
There was mirth on his lips, there was love in his e'e,
An' this was the croon o' the auld body's sang—
"Dear Mary, kind Mary, fair Mary, gude Mary,
Loved Mary, sweet Mary! oh, Mary be mine!"
But the whisperin' wind aye the words seem'd to carry—
"The rose o' our valley sall never be thine."

An' buskit fu' spruce was the auld doited fule
(For frosty-pow'd fules are the daftest o' a');
His coat it was cut o' the new-fangled schule,
An' spangled wi' buttons that glitter'd fu' braw.
Sae stately he stappit the winnock before,
Whaur Mary sat waitin' for comin' o' *mine*;
But I thocht that the sound, as he rappit the door,
Said "Mary, the lovely, sall never be thine!

He spak' o' the stars, an' her bonnie black een,
Whilk wiled a' the licht frae ilk gazin' e'e;

He praised her fair face, an' he said that the queen
O' his heart an' his hand, gin she pleased, she wad be.
Oot cried her auld mither—"Gae awa' doon the glen!
Grey Jockie! ye ance were a sweetheart o' mine;
An' come nae mair here, for it's time ye sud ken
That my bonnie Mary sall never be thine."

He spak' o' his lands, an' he blethered his fill
O' his rigs, an' his haughs, an' his bowins o' kye;
O' his luve that he promised nae future sud kill,
An' pleasures aye lastin' as time dauner'd by.
"Hoot, awa!" cried her faither, "ye weel may think shame;
Ye are aulder than me—she sall never be thine."
Sae hame as Jock hirpled, his croonin' became—
"Tae the deil wi' the jaud, sin' she winna be mine!"

THOMAS M'KENZIE FRASER.

THIS distinguished divine was born at Inverness in 1822. His father, originally from Strathnairn, was famous in youth as a deerstalker, but on his marriage with a lady of the Hossack family he removed to Inverness, where he started in business. Being of an open and unsuspicious nature, Mr M'Kenzie Fraser was robbed by those whom he trusted, and consequently failed. He died early, leaving two children, a girl and boy, both of whom achieved distinction. Mrs Fraser was a woman of great energy and practical sagacity, and, on the death of her husband, she retired to Cromarty, where she had a little patrimony of her own. Her daughter, Lydia Falconer Fraser, afterwards the wife of Hugh Miller, is indissolubly associated with the life and labours of that highly gifted and representative Scotsman. Mrs Miller possessed a good share of literary facility, and transmitted it to her children, one of whom, Harriet Davidson, noticed in this work, died recently in Adelaide, South Australia. Her

brother Thomas was the younger child, and his mother had sufficent influence to have him educated in the Blue Coat School, London, and afterwards at King's College, Aberdeen, where he gained the first Greek prize in 1839, and took his degree as Master of Arts. During the Disruption controversy he wrote a pamphlet, "Big Kate of Lochcarron," which was printed both in Gaelic and English, and had a wide circulation over the Highlands. In 1843, on launching the *Witness* newspaper in the interests of the Free Church party, with Hugh Miller as its editor, young Fraser was employed by his brother-in-law as a reporter. At the same time he attended the theological prelections of Chalmers, Cunningham, Candlish, Duncan, and Buchanan, as he was intended for the ministry. He was ordained in 1845, and settled as pastor at Yesten, where he remained for several years. Having inherited a delicate constitution from his father, his health failed, and he was recommended to try a warmer climate. His friends secured for him a chaplaincy at Singapore, a British penal settlement, on an island off the peninsula of Malacca. The mixed society of military and convicts, as might have been anticipated, proved most distasteful to Fraser, and he resigned his appointment. He removed to Ceylon, and from there he went on a visit to the colony of Victoria, Australia, in 1859. He arrived shortly after the death of the Rev. John Tait, minister of the High Church, Geelong, and was unanimously appointed his successor. For twenty years Mr Fraser laboured there, and was recognised as a man of conspicuous ability. He was a good linguist, a thorough dialectician, and profoundly versed in theological literature; added to which were the advantages of a clear voice and graceful manner. He published, in 1867, a volume of "Sermons for Colonists." Our poet was chosen Moderator of the Victorian Presbyterian Assembly in 1870-71, and on

the creation of the Theological Hall in connection with their church Mr Fraser was nominated to a temporary lectureship, the branch of theology assigned to him being "Apologetics," or the defence of the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. He discharged this duty for several years with great credit, although his congregation at Geelong murmured at his prolonged absences in Melbourne. On the completion of the Ormond College, it was fully anticipated that Mr Fraser would be elected to one of the professorships; but in this he was disappointed. The discontent of his own congregation at Geelong determined Mr Fraser on severing his connection with Victoria, and in 1880 he removed to New Zealand, where he was installed minister of St David's Presbyterian Church, Auckland. Here, during the remainder of his life, he preached and lectured assiduously to an attached and appreciative congregation. As he was a skilled musician, he frequently lectured on the works of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. He was passionately fond of the songs of his native land, and at the time of his death he had been announced to lecture on "The Less Known Ballads of Scotland." In "The Messenger from Floddon," he directly challenges comparison with Aytoun's "Edinburgh after Flodden," but the poem has a great deal of the true ballad simplicity and pathos about it. Mr Fraser died in his sixty-fourth year.

THE MESSENGER FROM FLODDEN.

September's sun was risin' high
On field and heathery brae;
It tipp'd wi' gold baith house and hold,
And chased the mists away.

Frae Flodden-field there cam' that morn
A knight on his steed sae guid;
In his mailed right hand was a broken brand,
That was soil'd wi' his foemen's bluid.

He urg'd and spurr'd his weary steed,
Till the bluid gush'd out sae free,
And he took little tent o' his mail hack'd an' rent,
Tho' to Scotland's Queen rode he.

He rode by the towers o' Thirlstane Ha',
He stayed na for Soltra brae;
An' he took little tent o' his steed worn and spent,
Tho' sae far he had come that day.

"Now, bring me a horse, Dalswinton's Laird;
Bring out your gallant grey,
For I maun boun' to Lithgow toun
Wi' a' the speed I may.

"Stay me not for meat nor mass,
And stay me not to speir;
But in prayer an' fast let this nicht be past,
For my news o' evil cheer.

"Six gallant sons had I yestreen,
An' now they are nae mair;
They lie wi' the slain on Flodden plain,
By the side o' your doughty heir.

"And ten guid men-at-arms had I,
An' o' Torwood bows a score;
But the English spears and hackbuteers
Hae left me now but four.

"Yestreen I had a gallant king,
And a knightly king was he!
Wae worth the day! that bluidy fray
Gar'd James his doom to dree.

"Now, fare-ye-weel, Dalswinton's Laird,
God sain ye frae a' ill;
But keep guid guard by watch an' ward
Frae Surrey an' Belted Will."

. . . . . .

September's sun was sinkin' low,
As it shone on the ancient toun—
Its sickly licht was fadin' in nicht,
An' the mists cam' swirlin' roun'.

The Queen sat lanely in Lithgow Tower,
She watch'd an' she sabbit sair;
Dimm'd was the sheen o' her sparklin' een,
An' loose was her wavin' hair.

"Oh! is it the wimplin' burn I hear,
Or the clatterin' o' the mill?
Or the moan o' the win' i' the woods ahin'?
Or a horse comin' ower the hill?"

"Doon, doon wi' the bridge!" the warder cries,
"Lift up the portcullis sae hie;
For a knicht draws near—ill news I fear—
He rides sae furiouslie."

"Oh! wherefore come ye thus, Sir Neil,
Wi' hack'd an' batter'd mail?
For your crest is shorn, your vest is torn,
An' your cheek is bluidy an' pale!"

"Now, saints and angels, be our guard,
And save us, Mary, dear!
For, gracious Queen, my news, I ween,
Are heavy for you to hear.

"O' a goodly host could Scotland boast
Yestreen on Flodden plain,
But that warlike host the day hath lost,
And the King lies wi' the slain.

"Twelve belted Earls lie on that field,
An' wi' the Douglas heir
Twa hundred died close by his side
The Douglas name that bare.

"Baith Crawford an' Montrose are gane,
Leslie an' Bothwell too;
An' frae Teviot-side fu' mony hae died
Wi' the brave an' bauld Buccleugh.

"Huntly and Home were forced to flee,
Wi' Lennox an' Argyle,
An' the broken bands o' the Hielan' clans,
Frae mony a Western isle.

"The flower o' Scotland's chivalrie
Lies low on that fatal plain;
But the heaviest wae o' that fearfu' day
Is—*Royal James is slain!*

"Full lang an' knichtly did he fight,
Till his arm dropp'd by his side;
Wi' arrows three then pierced was he,
An' our gallant King hath died!"

. . . . . .

She lock'd hersel' in the tap-maist tower,
An' sair did she weep an' pray,
But when mornin' licht dispell'd the nicht
Queen Margaret's hair was grey!

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

My childhood's home—though far from thee I roam,
Awhile I turn me from the passing hour,
And swiftly back across the ocean's foam
Fond memory speeds with yet unfailing power.
Long years have passed since that bright summer morn,
I, lingering, left thy loved and peaceful vale,
Years that have many joys and sorrows born,
Years that have made the brow of health to pale,
When the dark wings of death flapped on the passing gale.

Few were my years, and all unused to sorrow,
The past was bright for childhood's ready tears;
All vanish with the dayspring of the morrow,
That breaks in gladness on the night of fears.
I little reck'd of bygone hours and days,
The present had its store of joys for me;
And the dim future, like the distant haze,
That shrouds at early dawn the dewy lea,
Had no attractions 'neath her veil for me.

Those days are gone, and in that future far,
I've wandered midst the sunshine and the shade,
And mingled with the world's discordant jar,
That rent my air-built castles soon as made,
And watched fond hopes to blossom and to fade;
Or if, perchance, they felt the autumn's kiss
To vanish with the joys that round them play'd
Into the past's dark infinite abyss!
'Twere well they had not been to disappear like this.

Oh! could we leave the present for a while,
And once more tread the path of early youth,
And greet those forms that round our hearts are twined
With all that mem'ry knows of love and truth—
Soon would I tread the well-known fields once more,
Again, with lightsome heart, thy forests roam,
Up the old river where, in days of yore,
Above the bridge, all silent and alone,
Stood the old ruined mill upon its rocky throne.

It may not stern be—time's relentless hand
Has left his traces on each youthful brow;

And death has sent his arrows 'midst the band,
And on new mounds has fall'n the virgin snow;
But, until that cold hand shall lay me low,
I'll still hold dear thy sacred memory,
And even in death a lingering thought will go
To that quiet spot far o'er the stormy sea,
Where calmly rest fond hearts that lovèd me.

CHARLES INNES CAMERON,

A MINISTER of the Presbyterian Church, was born in Inverness-shire, near the shores of Loch Eil. He emigrated to Canada, and resided at Kingston, Ontario, and Quebec during 1862-63. He went out to India as a Presbyterian Missionary in 1865, (the year of his ordination), and was stationed at Poonah. Mr Cameron went to Australia about 1869, and was appointed to the pastorate of St Andrew's Church, Geelong, in the Colony of Victoria. In 1870 he published there a thin volume of "Poems and Hymns"—some of them being dated at Banavie, in Scotland, 1855. Mr Cameron stated in a prefatory note that he intended to eschew poetry altogether. He removed to Daylesford, in the same colony, about 1872, and was the Presbyterian minister there for two years, when he resigned his appointment, and returned to Canada at the close of 1874.

EILEAN-NA-CRAOIBHE.*

Sweet island spot! On yonder shore
My childhood's lowly dwelling rose;
And I could see thee from the door
Upon the waters' breast repose.

* "The island of the Tree." An island at the entrance of Loch Eil. Written on revisiting the place in 1856.

What feelings thrill'd my childish heart
When first I trod thy mystic shore,
That seem'd, than of the earth apart,
A fairy land of ancient lore.

How fresh and fair each object seem'd—
The shell-strewn beach, the flow'rets bright,
The sunlight thro' the leaves that stream'd,
And barr'd the sward with cheerful light.

Long years have gone: I come again
Once more to see thy well-known shore,
And feelings stir my heart as then,
But blythe and joyous now no more.

My childhood's home, I see it not;
Nor home nor house is longer there;
Wide waves the corn-field o'er the spot
Where blazed the hearth with cheerful glare.

No more a loving father's face
Shall greet our household here below;
And they who brought me to the place—
Oh, brother, dear! where are you now?

Their lives arise before me, fraught
With many a line of joy and pain—
Oh! thralling power of love and thought
That makes the past alive again.

Hush, memory! 'Tis enough, now rest;
Thou art too faithful of thy trust:
Thy brightness can their lives invest,
But cannot wake their clay-cold dust.

Farewell, loved isle! Where'er I be,
In distant lands beyond the main,
Still will thy image gleam on me,
With mingled dower of bliss and pain.

HYMN—A LITTLE WHILE.

"The time is short."—I Cor. i. 29,

Courage! ye fainting saints,
Who tread the narrow road
With weary, bleeding feet, nor sink
Beneath life's heavy load.

'Tis but a little while ;
Be patient and endure ;
The time is short, the end is near,
And your reward secure.

If sore oppressed with ills,
With trouble, toil, and care—
Fightings without and fears within—
Oh, do not yet despair !
'Tis but a little while ;
Lift up the languid eye ;
The battle's almost won, and your
Redemption draweth nigh.

Tho' now the howling winds
Blow fierce, the curtain'd night
Be dark and cheerless, nor the East
Betoken warmth or light ;
'Tis but a little while—
The storm shall pass away,
And calm, and light, and beauty come
With never-ending day.

Yea, tho' the frequent fires
Of trial's furnace burn
With sevenfold fury, and the eye
No issue can discern,
'Tis but a little while,
And then the Lord will come,
And call our weary souls to rest
For evermore at home.

MITCHELL KILGOUR BEVERIDGE.

ONE of the earliest writers of Australian poetry—at least so far as relates to the colony of Victoria—Mr M. K. Beveridge was born in Dunfermline in 1831. His elder brother was a schoolfellow of the famous painters, Sir Noel and Waller H. Paton. In 1839 the Beveridge family emigrated to the new

colony of Victoria, and took up land at Woodburn, near Kilmore, about forty miles distant from Melbourne, which they have retained ever since, and which is now a valuable estate. The future poet was only a child at the time of emigrating, and with but a short spell of tuition, he has been entirely self-taught. He led a pastoral life for many years, remote from civilisation; but, in compensation, he became an expert bushman and learned in aboriginal legends and language. He was a regular contributor to the *Kilmore Examiner*, and in 1863 Mr Beveridge published his poetic lucubrations, under the fanciful title of "Gatherings among the Gum-Trees," and dedicated it to those persons desirous of "promoting the growth of colonial literature." The principal poem is an aboriginal story, "The Accursed Eddy." Mr Beveridge obtained his legend from a native, and the tale is simple and pathetic, full of dramatic incident, clearly showing that the Australian blacks are not the brutish and degraded beings they are habitually represented to be by those interested parties who would fain exterminate them. Another legendary tale, "Nyarabius' Dream," is of a similar cast. Mr Beveridge, not unmindful of the country whence he sprung, added to his volume a number of Scottish songs, specimens of which we append. In 1875 he also published "The Lost Life," a tale of the far north of Australia, the sad record of a shipwrecked sailor named Morell, who lived seventeen years with the Queensland blacks ere he was rescued. The four parts of the poem describe the parting, the shipwreck, the captivity, and the release.

Mr Beveridge subsequently started and edited a local newspaper, the *Kilmore Advertiser*, for eight years; but recently he has quitted the ranks of journalism and become a mining agent and manager in Kilmore, which is a more lucrative profession in

auriferous Australia. He has a warm heart towards "the dear auld land," as his lines on "The Sprig of Heather" show. His powerfully graphic poem entitled "Black Thursday" treats on an appalling event in the annals of the colony of Victoria, when a great part of the country was simultaneously on fire. The destruction of live stock and property was terrible, and many women and children perished in creeks in attempting to escape from the fire. The thermometer registered 112 degrees in the shade, and hot ashes from Mount Macedon, 46 miles distant, fell in Melbourne.

THE SPRIG O' HEATHER.

(Sent from Scotland in a letter.)

'Tis only a sprig o' heather—
What tho' its purple be pale?
It minds me o' the breezy hills
That fend my native vale.
It minds me o' the misty hills,
And langsyne's time o' glee,
When warldly care
An' heart-aches sair
Were strangers baith to me.

'Tis only a sprig o' heather;
But prized as a costly gem,
That e'er adorned a kingly crown
Or a fair queen's diadem.
That e'er adorned a royal crown;
For it brings proud thochts to me
O' the brave auld land,
Wi' its legends grand,
Sae far ayont the sea!

Oh! bonnie wee sprig o' heather,
Tho' bricht our skies may burn—
Tho' wealth may shower its gifts aroun'
On ilka hand we turn—
Tho' wealth may rain its gifts aroun',
They're a' but tint to me,
As I croon the name
O' the dear auld hame,
Sae far ayont the sea!

THE LASS O' CRAIGIE HA'

I've wander'd ower Australia's clime,
Frae seaboard to its desert wild,
An' lasses seen, that for a time
My silly heart has sair beguiled;
But tho' the feck o' them ha'e been
Baith rich in gifts an' unco braw,
There's nane like her I met yestreen,
The bonnie lass o' Craigie Ha!

Her smile was like the sunny beam
That brichtens up a dowie day;
Her e'en—I'm sure their piercin' gleam
Will haunt my fancy ilka way.
Her gentle voice, sae sweet an' saft—
It gar't my heart loup like a ba',
An' now wi' love I'm nearly daft
For her the lass o' Craigie Ha!

In vain I try wi' weary toil
To drive her image frae my mind,
For memory aye brings back her smile
That beam'd sae lovingly and kind;
An' gin I try to lilt a sang,
I find, by some wanchancie law,
My muse to naething else will gang
Than her, the lass o' Craigie Ha'.

Oh! mair than blest maun be the bield
That shelters her frae wind and storm;
And earth her fairest flowers maun yield
Whaur fa's the shadow o' her form!
Could I the painter's pencil ply,
And bid perfection's sel' to draw,
Nae ither model seek wad I
Than her, the lass o' Craigie Ha'.

BLACK THURSDAY.

The sun for months had drawn up from the earth
Its hidden moisture till 'twas cracked and parched,
And rendered hard and obdurate as stone;
The grass that grew upon the upland slopes,
And in the gullies far between the hills,
Was sapless as the bark that yearly falls
From off the gum trees, and beneath the foot
It crackled like to pine-twigs in the fire.

Day after day, week after week, the wind
Came scorching from its distant desert home,
And left no greenness on the arid earth ;
The birds upon the trees sat all agape,
And in their voices, erstwhile full of song,
There was a sadness pitiful to hear ;
The forest, rusty green, with drooping leaves,
As to the blast it bent groan'd to the core—
All animated nature lay distraught,
And pining for the vivifying rain,
For one long drink of Heaven's delightful tears.

The sun arose upon that dreadful morn
In dusky luridness—no bright, broad smile
Adorn'd his face. 'Twas like the countenance
Of one accurst, whose demon heart conceives
Nought save the bitterest malice to his kind,
Scowling portentous of a coming ill.

Warm as the breath of furnace came the wind
Lifting the prematurely wither'd leaves,
Till, weary of their cumulative weight,
It let them pattering fall again to earth.
The dogs beside the hut doors panting lay,
Their tongues bedusted, and their wretched eyes
Red with the action of the fever'd wind.
Noon came ; but then, instead of sitting down
To social converse and the mid-day meal,
We all were startled by the cry of "Fire !"
On every side was heard the warning cry,
On every side were seen the raging flames,
Springing as 'twere from out the very earth,
With stifling smoke obscuring all the sky.
Man stood aghast and helpless as a child,
Or hurried with a hastily-pluck'd bough
Thinking to stay its maniac career ;
And tender women, pale and mute with fear,
Huddled together on some grassless spot,
And saw their homes and all their household wealth,
That years of thrift and constant toil had gain'd,
Reduced to ashes in a moment's time ;
Whilst children, with their big and wondering eyes,
Clung closely round them trembling with affright.

Oh ! 'twas a fearful sight ! great fields of corn,
Some waiting but the sickle's curving edge
To yield their owners wealth for labour spent,
Others already gather'd into sheaves
And placed in stooks, were swept away ;
And milking kine, that lay with half-shut eyes,

Were in an instant circled round with flame,
And, thus bewildered, died ; and flocks of sheep,
That spread themselves along the ranges' sides,
Searching amongst the mass of faded grass
For any hidden blade of greener hue,
Were driven together by the furious flames
Into a narrow fold, too small by half,
Where, leaping on each other in their fear,
Hundreds were trampled when the fire-blast came :
And sluggish teams that crept along the road,
With hanging tongues and flanks that sorely heaved,
Their sides all scarr'd and blister'd with the lash,
Were by the drivers left beside their loads
To perish or escape as best they might.

Whole forests blazed ; the very topmost boughs
Where the white-headed eaglehawk was wont
To perch in royal majesty, and glower
O'er mighty tracts of dense and waving wood,
Escaped not, but were made the whirling sport
Of some gigantic flame. And when at length
The pall of night was hung around the earth,
There was a scene presented to the eye
Of such like grandeur that the pen of bard
Or artist's pencil dare not hope to limn.
The hill-tops seem'd to be enrobed in fire,
Their jagged crests fraught with volcanic life,
That leapt and flared in ruthless fitfulness ;
And ever and anon, as some old tree
Came toppling down and shook the lap of earth,
A myriad sparks flew up into the air,
And formed a glory separate and grand—
Its term of life a moment, when 'twas lost
For ever midst the mass of moving flame.

WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER,

THIRD son of George Mercer, of Mavisbank, in Midlothian, and Frances Charlotte Reid, was born about 1821. His father, originally a midshipman in the East India Company's service, was afterwards

actively engaged in mercantile pursuits in India, from which he accumulated a fortune. He has the honour of having been the first Agent-General of the Colony of Victoria. He was appointed in June, 1835, by Tasmanian shareholders the home agent of the Geelong and Douttagalla Association for the colonisation of Port Phillip. Mr W. T. Mercer was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1843, and M.A. in 1851. He attended the Inner Temple in 1842, but was not called to the bar. He entered the colonial service in 1844 as private secretary to Sir John Francis Davis, governor of Hong Kong, and almost all his subsequent life was spent in China. He acted as Colonial Treasurer in 1845, and in 1854 was appointed the Colonial Secretary of Hong Kong, which office he retained till his resignation in 1869. For several years he administered the government of that British settlement, and on returning to Britain he resided in Berkshire. In 1869 he published "Under the Peak; or Jottings in Verse, written during a lengthened residence in the Colony of Hong Kong." A goodly portion of the book consists of translations from Chinese poets, and from the works of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c. His best bit of scholarship is in translating into Latin verse the "Tam o' Shanter" of our national bard and Logan's paraphrase from Job. His verses on visiting the Cave of Camoens at Macao are gracefully written, and those on "The Plague of London" well executed; but "The Hanyang Thistle" is the best of all his fugitive verses, being a spirited and patriotic effusion. It was written on a visit to the hill and fort of Hanyang, 600 miles up the Yang-tze-Kiang. During the Taiping rebellion great conflicts took place for possession of this fort, and horrible atrocities were perpetrated on both sides. A thistle growing on the ramparts was pointed out to Mr Mercer, and suggested the verses.

Mr Mercer, after his retirement from the Colonial service, contributed occasionally to *Notes and Queries*. He died suddenly on the 23d May, 1879.

JESSIE.

We a' loved puir Jessie,
The pride o' the toon,
And the thochts o' her noo
Bring the tears rinnin' doon;
For but lately we saw her,
Sae guid and sae fair,
An' noo she'll come back
To Glenalmon' nae mair.

Her smile was like sunshine,
Her words like saft dew,
An' 'neath them the flow'rets
O' love for her grew.
Oh! the day was a sad ane
When Death smote her sair;
For noo she'll come back
To Glenalmon' nae mair.

Her faither an' mither
Sit greetin' their lane;
Oh! wha can be to them
Like her that is gane!
A'thing 'boot their hoosie
Looks dowie an' bare—
For Jessie comes back
To Glenalmon' nae mair.

But Jessie was spotless
An' pure, an' we trust
Her hame is in heaven
Wi' the true an' the just;
An' gin we live like her,
We'll a' meet her there,
An' come back, save in thocht,
To Glenalmon' nae mair.

"LET BENEFITS BE TRACED ON SAND."

"Let benefits be traced on sand,
And wrongs be graven deep on stone!"
Such is the callous world's command—
I follow part, and part disown.

Shame on the ingrate would deny
A friend thro' fear or hope of gain ;
God send him evermore to lie
Whelm'd 'neath his self-disdain.

But who in malice injures me,
I care not what his wealth or power,
I mark the churl where'er he be,
And then, when comes the grateful hour,
How sweet revenge ! and, oh ! may yet
The drivelling day be absent long
When I a benefit forget,
Or I forgive a wrong.

For me with every fate content,
Raised by success or crush'd by cares,
Incurious of the fortune sent,
I bear it as the Stoic bears—
Who sees life's shifting currents flow
To cheer or pain poor human kind.
Laughs at the self-inflicted woe,
And wears an equal mind.

I ask not wealth, nor rank, nor power—
Be my good name my only care,
And unto life's last closing hour
That name shall ever flourish fair ;
And love may chill, and envy frown
(Man changes with the changing year),
But those my soul has truly known
My memory will revere.

THE HANYANG THISTLE.

Strange that upon this distant hill,
Within this fort, this leaguer'd height,
Where love the sons of Han to spill
Fraternal blood in savage fight—
Where thrice within these later years
Has rung the cry of civic strife;
'Mid flaunting flags and braggart spears,
And swords that lightly reck of life.

Where loyal cowardice has fled
The riot wrath of rebel men,
And, when corruption's triumph sped,
Troop'd back in bastard pride again,
A scene where all man's passions rage
And lie against his God-given birth—
A blot on human history's page—
A darkness o'er the light of earth;

Strange that within this guarded lair,
A flower—a little flower—is found,
Which seems to mock the very air
That breathes its sickening taint around.
Yes, raising up its beauteous blue,
I see my country's emblem here,
To manhood and to Scotland true,
What Robin calls—"The symbol dear."

Nature's bold nursling! say, what chance
Hath borne thee from far other plains?
Hast thou no shame to bend thy glance
On reeking brands and gory chains?
Not by the turbid Ta Kiang
First grew in peace thy parent root;
The blood-stain'd hummock of Hanyang
Thy purity may poorly suit.

What dost thou here, where barbarous men
Have fix'd their lawless battle-ground?
Better for thee the silent glen,
Or where the shepherd's pipe shall sound;
Better to nod thy bristly head
Where the old Grampian's summits rise,
Than find a mean, unhonour'd bed
'Neath the fierce glare of China's skies.

What dost thou here? As well might be
A ship upon a mountain-height,
A stone-wrought pyramid at sea,
Or sunshine 'mid the shades of night.
Dost seek to link fair Scotland's fates
With those of treacherous Cathay?
Not here, where closed are mercy's gates,
For Honour warns—Away! away!

Not here should Scotland's chosen flower
Mingle its leaves with villain dust,
And idly watch each changing hour
The deeds of rapine and of lust.
Can thy proud vegetable blood
Feed on the soil that bears a slave?
Dear Thistle! sign of hardihood,
And emblem of the leal and brave.

Thy native place is far away
By Caledonia's mountain rills;
Thy little life should have its day
Beneath the shadow of our hills.

Back with me to our own dear isle,
Plant of a heritage divine:
I pluck thee from th' unworthy soil—
It fits not Freedom's name nor thine!

ANDREW COOK

WAS born at Paisley in 1836, and is the youngest son of Mr James Cook, a landscape and portrait painter. His father died when the subject of our sketch was five years of age, and his education devolved upon his elder brothers, John and James, who were practical printers, and had started or acquired the *Renfrewshire Gazette*, a weekly paper published in Paisley, which is still in possession of that firm. Andrew was trained as a compositor in his brothers' office; but, when a mere stripling, he had a taste of warfare which gave a decided bias to his future career. The great war with Russia had begun in 1854, and after the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann had been fought, the allied forces of Great Britain and France were zealously prosecuting the long siege and bombardment of Sebastopol. In 1855 Andrew Cook joined the Commissariat Department in the Crimea, and witnessed the attacks on Malakoff and Tchernaya. Andrew had his share in several skirmishes, and one evening, on volunteering to work in the trenches before the fortress, he had the misfortune to be wounded in the head near the right ear, which permanently affected his hearing. After remaining for some time in Scutari Hospital and Constantinople, where he frequently saw Florence Nightingale, he returned to Scotland, and resumed printing in his brothers' office and also in

Glasgow. Another brother, the late Mr William Mitchell Cook, a decorative painter, who had been away in America on a long tour, residing in New Orleans for some years, came back to Paisley, and proposed to Andrew that they should emigrate to Australia. The offer was accepted, and the brothers landed in Melbourne in 1858. Mr W. M. Cook, being an energetic man, started in business in Hotham, and rapidly acquired a competency. He became a Councillor of the Burgh of Hotham and a member of the Legislative Assembly for Brunswick. His brother Andrew assisted him in painting; but in one of their excursions up-country, they purchased the plant of an insolvent printer. They started a newspaper, the *Hotham Journal*, in 1863. Mr Andrew Cook managed the printing office for several years, but he subsequently withdrew from the concern, and worked in various offices in town. He occasionally indites a poem, and one of his pieces, "The Songs of Other Days," obtained a prize at a competition in Glasgow in 1857.

THE SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

Sing me the songs of other days—
The songs I love to hear;
They recall the faded glories
Of many a parted year.
They steal like music on our minds
In one resistless flow,
And bring old memories, sad but sweet,
Of the byegone long-ago.

Sing me the songs of other days,
I muse on them alone;
They tell me of the Spirit-land,
And the dead before us gone:
They are as the morning sunshine
That dawned in life's young day,
When we thought upon the brighter scenes
Of the distant far away.

Sing me the songs of other days,
I love to hear them sung;

For oh ! they tell of joyous hours
When our hopes were high and young.
As we think of old companions,
And gaze on early graves,
Emotions deep break o'er our hearts,
Like the heaving swell of waves.

Sing me the songs of other days,
The songs so old and rare ;
They lead to many a flowery dell
And prospect bright and fair ;
They remind us of the moments
Which now are fleeting fast,
And oft bring back the happy hours
That could not always last.

Sing me the songs of other days,
For dear to me they are ;
They to the ages of the past
Chase oft our thoughts afar.
They are the stars that lighted up
Our brave Utopian dreams ;
They gush through our sad souls in tears,
Like the murmuring sound of streams.

ELINAR.

I often muse on the olden days,
When you carried the honours well,
When your genial smile and kindly glance
Woke transports where they fell.

Tho' the rolling seasons o'er us glide,
And the years as silently flow,
I remember thee aye as the mystic maid
Whom I loved in the long-ago.

I thought to have met in some soft clime,
With thee, rare Elinar !
Whom my yearning spirit cherished long
With a fervid power from afar—

Where the witching tones of thy gentle voice
Might fall on the ear supine,
And flush my heart with sunny dreams—
Bright dreams of the brave langsyne.

For oft in the calm of quiet hours,
When my wandering fancies play,

I wish thee back from that dim, strange land,
O'er the blue waves far away.

And I miss the chime
Of that pleasant time,
When the night wind waved thy hair,
And the Queen-moon shone
On her midnight throne,
In placid grandeur there.

The music of spheres,
Like the clash of spears,
Rang through the ambient air,
And thy form stood bright
In the silvery light,
A mirrored image fair,

It is only in the hush of night,
When the weary soul turns back,
And floats along the glittering path
Of memory's brilliant track,

That I hear the sound of those bugle-calls
Which long have pealed for me,
In the distant vales of a mountain land,
Far over the stormy sea.

ALEXANDER GORDON MIDDLETON,

PRINTER, poet, novelist, and journalist, was born in Edinburgh in 1828, and served his apprenticeship as a compositor on the *Witness*, one of his employers being the well-known geologist Hugh Miller, from whom he imbibed a literary bias, which he assiduously cultivated all through life. After finishing his apprenticeship, he joined the literary staff of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and was a regular contributor to the "Table Talk" column of that journal for about three years, in conjunction with Mr Hugh Macdonald, the "Rambler and Poet." While there he was a

leading spirit in the Literary Improvement Class in connection with the Glasgow Mechanics' Institute, where he gained many valuable prizes as an essayist. In 1852 he emigrated to Victoria, and participated in the discomforts and inconveniences of that period in colonial history, when emigrants arrived in such large numbers—sometimes 1000 a day—that no accommodation or shelter could be found for them, except the "blue canopy o'erhead." In a few weeks after his arrival he got a "frame" on the Melbourne *Auction Mart*, and upon Mr Richard Brotchie transferring his services to the *Morning Herald*, Mr Middleton was appointed overseer of the office. He afterwards occupied a "frame" on the *Presbyterian Banner* (the only weekly newspaper of that day), and in a short time he was appointed editor, which position he occupied for about twelve months. The *Banner*, however, expired in 1854, and Mr Middleton, by the advice of friends, matriculated at the Melbourne University and studied for the ministry, in connection with the Presbyterian Church; but, like the late Thomas Carlyle and a good many other aspiring men of genius, he found certain doctrines in the Confession of Faith a barrier to the attainment of his object. He afterwards joined the Episcopal communion, and was appointed by Bishop Perry as a lay reader to officiate in the Church at Woodend; but he voluntarily resigned this position in about a year afterwards, and returned to Scotland, with the intention of devoting himself entirely to literary pursuits. In 1867 he published a volume of poems, entitled "Earnest, and the Pilgrim Poet," which met with a fair reception. Mr Middleton prosecuted literary work in Scotland, but after an absence of eight years he returned to Melbourne, and again manfully tackled his "stick and rule" for a few years. In 1874 he was appointed editor of the *Murchison Advertiser*, and soon made his mark as a journalist.

About seven years ago he purchased the *Shepparton News*, which he succeeded in placing in the forefront of country journals. While there he published a very interesting novel, written by himself during his residence in London, entitled "He or She?" His eyesight began to fail him about 1886, and although the best medical skill in the colony was appealed to, science was unable to restore the lost sense. Latterly, Mr Daniel Harrison (son of an able and old colonist), helped him in the editorial department of the *News* throughout his sad affliction; but Mr Middleton's health failed fast in consequence of the worry incidental to a business life and the want of his usual walking exercise, and he was compelled to part with his paper. He died in 1888 at Gleniffer, Lilydale, a romantically situated village some twenty miles distant from Melbourne, aged 60 years. His younger brother, Mr Richard Middleton, also a printer and journalist (from whom we have mainly derived this biographical sketch), survives him. He has left many valuable manuscripts, one of these being a literal translation of the "Iliad" from the original Greek, which is said to be more genuine than any yet published.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

I dreamt of God's own city, figured in the Book of old,
With its gates of lustrous pearl and its streets of shining gold—
A glorious, dazzling city, where our Shepherd tends His fold.

All throughout this radiant city angels paced, array'd in white,
Their forms were moulds of beauty, as the sun their faces bright;
They traversed this fair city in celestial delight.

And within this heavenly city roamed I as a child would stray—
The angels smiled with pity, as they passed me on their way
To and from that beauteous city, where is everlasting day.

In a street of that fair city an angel clasp't my hands;
My heart tuned a love-ditty as she held me in her bands,
While standing in that city that transcends all other lands.

"Whither, stranger, in our city would'st thou wish now to be led?"
I answered—"Unto Jesus, who on earth for mortals bled—
The Prince of this great city, where he reigns, and God is head."

"All angels in our city," the seraph spake to me!
"All angels in our city are as Jesus unto thee—
All are one in this dear city, where pure love and truth agree."

This in that wondrous city the spirit whisper'd low;
Her eyes shot burning glances, and her raiment shone as snow—
Her features in that city had a high, immortal glow.

Yes, methought within that city the seraph spake to me—
"As light and love is Jesus unto frail humanity;
Let His love and let His city be a beacon unto thee."

All in that mystic city in my soul these thoughts would swell—
The why and wherefore of them in truth I cannot tell,
But in that radiant city I felt I knew them well.

My heart is a love-city where God reigns as on a throne,
And when love's voice is pleading methinks 'tis Jesus' tone—
God's kingdom is this city, which love girds as with a zone.

EPISTLE TO ERNEST RENAN.

Weel, Renan! I ha'e got your book;*
I'll hing my bonnet on a hook,
An' sit me doon
Within a quate an' cosy nook,
An' claw my crown.

Your dedication's no' that bad,
My sang! but we wad a' be glad
Gin it were true—
That friens what left us unco sad
Watch ower us noo.

Tho' grannie threeps that they a' gang
To realms o' bliss to sing their sang
Withouten care,
Kennin' fu' weel that we ere lang
Will join them there.

Hech, sir! but ye're a learned chap;
O' the warld's tongues ye've hain'd a crap,
Rich as hotch-potch;
But, birkie! noo yer heid I'll rap—
Can ye read Scotch?

* The "Life of Christ."

Man, ye assert an' brag a deal,
Suppose an' speculate as weel;
An' simple faith,
Sic as puir feckless bodies feel,
Ye'd gie to Death.

Na, na! my corbie, stop ye there!
E'en tak' yer learnin' for yer share,
An' leave love's truth;
For honest folk can dae nae mair
Than glean, like Ruth.

Ilk man is man, altho' inspired;
They're a' by ae Great Spirit fired,
An' truth's the same
Warbled by John, by Peter choir'd,
In words o' flame.

An' miracles, ye silly elf!
Yer lear is only worthless pelf—
Ye'll no' believe!
What isna gript by yer sma' self
Maun e'en deceive.

Can ye tell hoo the flow'ret blows?
Can ye tell hoo the spirit grows
Within yer soul?
How is it that life interflows
Thro' Nature whole?

There's miracle in ilka fact,
There's miracle in ilka act
O' Nature's laws—
Wi' God a' Nature is impact,
Life frae Him draws.

What! fusionless an' silly thing!
E'en HIM ye daur touch wi' yer sting!
He e'er deceive!
JESUS "like conjurer in a ring?"—
Oh! hard's my neive!

. . . . .

Hoots! yer book is juist a big snawba'
At glint o' licht it melts awa'
Tae slush an' sleet,
An' little guid it does ava,
But weets folk's feet!

SONG OF FAYS.

Oh ! light is a wizard—the pure light of love—
As it streams through the windows of heaven above,
From sun and from star-light wings on its way
In rays from the realms of eternal day,
Gilding the white clouds that banner the sky,
And drawing to God's throne the heart-breathèd sigh.

Oh ! light is a wizard—the pure light of love—
As it streams through the windows of heaven above.
It builds the gay portals of opening day ;
It kindles the laughter of children at play ;
It blazons its colours upon the rainbow,
That are born again in all flowers that blow.

Oh ! light is a wizard—the pure light of love—
As it streams through the windows of heaven above—
By its soft warm kiss the tender shoots spring,
At its glance loving hearts 'mid the green forests sing ;
It floods with rare glory the ocean-kiss'd land,
And sparkles from shells on each sea-beaten strand.

Oh ! light is a wizard—the pure light of love—
As it streams through the windows of heaven above.
It is the refiner, where angels preside
To purify souls from iniquity's tide ;
Of light are the harp-chords that in the heaven's ring,
For light quivers with life when angelic choirs sing.

PETER SKIRVING

WAS a lineal descendant of the author of "Johnnie Cope,"—Adam Skirving, the witty and vivacious farmer of Garleton, in Haddingtonshire, having been his great-grandfather. His immediate grandfather, Archibald Skirving, was well-known in his time as an excellent portrait-painter—his picture of Burns being considered the best likeness of our national bard. Peter Skirving was born at Edinburgh in 1829. His father died early, and our poet was the

only son of a widowed mother. Mrs Skirving was one of those matrons of whom Scotland may well be proud, a woman of much strength of character, from whom her son derived a great portion of the amiable disposition which riveted the friendship of his acquaintances. Mr Skirving had been working in a drapery establishment in Edinburgh for several years, when he was induced to emigrate to Victoria. Accompanied by his mother, he arrived in Melbourne in 1854, and he settled in Geelong as a draper and outfitter, calling his shop, "The Edinburgh House." During his spare hours Mr Skirving was energetic in every good work. He was the leading spirit in inaugurating "evening schools," and he was the originator and prime mover in building the Geelong Mechanics' Institute. He contributed largely to the local press, and in many ways sought to elevate the society in which he was placed. He died at Geelong in 1869, aged forty. Mr Skirving was unmarried, and it may be mentioned that his mother, who had till then lived with him, was kept in comfort by a number of friends for fourteen years. Mr W. S. Jenkins, the Welsh bard, wrote elegiac verses on the death of Mr Skirving, in which he styled him "a noble and true-hearted son of Scotland." His effusions are characterised by a tender and contemplative fancy, and are indisputably the reflex of an affectionate spirit.

LIFE'S TEACHERS.

My memory clings with lingering fondness still,
Dear village school, round thy moss-covered walls,
Where first we plucked the tree, whence good or ill
Gives life its strength, or tempts to faithless falls.
Loved and familiar were thy sheltering eaves,
Where robin twittered to the linnet's song;
Fair was the rustic porch, where clustering wreaths
Of rose and ivy in the sunlight shone,
Like tender love that cheers hearts crushed by many a wrong.

So, gliding onwards, sped the fleeting hours,
Sometimes in play, 'mid shady country lanes,
Whose hedge rows, dusky nooks, wild fruits, and flowers,
Taught their own lessons for our future aims.
Oft, led by a loved hand, we wandering strayed
Through woodland glens, whose dim but verdant aisles
Showed light and shadow, as the sunbeams played
'Mong leaves and boughs, in strange, fantastic styles,
Resembling chequered life's alternate frowns and smiles.

Loved were those lessons, for a gentle voice
Taught that each tiny flower, the oak's vast stem,
The lark's sweet lay, the streamlet's murmuring noise,
A carol sung of wondrous love to men.
Blest were those days, for on the virgin page
Of our young hearts were stamped the glorious signs,
Which, learned in youth, endure to hoary age,
And whose effulgence through each period shines—
Signs of the love divine writ out in clearest lines.

So, working on, our past experience shows
That kindly deeds but strengthen duty's hand;
That faith still lives, and love exultant throws
O'er human hearts its sweet and holy band.
Thus learn we ever, for our common school
Is this fair world—the teachers, God and time;
The lessons these—that each his passions rule,
And charity in word and action shine,
That God himself is love, and love the law divine.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Dear budding blossom! thy young life
Brings light and joy to many an eye,
And hearts and hopes in thee are bound
Together with a sacred tie;
For, while thy youthful mother bends
To gaze upon thy features fair,
Unconsciously to Heaven is breathed
A mother's pure and holy prayer.

And with her, in communion sweet,
On high thy father's thoughts ascend,
That gracious blessings may on thee
In rich and varied union blend.
Thy innocence, and oh! how bright
The smile thy dreams in slumber bring,
Illumined by a beam of light,
Shed from thy guardian angel's wing!

Oh ! may, dear bbae, that Mighty One,
More potent than angelic band,
Shield and sustain, protect and guide,
And lead thee with His loving hand ;
May He be friend, may He be all,
And more than language can proclaim ;
His bounties, numberless, exceed
Whate'er thy parent's prayers may name.

And as the years--Time's footprints—run,
While changes mark their ceaseless flight,
May their touch softly circle thee,
As with a robe of lurid light ;
That, wrapt around thee, Time's stern hand
May but unfold thy youthful leaves,
And wreathe in garlands round thy head
The magic spell that beauty weaves.

And onward, as thy days extend,
Undimm'd and clear be thy bright eye ;
Thy sorrows—may they lightly pass,
Like dark clouds in a summer sky.
I know that life has proved to be
A scene of sunshine and of showers,
Yet, oh ! may thou have smiles, not tears,
Companions of thy waking hours.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

Here, by the cosy ingle-side,
This winter evening I am sitting,
While opposite, in her old chair,
My aged mother plies her knitting.
Outside I hear the rain-drops fall,
And now and then the branches waving,
Which, by the wind that's eddying past,
Fantastic lullabies are raving.

Just such a night when peace and love,
With downy pinions fair and shining,
Oft bring unbidden thoughts to light
Of joy and sadness intertwining.
Oh ! it is strange, yet this we find,
For happy hours some tinge of sorrow,
And in life's web see sombre hues
That from the light more darkness borrow.

. . . . . .

We change with years, for trials show
That youth's gay dreams are oft deceiving,

And hope's fair phantom, that we chase
In vain, is still us further leaving;
What high resolves, what lofty aims,
Young hearts are fondly found maturing,
To crown with fame an honest name,
And leave it cherish'd and enduring.

But Time's rough usage knowledge brings,
With furrow'd brows and scanty tresses,
And gives the power that can unclasp
Hypocrisy's oft-changing dresses;
Yet with this gift are blended thoughts
Of sunny years, of brave endeavour—
Of hopes built on life's shifting sands,
Now buried in the past for ever.

We're wiser now—for youth's fond dream
Has lost its freshness and its glory;
Yet honest hearts may victories win
As brave as sung in ancient story.
What grander triumph can we gain
Than conquering self by self-denying?
What nobler deed than help to raise
The sinning, suffering, and sighing?

Thus kindly love remembers still
Our brotherhood and common failings—
When many fall, that we still stand
Should make us chary in our railings.
So let us live a manly life
Of work—of faith in one another—
With love for all, and scorning not
Our ignorant or erring brother.

THOMAS BEATON HUTCHISON CHRISTIE

WAS a native of Glasgow, and was born about 1825. He received an excellent education, and was trained as an accountant. An elder brother, John Hutchison Christie, an engineer by profession, frequently forwarded verses to the newspapers signed

"Christopher Delany," and he was included amongst the local poets, whose productions were gathered by James Lemon, and entitled the "Bards of St Mungo." The younger brother, Thomas, essayed verse also, and signed his contributions "Ralph Delany." This boyish freak he maintained throughout his career, and all his verses appear above that pseudonym. John emigrated to the United States, and died at Bridgeport, Connecticut. The younger brother went to Canada West, and was settled as a schoolmaster at Otonobee; but after a year's experience of Canadian life he returned to Glasgow. He wrote tales and verse for the local press, and was a prominent member of the Lanarkshire Volunteers. He eventually emigrated to Queensland, Australia, and took a farm on the Logan River. During the fearful floods which sometimes rage in that remote colony, Mr Christie's house and property were swept away, and he had to live for three weeks under a bark hut which he extemporised. He came back to Brisbane, and commenced tuition at Ipswich. In 1869 he printed a volume of "Poems and Songs by Ralph Delany," the first work of the kind issued from the Queensland press. The Scottish national arms adorned the title-page. Mr Christie dedicated his book to Prince Alfred, "Victoria's Sailor Son," who visited the Australian Colonies in 1867-68. In one of his numerous songs he pathetically croons upon a favourite theme, his beloved Scotland :—

"My foot will never press again
The heather on thy hills,
And never more I'll listen to
The music of thy rills.
It may be in this distant land
I'll fill a nameless grave :
Yet a song to thee, old Scotland,
I'll waft across the wave."

The augury was prophetic, for after a visit to his sister in Melbourne, he returned to Bundanba, and be-

coming seriously ill, he removed for medical treatment to Brisbane, where he died in 1879. He was a genial man, "a kindly Scot," and his demise was sincerely regretted. His last poem was his serio-comic verses—"Whaur do ye Come Frae?" In this he cleverly puts into droll juxtaposition some of the stale jibes against Scotland as well as many of the intrinsic virtues and peculiarities of the country.

YE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

Oh! dry your tearfu' e'e, lassie,
What's past an' gane forget—
For time will come wi' healin' wing,
An' ye'll be happy yet.
Oh! dinna think the warld is dark
Tho' ae bricht star has set,
An' joy seems tint for evermair—
Ye may be happy yet.

He's gane wha lo'ed ye weel, lassie,
But dinna pine an' fret;
There's hearts as leal to lo'e ye still,
An' ye'll be happy yet.
The clouds that hide the mornin' sun
May pass afore it set;
Sae sorrow's mist will slide awa',
An' ye'll be happy yet.

WHAUR DO YE COME FRAE?

Oh! ken ye the land o' the thistle an' docken,
O' farles o' oat-cake, an' sheep's-heid kale?
Whaur wild deer are roamin', whaur craps should be growin'—
The land o' the mist an' the land o' the Gael?
The land o' the Bible, the mountain, and flood,
O' butter-milk, sneeshin'-mills, brambles, an' haws?
Whaur to whussle on Sunday's considered a sin,
An' the carritch is taught wi' the help o' the tawse?—
That's whaur I come frae.

Oh! ken ye the land whaur Loch Katrine, the peerless,
Owerlook'd by Ben Ledi, is dimpled in smiles?
Ken ye the land whaur Loch Lomond, the lonely,
Bears on its bosom its fairy-like isles?

Ken ye the land o' Watt, Campbell, an' Hawkie,
The land o' the bagpipe, the kilt, an' the hose?
The land that gae birth to John Knox an' Sir Wattie,
The land o' guid yill an' o' gran' Athol brose?—
That's whaur I come frae?

Oh! ken ye the land that will aye bear the gree
For masons, an' gardeners, an' gleg engineers,
For couthiness, kindness, an' keen common-sense,
For doctors, an' doctrine, an' second-sicht seers?
An' ken ye the land o' the mutches an' mutchkins,
O' gills an' o' jails for the Paddy Brigade?
O' peat-reek an' paitricks, het toddy, howtowdies,
O' partans an' tartans sae vively displayed?—
That's whaur I come frae.

Ken ye the kintra o' parritch an' soor-dook?
O' bare-leggit lassies an' braid-backit laddies?
The land o' the teuchit, the peeseweep, an' salmon,
Unrivalled for speldrins an' fine Finnon haddies?
Ken ye the land o' the pease-scones an' bannocks,
The land o' black cattle an' reid-bearded men?
The land o' Rob Roy, an' o' that ither Rob
Whase sangs are the best in the world, ye ken?—
That's whaur I come frae.

Oh! ken ye the land o' the blue-bell an' gowan?
O' Wallace the doughty, o' Claver'se, an' Bruce?
The land o' the haggis, the heather, the herrin',
O' brochan, an' bracken, an' granite, an' grouse?
Ken ye the land o' Carlyle's Ecclefechan?
That builds the best steam-boats that sail on the seas?
Whaur the women, when washin', jump into the tub,
An' dance wi' their coats kilted up to their knees?—
That's whaur I come frae.

Ken ye the land where Sir Colin was cradled?
The land that the Romans ne'er conquered in war?
The land o' hotch-potch, het sowens, an' crowdie,
Whose motto runs proudly—"Touch me gin ye daur?"
'Tis the bonniest, the bleakest, the best, an' the brawest
That ever was seen—wha shall say it is not
Kens naething o' parritch, or thistles, or whiskey—
He cam' nae frae it. 'Tis the land o' land o' the Scot,
An' that's whaur I come frae.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE BUSH.

Come, sit ye doon, my cronies a',
For this is New Year's Day;

An' tho' we've troubles, for a wee
Let's fleg dull care away.
Sae fill yer glasses up, my lads,
A bumper lat it be—
Here's "Them we left ahint us," lads,
Far, far across the sea.

I miss the bleezin' fire, lads,
I miss the frost an' snaw,
An' the dear familiar faces—
I miss them mair than a'.
Whene'er I think on them, lads,
The tears will blin' my e'e;
We'll pledge them in a reamin' glass—
The loved ones owre the sea!

For never while we breathe, lads,
In sorrow or in mirth,
Will we forget the dear auld land—
The land that ga'e us birth.
Then fill again, an' fill them high,
We'll drink wi' three times three—
"The land o' cakes, an' a' that's in 't,"
Far, far across the sea!

JOHN BARR.

OF this gifted and genial writer in our vernacular tongue, we know little more than can be gleaned from his "Poems and Songs, Descriptive and Satirical," published at Edinburgh in 1861. Barr was a native of Paisley, and an engineer to trade. He emigrated in 1852, and settled at South Craigie-lee, Otago. Mr Barr states in his preface to the volume referred to that he "wrote most of the pieces in the evening after a day's work with the axe in clearing his ground." "Our Guidman's Spree" is printed in a temperance song-book without the author's name, but it is included in Barr's poems of 1861.

AULD HUGHIE'S WOOIN'.

Auld Hugh keekit in at oor door—
"Fine nicht wi' ye a'!" quo' he.
"Oh, come awa', Hughie," said mither,
"Ye're juist in guid time for yer tea.
Draw in yon auld stule to the fire,
An' gie us a screed o' yer news.
I'm tauld ye hae been at Dunedin,
An' gotten a mob o' fine coos."

Then hey for the coos an' the heifers,
An' hey for the lasses sae braw.
Gin ye dinna hae plenty o' cattle,
In coortin' yer chance 'ill be sma'.

"'Deed, mistress, an' that's very true.
I hae gotten twal heifers an' mair;
I bocht them frae Maister M'Clymont,
That comes frae the County o' Ayr.
He wantit ten poond for ilk' heifer,
An' I had a terrible faucht;
At the last, wi' fair fleechin' an' priggin',
I gar'd him come doón to the aucht.

"But that's no' my erran', guid 'oman,
I've got ither fish noo to fry,
For I'm wantin' a wifey, a young ane,
To help to look aifter ma kye.
There's Jennie, yer dochter, I've noticed
She's weel-faur'd an' strang i' the bane,
An' to tell ye the truth, honest luckie,
I'm sick tired o' bydin' ma lane.

"I canna pit up wi' yer leddies,
That servants maun ha'e at their tail,
For I maun ha'e ane to sup parritch,
Or tak a guid skinfu' o' kail.
Yer leddies lie up wi' their heid-akes,
The neist day they're wantin' a goon,
An' syne they set aff on their traivels,
In rakin' the haill kintra roon'.

"Noo, Jenny's a guid haun' at delvin',
Can shear sheep, or thrash wi' a flail,
An' I ken that she's weel up to milkin',
An' brakin' in kye to the bale."
"Weel, Hughie," quo' mither, "ye'll get her,
See, there is a shak o' my haun';
But, first, ye'll mak ower till oor Jenny
A'e half o' yer siller an' lan'."

Hugh lookit as bleart as a howlet
When ettlin' to glower at the sun;
"Yae half o' my siller!" he echoed,
"As weel as the half o' ma grun'?"
Hugh spang'd frae the stule in a hurry,
Like ane wha had gotten a fricht,
"I'll bid ye guid nicht a'," he mumbled,
"For I maun gang hame while it's licht?"

OOR GUIDMAN'S SPREE.

Oor auld guidman gaed to the toun
To sell his pickle woo',
An' he cam back without a plack,
His noodle reemin' fou.
An' on the road he lost his wig
As black as ony slae,
Forbye a plaid I span mysel',
The best o' hodden gray.

Oh! weary on the barley-bree!
It brings baith skaith an' scorn;
It mak's us tine oor peace o' min',
An' wish we ne'er were born.

Sae in he cam wi' fearfu' bang,
An' cowpit by the fire;
His coat was hingin' a' in rags,
His nieves were fu' o' mire.
His cheeks were scarted richt an' left
Wi' fa'in' 'mang the whins,
His nose forgather'd wi' a stane,
An' he had peeled his shins.

Oh, weary, &c.

"Wae's me!" I cried, "I never thocht
I e'er wad live to see
My ain guidman in sic a plicht—
Is this yer luve to me?
Is this the gate to treat a wife
Wha lo'es ye day an' nicht?
The bairns are greetin' i' their beds,
A'maist half deid wi' fricht."

Oh, weary, &c.

"Get oot!" quo' he, "nor speak to me—
I'll lea' ye a' the morn!
I'll sell my nowt, I'll sell my neeps,
An' a' my bere an' corn.

Sae dinna cheep anither word,
But keep as quate's a moose,
Or—it's a fack ! I'll brak' yer back,
An' syne I'll fire the hoose !"

Oh, weary, &c.,

Wi' that he wambled to the floor,
An' row'd upo' the rug ;
An' there he lay, till mornin' gray,
Beside his collie dug.
I sleepit nane that lee-lang nicht,
My heart was like to break ;
But Robin snored, while collie's paws
Were claspit roun' his neck !

Oh, weary, &c.,

But noo, it's altered days, I trow ;
I'm happier than a queen,
For ilka day is blythe as May—
We're gettin' snug an' bien.
But how this change has come aboot,
I doot ye'll aiblins guess ? —
Oor Robin's turn'd teetotaller,
An' winna taste ae gless.

Oh, weary on the barley-bree
In bicker, stoup, or horn :
It mak's us tine a' peace o' min',
An' hauds us up to scorn.

RAB M'GRAIN'S COURTSHIP.

Auld Rab M'Grain fell deep in love,
An' woo'd a bonnie lass—
He had resolved to hae a wife,
Whate'er micht come to pass ;
But Nannie wadna gie consent
For a' his gowd an' gear.
Syne, turnin' on her heel, she said—
"What sorra brocht ye here ?"

"What brocht me here ?" quo' sleekit Rab ;
"'Twas your twa bonnie e'en ;
I'm sick tired o' a single life,
An' o' my sister Jean—
Her tongue gangs like a skillet bell,
My hoose is gaun to wreck !"
But Nannie leugh intil his face,
An' pointed to the sneck.

Her mither—she was weel content
That Nannie cleekit Rab,
Altho' his heid was white as snaw,
An' teethless was his gab ;
An' aye she gi'ed the tither wink,
An' aye anither frown ;
At last she hush't in Nannie's lug—
"He's worth a thoosan' poun' !"

Syne, slippin' to the door ootbye,
She left them baith their lane,
When Nannie thocht she micht dae waur
Than wed auld Rab M'Grain.
Quo' Rab at last—"I think, ma lass,
Ye'll tak' me for yer man ?"—
"I think I will, an' sune yer brass
Will buy me a new pan !"

"Aweel ! aweel !" groaned canny Rab,
"That may be whan I'm deid—
Whan fowk are lyin' i' the mools,
They needna fash their heid
Wha gets their wife or gets their gear—
It mak's but little odds ;
Sae ye may wed as sune's ye like
Whan I'm below the clods."

They made their paction firm an' fast,
Mess John he made it sure ;
But Fortune will play kittle tricks
In spite o' pith an' pow'r—
For Nannie wore awa' the first,
An' tint her spunk o' life ;
Noo Robin's on the hunt again,
He wants anither wife !

A TWA-HANDIT CRACK.

MRS SCANDAL AND MRS ENVY.

S.—Sae Robin at last has got buckled—
It's been a sair strussel wi' Rab ;
Some say he has gotten a leddy,
An' some say a puir silly drab.
Some threep that she washes wi' gloves on,
An' bakes wi' a veil owre her face !
Did ye ever hear tell o' the like o't ?
Losh me ! it's a pitifu' case !

E.—Ay! but ithers mainteen she's nae leddy,
But has ower muckle pride in her skin—
That her faither was just an auld carter,
An' he was the best o' his kin.
But Robin, the sumph, is enchanted,
For love mak's a puir bodie blin';
He'll ken something better aboot it
At the en' o' the daft hinnymuin.

S.—Weel, I'se tell ye ae thing that they claiver'd,
But didna believ't for a blink—
Some hint that she cocks her wee crannie,
In short, that she's gi'en to the drink.
But ye maunna lat on that I tauld ye,
For clashin' I never could bide,
An' I never speak ill o' my neebors—
That's kent thro' the haill kintra-side.

E.—They blaw 'twas an' unco fine waddin',
Wi' ilka thing graun' an' genteel,
For they borrow'd Miss Skirlin's piano,
An' syne rumbl'd thro' a quadreel.
They had siller forks set at the supper—
They micht ha'e been daein' wi' less;
But they werena their ain, I can tell ye—
Whaur they cam' frae ye brawly can guess.

S.—Did ye hear hoo puir Rab was affrontit?
At carvin' a turkey he'd strive,
But he flang doon the knife in a passion,
An' yokit to rug an' to rive.
The stuffin' cam' oot like plum-parritch
When Robin the legs o't wad thraw;
An' he roar'd—"Gude be here! yer fine turkey
Has never been guttit ava!"

E.—Do ye ken gin it's true she's pock-markit?
Yet what aboot that tho' she be?
They say that her mither cried "Herrin',"
But that maun be surely a lee.
Hoots! I never could bear to hear clashin',
An' never was gi'en till't mysel'—
Ye'll be gaun to the kirk, Mrs Scandal—
Weel, there's the first clink o' the bell!

CLASHIN' JENNY TINKLER.

Oh, clashin' Jenny Tinkler, yer tongue gangs like a bell;
For tellin' lees an' raisin' strife, ye beat Auld Nick himsel'.
Ye weel deserve to ride the stang, or get a dousin' plump,
Firm stappit in a washin'-boyne, an' on ye ca' the pump.

Oh, clashin' Jenny Tinkler, ye ha'e a fearfu' tongue,
For it can wag at baith the ends—it's in the middle hung :
Five hunder lees an ouk, or mair, skaills oot o' yer auld gab,
An' ilka ane is sharp an' keen, an' gie's a mortal stab.

Oh, clashin' Jenny Tinkler, come, tell us a' the news
O' ilka lass that should be wed, or wha's been on the booze,
An' wha's gat ower the lugs in debt wi' his expensive wife ;
There's nane describes sae weel as you, or paints it to the life.

Oh, clashin' Jenny Tinkler, yer saintship is a sham,
An' ye're the last should speak o' drink that likes sae weel a dram.
I wish it was yer only fau't, for that I could forgi'e ;
But ye hae ane I winna name, or some fowk tell a lee.

DONALD M'LEOD

MERITS a place in the roll of Scottish poets on account of his skill in translating Gaelic poetry into English verse. He is the younger son of a Highland clergyman—the Rev. Norman M'Leod—who left Scotland for America in 1816, and was ordained a Presbyterian minister in Ohio. He afterwards settled in Nova Scotia, where the subject of our notice was born, and educated under his father's tuition. Donald M'Leod became a competent Gaelic scholar, and as he grew up to manhood he held a commission as captain in the Canadian volunteers, and was likewise appointed to the magistracy in his district. His father had an attached congregation of clansmen, to whom he regularly preached in Gaelic.

As their holdings skirted the sea coast, the children of that Highland community became hardy and expert fishermen and sailors, and an opportunity was afforded them of exemplifying this trait in a remarkable degree. A succession of bad harvests and other reverses had pre-disposed the M'Leods to remove from their bleak location to a more favourable climate, and hearing of the gold discoveries in Australia, and of the fertility of its soil, they determined upon emigrating thither. With the characteristic ardour of their race, they built their own vessel with timber from their own land, and named her "The Margaret." With their beloved pastor and his family on board, these modern Argonauts sailed for the great Southern Land about the close of 1851, and navigated the vessel themselves. They arrived in safety at Adelaide, but did not remain. They next voyaged to Melbourne, but left it also as unsuitable. Finally they reached New Zealand, the climate of which was more congenial, and not so oppressively hot as that of Australia. Sir George Grey, the governor, was so deeply impressed with the value of such model emigrants that he gave them on advantageous terms a grant of land at Waipu, about 70 miles distant from Auckland. There the M'Leods disembarked, settled, and built their village, and their minister prelected to his flock in their native Gaelic till his death in 1866.

Donald M'Leod published at Auckland in 1859 a translation of the "Spiritual Poems" of Dugald Buchanan. Probably this was the first time that Buchanan's poems had appeared in an English dress. The translator acquitted his task well, and, by the medium of his version, the obscure Highland catechist will favourably compare with Pollok, Glynn, and Montgomery. His poem on the "Day of Judgment" is a grand conception. In a series of Dantesque pictures, he displays, from a Calvinistic point of view,

the awful day of doom, and the solemn audit of the souls who sojourned on the earth. Some of the lines linger in the memory. Thus :—

> "Fierce fermenting wreaths of endless flame."
>
> "Bound on a brimstone ocean in a blaze,
> Like limpets clinging to a rocky ledge,
> 'Mid boiling foam, with God's eternal wrath
> Swelling the ocean in tumultuous waves
> O'er their devoted heads."

Again, a Scriptural conceit, which is finely turned, occurs in "A Prayer to the Almighty" :—

> "Before Thy pure, Thy clear omniscient eye,
> The brightest planet is not wholly clean."

Donald M'Leod removed to Adelaide about 1860, and having been prepossessed with the first view of the place, he resolved on settling there. He adopted journalism as his profession, and wrote several local and patriotic songs, which were set to music. He removed to Melbourne about 1863, and pursued the same precarious career of journalism. In 1866 he was employed on a suburban paper, the *Collingwood Observer*, along with our correspondent, Mr T. L. Work, who wrote a long and interesting critique on M'Leod's translation in that paper, which is almost the only one in Melbourne where Scottish subjects are discussed and treated in a satisfactory manner. It has been long and ably conducted by Mr James Macalpine Tait, son of the celebrated Glasgow Radical, John Tait, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Simeon Clyde." Mr M'Leod also published an account of the young industries of Melbourne in 1872; but after experiencing many of the vicissitudes attendant upon colonial newspaper life, he left for New Zealand about 1877, probably for the old settlement at Waipu, and nothing further has been heard of him.

AUSTRALIAN ANTHEM.

Let Australia's prayer be
For peace and long prosperity,
And freedom from all tyranny—
Her children's highest prize.
Let the future searching eye
Mark her destiny from high—
A nursery, whence rings the cry
Of nations yet to rise.

Resting bright in ocean smiles,
Circled by her countless isles,
Wealthy plains and mountain piles
Her treasures prone display;
On the surface, under ground,
Over meadow, over mound,
Boundless riches swell the ground
In wonderful array.

See! her legions amply fed,
See! her commerce widely spread,
See! her laden shipping, sped
To every distant clime.
Enterprise, with giant stride,
Leads the van on every side,
Mows the forest, rules the tide,
With energy sublime.

Throes of empires heave amain,
Kingdoms in advancing train
Dazzle the prophetic brain
In glorious vision shown.
Raise the joyful, grateful song,
Loud the anthem notes prolong—
Hail, Australia! young and strong,
Our beautiful—our own!

THE HERO.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan).

No hero the of Macedon,
Nor Cæsar of imperial Rome,
Who, tho' triumphant o'er the world,
Were slaves to their own lusts at home.

'Tis not heroic to delight
In war and rapine's ruthless hate;

The champion foremost in the fight
Is often not the truly great.

Ah, no! The Hero is that man
Who vanquishes the fear of life
And dread of death—he who fulfils
His duties all in peace or strife;

Who ne'er recoils with guilty awe
From conscience waken'd, but will hear
Its keen reproach in calm repose,
Nor close his mind to justice clear.

The Hero he who subjugates
His will to reason's rightful sway,
Compelling rebel thoughts to yield,
And rank in orderly array.

When on his couch he seeks to rest,
His virtues will be ample guard
(Like soldiers who protect their king),
And perfect safety his reward.

His soul is stedfast as a rock,
Unblanch'd with terror is his look,
His eye is wakeful, keen, and clear,
And can detect the baited hook.

Wake, oh, my soul! thy arms prepare
To emulate this Hero's life—
In low subjection curb thy lusts,
And rule thy inward realm of strife.

Have every aim beyond the sky—
Poor is thy portion 'neath the sun;
Consider earth a sandy mound,
And men as ants that o'er it run.

When mankind thou observest thus,
Collect thy thoughts, and then enjoy
Thy inward happiness and wealth,
Without an end, without alloy.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan.)

Young man! in thy prowess, list unto this truth—
Neglect not thy season, the summer of youth;

Give over thy idling, thy foolish career,
Ere sickness and age, with their hardships, appear—
Those scouts of eternity, Death's ghastly crew,
For these are behind thee, and swiftly pursue;
If one overtake thee, then quickly thou'lt mourn,
For thy joy and thy gladness to sorrow shall turn.
Old age lies in ambush to wound unawares,
And cover thine eyesight with filmy thick layers,
To plough thy face deeply with furrows of years—
The hoar-frost, regardless of pity and tears,
Shall wither thy locks, and, with progress unseen,
Turn fresh ruddy looks to the death hue of green,
That neither bright sun nor soft thaw will remove,
Nor science nor art e'er affect or improve.
If thy youth be unruly, thy lusts without check,
They will grow and o'ercome thee, and make thee a wreck;
In thy frail wither'd age far too strong to subdue
When too late you begin their subjection anew,
The twig that you pluck not when feeble and small,
You cannot pull out when grown stately and tall:
As the branches and foliage extend overhead,
The roots underground in proportion will spread.
Thy life is uncertain—each moment may bring
Thy painful last sickness with death on its wing.
Be diligent, therefore, securing thy peace,
Ere thy soul, unprepared, gets its final release.

OSSIAN MACPHERSON.

THIS true native of the Highlands was born at Badenoch, Inverness-shire, about 1818. Very little of his early history is known. Some biographical particulars are appended to his "Song on Shinty," reprinted from a country paper in the *Australasian* in 1864. He stated that he recited the stanzas at a convivial meeting of the "London Club of True Highlanders" in 1842, after a stiffly contested game of shinty, in which he had as an opponent the redoubtable Tom Spring, pugilistic champion of England, and that

Tom lamed him in a scrimmage. There were present on the occasion Admiral Sir Charles Napier, John Wilson (the Scottish vocalist), Robert Burns, junior (son of the bard), the venerable George Thomson (correspondent of Burns), and others; and Mr Macpherson plaintively presumed he was the only survivor of that gay party. When he arrived in Australia it would be hazardous to conjecture, but he had been acting as a schoolmaster in the western district of Victoria for many years. He was a frequent contributor to the local papers—the *Hamilton Spectator* and *Coleraine Albion*. Macpherson resided at Redruth, a township near the Falls of the Waunon. One of his poems, "The Grave in the Bush," became exceedingly popular, on account of the catholicity of its sentiment and the interest which pertains to the sad fate of pioneers of the Australian continent, perishing of thirst in the vast solitudes of the bush. He also wrote some striking verses on the Burke and Wills Exploring Expedition, which had a tragic termination. In this poem he deprecated the removal of their bones from the place where the explorers had died, and counselled the erection of a monument over their remains, as a memorial of their endurance—"pointing to a new-born land." Mr Macpherson was very erratic in his mode of life; sometimes he would be full of joviality, a welcome guest at every social splore, and at other times as austere and abstemious as an anchorite. Latterly he abjured human society altogether, and took up his residence in a cavern behind the Waunon Falls, and here, in this romantic and almost inaccessible retreat, he died about 1874. Many persons imagined that Macpherson's Pagan prenomen was an assumed one, but he invariably maintained that it was his real name, and all his verses are signed accordingly. He lived and died in Victoria as Ossian Macpherson; but he was not the only one who had the same antique

Celtic name, for another Highlander in the district claimed it—only the electoral registrar bungled the name by having it regularly printed thus—*Ocean* Anderson.

HIELAN' SHINTY.

Get up, get up, ilk Hielan' wight,
The clouds are aff, the morn is bright;
Sae seize your camach, grasp it tight,
An' haste awa' to shinty.

Then drain the quaich—fill again;
Loudly blaw a martial strain,
An' welcome gie wi' might an' main
To guid auld Hielan' shinty.

Quick! strip yer claes to kilt an' sark,
Wi' wistfu' e'en beware the mark,
An' shins look out for ruefu' wark
This day at Hielan' shinty.

Then drain, &c.

But, see! the ba' flees ower the dale,
Now high, now low, now on the gale,
Back and fore, now gains the "hail"—
Weel done for Hielan' shinty!

Then drain, &c.

An' see! for gleg amid the din,
Like deer ahint the ba' they rin,
Wi' mony an' honest social grin
For guid auld Hielan' shinty.

Then drain, &c.

It's ower! for high 'mang a' the fun
The piper's blast proclaims it's done;
The battle is baith lost and won
This day at Hielan' shinty.

Then drain, &c.

An' now wi' social mirth an' glee
To end the sport we a' agree—
Wi' usquebagh or barley-bree
We'll drink to Hielan' shinty.

Then drain, &c.

Haste, piper ! quick ! mair loudly blaw !
We'll keep it up, baith great an' sma',
We'll dance it out till mornin' craw—
It's a' for Hielan' shinty.

Then drain, &c.

An', by my sooth ! wi' gill an' stoup,
Wi' Hielan' mirth an' festive loup,
We'll sen' auld care to Davie's roup
This day at Hielan' shinty.

Then drain, &c.

But may we a' wha now are met,
Till Nature claims her final debt,
Be aye resolved ne'er to forget
Our ancient Hielan' shinty.

Then drain the quaich—fill again,
An' loudly blaw a rousin' strain,
An' welcome gie wi' micht an' main
To guid auld Hielan' shinty.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSH.

There's a grave in the bush
Where the foot seldom strays ;
'Tis a grave almost hid
From humanity's gaze.
Rank and sickly the grass
Waves and spreads o'er the mound,
And the silence of death
Is unbroken around.
Oh ! there's nobody knows
Who 'tis here lies at rest :
'Twas a wanderer who died,
By thirst sore oppress'd.
He was laid 'neath the sod,
Near the spot where he fell :
Who he was—what he was ?
There was no one to tell.

I have sought far and wide
For a friend that I love ;
I have prayed for success
From the pure throne above.
In the crowd I have sought
For his bold manly face ;
But his features and form
I could never yet trace.

Years have roll'd since we met,
  But not one single word—
Whether sleeping in death,
  Or alive—have we heard.
Oft his poor mother writes—
  "Have you heard of my son?"
But what can I reply?
  Hope is dead—I have none.

Oh! sad feelings arise
  'Mid the silence and gloom,
As I think—My poor friend
  May have here found a tomb!
Not a hand stretched to aid,
  None to hear his last breath,
As he sank to the earth
  In the slumber of death.
Yes, perhaps in this lair—
  This lone dismal spot,
His bleach'd, wasted bones
  In sad silence may rot.
For no mark meets the gaze
  Of my eager-strained eyes,
To record who it is
  That here mouldering lies.

So! sleep all alone;
  But whoever thou art,
From my memory thy grave
  Never more shall depart.
'Mid the solitude stern,
  'Mid the calm evening air,
I will give thee a tear,
  I will offer a prayer:—
"Oh! Great Father of all,
  Deign to listen to me;
'Tis a weary, worn worm
  Who petitions to Thee,
In Thy pity the soul
  Of this stranger to save—
Oh! bury his sins
  In his desolate grave!"

CHILDREN OF SCOTIA, BOLD AND BRAVE!*

Children of Scotia, bold and brave!
Sons of the land beyond the wave,

* The Coleraine Caledonian Society's Gathering, 1869.

Awake, and to the field away—
'Tis Caledonia's holiday.
Shake off the shadows of the night—
This is the day for bloodless fight;
Fling to the winds all thoughts of care,
On !—to the battle-field repair.

Hark, to the spirit-stirring sound—
The pibroch's notes are swelling round,
Wild floating o'er the summer gale,
High o'er the hill, far through the vale.
Away ! it is the gath'ring strain,
A sound that ne'er was heard in vain ;
Tho' far away, across the deep,
The soul of Scotland must not sleep !

Oh, no ! tho' far from that loved spot,
By patriot bosoms ne'er forgot,
Tho' gather'd 'neath another sky—
But wake that pibroch's thrilling cry,
Where is the Scottish bosom then
But wanders home to hill or glen ?
And days like this but call to mind
Scenes deep in memory entwined.

Ho, gather ! then, in friendly fray,
In healthful strife, in bright array ;
Nor cannon's roar, nor sword, nor spear,
Find place amid the combats here—
The fight will be a festive scene,
No red will stain the meadow green ;
The shout, or laughter's joyous ring,
Will mark the strife that here shall spring

Ho, gather ! hark, the pibroch shrill
Awakes the echoes on each hill ;
The combat waits, the strife begin !
Ho ! gather to the glorious din.
Awake at Caledonia's call ;
Come from the hut, come from the hall,
On to the field, away, away !
'Tis Caledonia's holiday.

JAMES KNOX.

OF this pleasing poet absolutely nothing is known save what can be gleaned from his publication, "Poetic Trifles," published at Hobart, Tasmania, in 1838. A retrospect of fifty years is a long period for the constantly changing conditions of colonial life, and Knox appears to have experienced a more than ordinary share of oblivion; for even in a recent "History of Tasmania," in the appendix to which a bibliography of books printed in that island is given, no mention is made of Knox's little volume. The only man who could have given information was the printer, William Gore Elliston (a son of the celebrated comedian, proprietor of the *Courier*, a defunct daily newspaper), who died in Hobart some years ago. Mr Knox's verses are characterised by taste and feeling, and evince considerable culture for one pent in that penal settlement. He alludes in one of his poems to the struggles for religious liberty made by the Scottish covenanters, but otherwise there is no indication of his native land. It has been stated that Dirleton is the scene of his tender verses on "The Village Green;" but this statement requires confirmation.

THE UNRECORDED GRAVE.

Oh! pass but lightly o'er the sod—
'Tis sacred ground we tread,
Where on the flowers, like holy tears,
The dews their lustre shed;
And where yon sad funereal tree
Its lonely vigil keeps,
Beneath the clustering violet's bloom,
The unrecorded sleeps.

Perchance his mother's memory dwells
Upon her offspring now;
Perchance she deems once more her lips
May press his pallid brow;

Perchance unshaken yet remains
Some gentle being's trust—
Alas! that earthly hopes and loves
Should thus be doom'd to dust.

He left his home with prayers and tears,
But prayers and tears, how vain!
For round that hearth there wants a link
Of that fair household chain;
But though it was a stranger land
Beheld his setting sun,
Oh! there are faithful hearts that shrine
The unrecorded one.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

Oh, yes! we do remember well
The happy childhood's hours,
When, free from care, and full of joy,
We sought the woodland flowers,
And to our young companions told
Of blossoms we had seen—
Pouring our new-found treasures forth
Upon the village green.

And when our mothers called us home,
Because 'twas even-time,
How we entreated oft to stay
And hear the warning chime!
Then for the morning forming plans
More gay than yet had been,
We parted with a smile of joy
Upon the village green.

Though in a far and distant land,
Through mingled good and ill,
Those happy times—that happy place—
Cling to our memory still;
And though a dark and saddening thought
May sometimes intervene,
It cannot cast a gloomy shade
Upon our village green.

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS.

PROBABLY there is no Australian writer more quoted for felicitous phrase and verse, illustrative of the scenery and characteristics of the great Southern Island, than Brunton Stephens. Indeed, Julian Thomas (better known under his pseudonym of "The Vagabond") seldom writes concerning his wanderings in the bush without impressing some couplet or line of the Brisbane bard to eke out his own picturesque prose. And yet Stephens is a Scotsman born and bred, although from his verse the fact would not be gleaned that the cleverest poet of the colonies is a native of "Caledonia stern and wild." Mr Stephens' biography is soon told. He was born at Borrowstounness, Linlithgowshire, in 1835. He attended Edinburgh University and obtained honours. On completing his studies, he accepted the position of tutor to the son of a wealthy gentleman, and with his pupil travelled for a period of three years through France, Italy, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Turkey. He was next employed for six years as assistant master in an academy at Greenock. In 1866 Mr Stephens emigrated to Queensland, and engaged in private tuition. Eventually he entered the service of the Education Department, and was appointed head-teacher of the Ashgrove School. Finally, when his talents had become fully known and recognised, he was transferred to a clerkship in the Colonial Secretary's Office at Brisbane, which position he still retains.

Mr Stephens, shortly after his arrival in the colonies began to contribute verse to the two leading weekly newspapers, the *Australasian* and the *Queenslander*, one published in Melbourne, and the other in Brisbane. It was at once seen that a new poet had come to cast in his lot in Australia. His first publica-

tion, "The Black Gin, and other Poems," was issued in 1873. The "black gin" is the aboriginal native's wife, and some of the poet's apostrophes are ludicrous in the extreme. Thus :—

> "Thy nose appeareth but a transverse section,
> Thy mouth hath no particular direction—
> A flabby-rimm'd abyss of imperfection.
>
> "Thy skull development mine eye displeases,
> Thou wilt not suffer much from brain diseases ;
> Thy facial angle forty-five degrees is.
>
> "The coarseness of thy tresses is distressing,
> With grease and raddle firmly coalescing ;
> I cannot laud thy system of *top-dressing*.
>
> "Thy dress is somewhat scant for proper feeling,
> As is thy flesh, too—scarce thy bones concealing ;
> Thy calves unquestionably want re-*veal*ing."

His next publication was "The Godolphin Arabian," and lastly, in 1885, he published "Convict Once, and other Poems." "Convict Once" is the plaint of a woman who had been imprisoned in the old country, and came out to Australia to begin a new career as a schoolmistress. She is young and impressionable, and falls in love with the sweetheart of one of her scholars, Raymond Trevelyan by name. Her love is returned, and happiness seems awaiting her, when her previous history becomes known, and the engagement is broken off. Her agony, terrible remorse, and craving for death are delineated with much force. In the deep and sombre solitudes of the Australian bush she wails :—

> "Oh, for the sea! 'Twere so easy to cease in its yielding embracement,
> Caught like a rain-drop, and merged in the hugeness of infinite rest ;
> Only the laugh of a ripple, o'erbubbling the dimpled displacement,
> Then the great level of calm, and the hush of the passionless breast.

Curse on those undulous pastures, and far-vista'd woods, unavailing,
Scant of contiguous umbrage, unmeet for the tomb that I crave;
Oh! for the dark-curtained sleep of the sea, for her kindly, unfailing
End of all dolorous things in the bliss of the kiss of the wave."

. . . . . .

"Have I not borne to the full the pangs of my terrible sentence?
Shall there no harvest arise from this plentiful penitent rain?"

Mr Stephen's humorous pieces are written in a free and facetious style, full of droll images and laughter-evoking equivoques. Like Tom Hood, Stephen has also his moods of earnestness, and his serious poems are perhaps the best emanations of his muse. His later productions show increasing strength, and afford evidence that even finer results of his genius and exquisite taste in word-painting may be looked for. "My other Chinee Cook," and "Drought and Doctrine," we quote from "Australian Ballads and Rhymes," selected and edited by a well known and popular poet, Douglas B. W. Sladen, B.A., Oxon.; B.A., LL.D., Melbourne, Australia—one of the most interesting of Mr Walter Scott's charming and valuable series of volumes, entitled "The Canterbury Poets."

MY OTHER CHINEE COOK.

Yes, I got another Johnny; but he was to Number One
As a Satyr to Hyperion, as a rushlight to the sun;
He was lazy, he was cheeky, he was dirty, he was sly,
But he had a single virtue, and its name was "rabbit-pie."

Now those who say the bush is dull are not so far astray,
For the neutral tints of station life are anything but gay;
But, with all its uneventfulness, I solemnly deny
That the bush is unendurable along with rabbit-pie.

We had fixed one day to sack him, and agreed to moot the point,
When my lad should bring our usual regale of cindered joint,
But instead of cindered joint we saw and smelt, my wife and I,
Such a lovely, such a beautiful, oh! such a rabbit-pie!

There was quite a new expression on his lemon-coloured face,
And the unexpected odour won him temporary grace,
For we tacitly postponed the sacking point till by-and-bye,
And we tacitly said nothing save the one word, "rabbit-pie."

I had learned that pleasant mystery should simply be endured,
And forebore to ask of Johnny where the rabbits were procured!
I had learned from Number One to stand aloof from how and why,
And I threw myself upon the simple fact of rabbit-pie.

And when the pie was opened, what a picture did we see!
"They lay in beauty side by side, they filled our home with glee!"
How excellent, how succulent, back, neck, and leg, and thigh;
What a noble gift is manhood! what a trust is rabbit-pie!

For a week the thing continued, rabbit-pie from day to day;
Though where he got the rabbits John would ne'er vouchsafe to say;
But we never seemed to tire of them, and daily could descry
Subtle shades of new delight in each successive rabbit-pie.

Sunday came; by rabbit reckoning, the seventh day of the week;
We had dined; we sat in silence, both our hearts (?) too full to speak;
When in walks Cousin George, and, with a sniff, says he, "Oh my!
What a savoury suggestion! what a smell of rabbit-pie!"

"Oh, why so late, George?" says my wife, "the rabbit-pie is gone;
But you *must* have one for tea, though. Ring the bell, my dear, for John."
So I rang the bell for John, to whom my wife did signify,
"Let us have an early tea, John, and another rabbit-pie."

But John seemed taken quite aback, and shook his funny head,
And uttered words I comprehended no more than the dead;
"Go, do as you are bid," I cried, "we wait for no reply;
Go; let us have tea early, and another rabbit-pie!"

Oh, that I stopped had his answer! But it came out with a run:
"Last-a week-a plenty puppy; this-a week-a puppy done!"
Just then my wife, my love, my life, the apple of mine eye,
Was seized with what seemed "mal-de-mer"—"sick transit" rabbit-pie!

And George! by George, he laughed, and then he howled like any bear!
The while my wife contorted like a mad convulsionaire;
And I—I rushed on Johnny, and I smote him hip and thigh,
And I never saw him more, nor tasted more of rabbit-pie.

And the childless mothers met me, as I kicked him from the door,
With loud maternal wailings, and anathemas galore;
I must part with pretty Tiny, I must part with little Fly,
For I'm sure they know the story of the so-called "rabbit-pie.

DROUGHT AND DOCTRINE.

Come, take the tenner, doctor. . . . Yes, I know the bill says "five,"
But it ain't as if you'd merely kep' our little un alive;
Man, you saved the mother's reason when you saved that baby's life,
An' it's thanks to you I hav'n't a ravin' idiot for a wife.
Let me tell you all the story, an' if then you think it strange
That I'd like to fee you extry—why, I'll take the bloomin' change;
If the bill had said a hundred. . . I'm a poor man, doc., an' yet
I'd 'a slaved till I had squared it; ay, still been in yer debt.
Well, you see, the wife's got notions on a heap o' things that ain't
To be handled by a man as don't pretend to be a saint;
So I minds "the cultivation," smokes my pipe, an' makes no stir,
An' religion, an' such p'ints, I lays entirely on to her.
Now, she got it fixed within her that, if children die afore
They've been sprinkled by the parson, they've no show for evermore;
An' though they're spared the pitchforks, an' the brimstone, an' the smoke,
They ain't allowed to mix up there with other little folk.
So, when our last began to pine, an' lost his pretty smile,
An' not a parson to be had within a hunder mile—
Well, when our yet unchristened mite grew limp, an' thin, an' pale,
It would 'a cut you to the heart to hear the mother wail
About her "unregenerate babe," an' how if it should go
'Twould have no chance with them as had their registers to show.
Then awful quiet she grew an' hadn't spoken for a week,
When in came brother Bill one day with news from Bluegrass Creek.
"I seen," says he, "a notice on the chapel railin' tied;
They'll have service there this evenin'—can the youngster stand the ride?
For we can't have parson here, if it be true as I've heard say
There's a dyin' man as wants him mor'n twenty miles away;
So——" he hadn't time to finish ere the child was out of bed
With a shawl about its body, an' a hood upon its head.
"Saddle up," the missus said. I did her biddin' like a bird,
Perhaps I thought it foolish, but I never said a word.
We started on our two hours' ride beneath a burning sun,
With Aunt Sal and Bill for sureties to renounce the Evil One;

An' a bottle in Sal's basket that was labelled "Fine Old Tom"
Held the water that regeneration was to follow from.
For Bluegrass Creek was dry, as Bill that very day had found,
An' not a sup o' water to be had for miles around;
So, to make salvation sartin for the baby's little soul,
We had filled a dead marine, sir, at the family water-hole;
Which every forty rods or so Sal raised it to her head,
An' took a snifter, "Just enough to wet her lips," she said;
Whereby it came to pass that when we reached the chapel door
There was only what would serve the job, an' deuce a dribble more.
The service had begun—we didn't like to carry in
A vessel with so evident a carritur for gin,
So we left it in the porch, an', havin' done our level best,
Went an' owned to being "miserable offenders" with the rest;
An' nigh upon the finish, when the parson had been told
That a lamb was waiting there to be admitted to the fold,
Rememberin' the needful, I gets up an' quietly slips
To the porch—to see a swagsman with our bottle to his lips.
Such a faintness came all over me, you might have then and there
Knocked me down, sir, with a feather, or tied me with a hair.
Doc., I couldn't speak or move; an' though I caught the beggar's eye,
With a wink he turned the bottle bottom up an' drank it dry;
An' then he flung it from him, being suddently aware
That the label on't was merely a deloosion an' a snare;
An' the crash cut short the people in the middle of A-men,
An' all the congregation heard him holler, "Sold again!"
So that christ'nin' was a failure; every water flask was drained,
Even the monkey in the vestry not a blessed drop contained;
An' the parson in a hurry cantered off upon his mare,
Leavin' baby unregenerate an' missus in despair.
That night the child grew worse, but my care was for the wife,
I feared more for her reason than for that wee spark of life.

. . . . . .

But you know the rest—how Providence contrived that very night
That a doctor should come cadgin' at our shanty for a light.

. . . . . .

Baby? Oh! he's chirpy, thank ye—been baptized—his name is Bill,
It's weeks an' weeks since parson came an' put him through the mill.
So now you'll take the tenner; oh, confound the bloomin' change!
Lord, had Billy died!—but, doctor, don't you think it summit strange
That them as keeps the gate should have refused to let him in
Because a fool mistook a drop of Adam's ale for gin!

SPIRIT AND STAR.

Thro' the bleak cold voids, thro' the wilds of space,
Trackless and starless, forgotten of grace ;
Thro' the dusk that is neither day nor night,
Thro' the grey that is neither dark nor light ;
Thro' thin chill ethers where dieth speech,
Where the pulse of the music of heaven cannot reach,
Unwarmed by the breath of living thing,
And forever unswept of angel's wing ;
Thro' the cold, thro' the void, thro' the wilds of space,
With never a home or a resting-place—
How far must I wander ? Oh, God ! how far ?
I have lost my star ! I have lost my star !

Once on a time unto me was given
The fairest star in the starry heaven—
A little star to tend and to guide,
To nourish and cherish and love as a bride.
Far from all great bright orbs alone,
Even to few of the angels known.
It moved ; but a sweet pale light on its face
From the sapphire foot of the Throne of Grace,
That was better than glory and more than might,
Made it a wonder of quiet delight.
Still must I wander ? Oh, God ! how far ?
I have lost my star ! I have lost my star !

On the starry brow was the peace of the blest,
And bounteous peace on the starry breast ;
All beautiful things were blossoming there,
Sighing their loves to the delicate air.
No creature of God such fragrance breathed,
White rose-girdled and white rose-enwreathed ;
And its motion was music—an undertone,
With a strange, sad sweetness all its own,
Dearer to me than the louder hymn
Of the God-enraptured seraphim—
How far must I wander ? Ah, Heaven ! how far ?
I have lost my star ! I have lost my star !

In a round of joy, remote and alone,
Yet ever in sight of the Great White Throne,
Together we moved—for a love divine
Had blent the life of the star with mine ;
And had all the angels of all the spheres
Forecast my fate and foretold my tears—
The weary wandering, the gruesome gloom,
And bruited them forth thro' the trump of doom—

Hiding a smile in my soul. I had moved
Only the nearer to what I loved.
Yet I must wander? Oh, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

Ah! woe the delusive demon-light
That beckon'd me, beckon'd me, day and night!
The untwining of heart-strings, the backward glance,
The truce with faith and the severance,
Ah! woe the unfolding of wayward wings
That bore me away from all joyous things—
To realms of space, whence the pale, sweet gleam
Look'd dim as a dimly-remember'd dream;
To farther realms, where the faint light spent,
Vanish'd at length from my firmament!
And I seek it in vain—ah, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

On sleepless wing I have followed it
Through the star-sown fields of the Infinite,
And where foot of angel hath never trod,
I have threaded the golden mazes of God.
I have pierced where the fire-fount of being runs,
I have dashed myself madly on burning suns,
Then downward have swept, with shuddering breath,
Thro' the place of the shadows and shapes of death,
Till sick with sorrow, and spent with pain,
I float and faint in the dim inane!
Must I yet wander? Oh, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

Oh, could I find in uttermost space
A place for hope, and for prayer a place,
Mine were no suit for a glittering prize
In the chosen seats of the upper skies—
No grand ministration, on throned height
In the midmost intense of unspeakable light:
What sun-god sphere, with all-dazzling beam,
Could be unto me as that sweet, sad gleam?
Let me roam thro' the ages all alone,
If He give me not back my own, my own!
How far must I wander? Oh, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

In the whispers that tremble from sphere to sphere,
Which the ear of a spirit alone can hear,
I have heard it breathed that there cometh a day,
When tears from all eyes shall be wiped away;
When faintness of heart and drooping of wings
Shall be told as a tale of olden things;

When toil and trouble, and all distress,
Shall be lost in the round of blessedness.
In that day, when dividing of loves shall cease,
And all things draw near to the centre of peace,
In the fulness of time, in the ages afar,
God! Oh, God! shall I find my star?

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

A Nocturne, with Mosquito Accompaniment.

Four stars on night's brow, or night's bosom—
  Whichever the reader prefers,
Or night without either may do some—
  Each one to his taste or to hers.
Four stars! to continue inditing,
  So long as I feel in the vein—
Hullo! what the deuce is that biting?
    Mosquitos again!

Oh, glories not gilded but golden,
  Oh, daughters of night unexcell'd,
By the sons of the North unbeholden,
  By our sons (if we have them) beheld!
Oh, jewels the midnight enriching,
  Oh, four which are double of twain,
Oh, mystical——Bother the itching!
    Mosquitos again!

You alone I can anchor my eye on,
  Of you and you only I'd write;
And I now look awry on Orion,
  That once was my chiefest delight.
Ye exalt me high over the petty
  Conditions of pleasure and pain—
Oh, Heaven! Here are these maladetti!
    Mosquitos again!

The poet should ever be placid,
  Oh, vex not his soul or his skin!
Shall I stink them with carbolic acid?
  It is done, and afresh I begin.
Lucid orbs!—That last sting very sore is
  I am fain to leave off—I am fain;
It has given me uncommon dolores—
    The Latin for pain.

Not quite what the shape of a cross is,
  A little lop-sided, I own—

Confound your infernal proboscis,
Inserted well-nigh to the bone!
Queen-lights of the heights of high heaven,
Ensconced in the crystal inane—
Oh me, here are seventy times seven
Mosquitos again!

Oh, horns of a mighty trapezium,
Quadrilateral area, hail!
Oh, bright is the light of magnesium—
Oh, hang them all male and female!
At the end of an hour of their stinging
What shall rest of me then—what remain?
I shall die as the swan dieth, singing
Mosquitos again!

Shock keen as the shock of the levin!
They sting, and I change in a flash
From the peace and the poppies of heaven
To the flame and the firewood of—dash!
Oh, Cross of the South! I forgot you;
These demons have addled my brain;
Once more I look upward—Od rot you,
You're at it again!

There! stick in your pitilesss brad-awl,
And do your malevolent worst—
Dine on me, and you have had all,
Let others go in for a "burst."
Oh, silent and pure constellation!
Can you pardon my fretful refrain?
Forgive, oh! forgive my vexation—
They're at it again!

Oh, imps that provoke to mad laughter,
Wing'd fiends that are fed from my brow,
Bite hard! let your neighbours come after,
And sting where you stung me just now.
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round blotches I rub at in vain—
Oh, Crux! whatsoever I've written
I've written in pain.

Ye chrysolite crystalline creatures,
Wan watchers, the fairest afield!
Stars—and garters! are these my own features
In the merciless mirror reveal'd?
They are mine, even mine, and none other,
And my hands, how they slacken and strain!
Oh, my sister, my spouse, and my mother!
I'm going insane!

JOHN W. FRASER.

WE now leave for a time our Scottish-Australian friends, and turn our attention to several of the gifted *makkars* of the "Glasgow Ballad Club." The subject of this sketch is a lyric poet of much beauty and grace, and perhaps few living writers have been equally successful in imitating the quaint tenderness and pathos of the old ballad.

Mr Fraser, we are told in "The Poet's Album," is a native of Crieff, where he was born "about forty years ago." He received his education partly at the parish school of his native town and partly in Edinburgh, and adopted the profession of teaching. In 1863 we learn of him being at Motherwell engaged as chief assistant in the Iron Works' School there. Apart from his school duties, Mr Fraser exercised a lively interest in literary pursuits, and was then busily engaged in writing occasional poems and songs, and contributing to *Chambers's* and other journals. In everything relating to the ballad poetry of Scotland he has all his lifetime been quite an enthusiast, and he has been spoken of as quite "a repository of ballad lore." His lecture on the Ballads of Scotland, written while he was at Motherwell, charmed the people there, and continues to delight appreciative audiences wherever he delivers it. From Motherwell Mr Fraser removed to Wishaw to be headmaster of one of the schools. He next went to Carfin to be master of the Works' School at that village. From Carfin he migrated to Glasgow, to be master of the Baird School, Garngad Hill. In this latter sphere he laboured with marked success until 1879, when he was appointed to the important position of Secretary to the Baird Trust, an office which he still continues to discharge with credit to himself and satisfaction to all concerned.

In Glasgow Mr Fraser soon formed a large and influential literary acquaintance. The novel entitled "The Luck of the Redesdales, of which he was joint author, originally appeared in the *Glasgow Herald.* When the Glasgow Ballad Club was formed, in 1876, Our poet was one of the promoters, and for a number of years he was Vice-President of the Society. Of his contributions to the pleasures of this Club eight poems have been selected for publication in their first volume (William Blackwood & Sons), and all of these have that about them which marks the presence of the gift of true poetry. As we have said, there are few of our present-day bards who have so successfully imitated the quaint old ballad. In this respect he shows much of the responsive sympathy, delicate fancy, and keen insight peculiar to the ancient minstrel, while his songs are melodiously rich and fresh in feeling, and his reflective poems are beautified by many choice and subtly-coloured phrases—evincing wealth of language as well as strength and breadth of artistic experience.

BELL.

Sin' Bell cam' to bide in oor toun
The warl' has a' gaen ajee ;
She has turned a' the heads o' the men,
And the women wi' envy will dee.
O, but Bell's bonnie !
Dink as a daisy is she ;
Her e'en are as bricht as the starnies
That shine i' the lift sae hie.

Bell, she gaed ance to the kirk,
Wi' pearlins fu' grand in her hair ;
The minister glower'd dumfoundert,
An' stack i' the midst o' the prayer.
O, but Bell's bonnie !
Jimp as a lily is she ;
Her breath's like the scent o' the brier,
That June win's blaw ower the lea.

The miller was smitten wi' Bell—
He left baith his happer and wheel,
And noo a' the folk i' the parish
Are deein' for want o' meal.
O, but Bell's bonnie!
Blythe as a lintie is she;
Her hair's like the wing o' the raven
That croaks on the aul' aik tree.

The doctor, clean dazed wi' her beauty,
Gangs dannerin' hame, but his fee;
E'en the lawyer—ill-deedie auld body—
Has forgotten the way to lee.
O, but Bell's bonnie!
Sweet as the summer is she;
Her smile's like the sheen o' the sunbeams
That fa' on a dimpled sea.

The laird wi' his gear thocht to win her—
Na, na, ye fule body, gae 'wa';
The lass that is bocht wi' vile siller
Is worth jist naething ava.
O, but Bell's bonnie!
Earth hauds nane fairer than she;
A king weel micht pairt wi' his croun
For ae kind blink o' her e'e.

Bell cam oot i' the gloamin',
An' kisses sae sweet gaed to me;
Come quickly, ye snell days o' winter,
When Bell my ain wifie shall be.
O, but Bell's bonnie!
As kind as bonnie is she;
Come quickly, ye lang nichts o' winter,
When Bell's to be buckled to me!

A BALLAD OF BUCHAN.

"Gude speed the plough," the maiden cried—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea;
"Speed weel the wark," the man replied,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

The owsen pause on the furrow so red—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea;
The lark sings loud in the blue o'erhead,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

She has brought him bread, right sweet and brown—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
And clear, bright ale to wash it down,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

He was young, and tall, and strong—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
She sweet as e'er was praised in song,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

He looked on her face, so bonnie and faire—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
He looked on her wealth of yellow haire,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

He looked in her eyes so kind and blue—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
He clasped her hands so strong and true,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

"O, gie me thy plight and troth, sweet May,"—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
"And wedded we'll be on St Fastern's Day,"
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

He has ta'en her his twa strong arms within—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
I wot the maiden made little din,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

He has ta'en her his twa strong arms within—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
And kisses laid on her cheek and chin,
And the sun glints bright on Bennachie.

"O, I will cherish my ain sweet May,
While Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
Till the sun gauns doun on the warld's last day,
And nae mair glints bright on Bennachie."

"And tide what may, or guid or bad"—
The Ugie sings as it rins to the sea ;
"I'll aye be true to my ploughman lad,
Till there's nae sun to glint on Bennachie."

THE BORDER MAIDEN

A maiden sat lone in her greenwood bower,
A sunbeam fell on her golden hair ;

And she sang as she wove the silken flower
In the banner her own true love should bear.
For home must be guarded whatever betide,
And the brave lads of Yarrow must saddle and ride
When the beacon is lit on the Border.

The war cry rang through the morning grey—
Oh! bravely our lads of the Border fought;
And aye in the thick of the deadly fray
Shone the silken banner the maiden wrought.
For home must be guarded whatever betide,
And the brave lads of Yarrow must saddle and ride
When the beacon is lit on the Border.

A knight on the moorland brown and bare
Lies cold and dead when the fight is done;
And the maiden will moan in her wild despair
When the spearmen return at the set o' the sun.
But home must be guarded whatever betide,
And the brave lads of Yarrow to death must ride
When the bale fire gleams red o'er the Border.

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

When the hay was mown, Maggie,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand-in-hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between;
And I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie,
Your wavy hair was brown;
Your cheek was like the wild red rose
That showered its petals down;
Your eyes were like the blue speed-well
With dewy moisture sheen—
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts, Maggie,
And all its hopes were ours,
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers;
Ay, life was like a summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Maggie,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress—
The fairest ever seen—
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, Maggie,
Has touched you in his flight.
Your voice has still the same sweet tone,
Your eye the old love-light;
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

DOUGLAS.

The lady has left her dainty bower,
And she stands with her maidens on Douglas tower.

She looked o'er dale and she looked o'er down—
"I would I had news from Stirling town!

"All night in my chamber the death-watch beat,
And the stag-hound moaned as he lay at my feet.

"The wild night wind rung the castle bell,
And a corpse light shone on St Bride's chapelle.

"I dreamed that low in the holy shrine
I knelt at the feet of our Mother divine;

"And, each one shrouded in sable hood,
Around the altar the dead monks stood;

"And loud they sang in the sacred fane,
But it was not the matin or vesper strain;

"For while in the wind the dead bell rang,
A mass for the dead the dead monks sang."

She looked o'er dale and she looked o'er down—
"Oh, that I had news from Stirling town!"

"Lo, yonder comes one who rides with speed—
All flecked with foam is his weary steed.

"'Tis Alan, the harper, with locks of grey,
Who rode by our Lord when he marched away."

"Now tell me, Alan, what news ye bring;
How fares my Lord with the wily King?"

"Oh, the trumpets brayed and the drums did beat
When the King and our Lord rode up the street;

"And the bells were ringing in Stirling town,
When the king and the knight to the wine sat down.

"But long ere the morning sun did shine
There was blood on the hands that birled the wine.

"And stark and stiff in the morning grey
The grimly corpse of the Douglas lay."

ON THE HILLSIDE.

Sweet Love, the crimson roses fall,
Bright June has told her story,
The winds have from the hawthorn blown
His cloud of blossom hoary.
Let them die—
You and I
Have visions of their glory.

No linnet sings amid the whins,
As in the blithe spring weather;
The drowsy bee alone is heard
Above the purple heather.
Wherefore fret?
Can we forget
The songs we heard together?

The birken leaves all flecked with brown,
The corn-fields yellow turning,
Age slowly creeping o'er the year—
Is't wise to slight such warning?
Should we weep
If still we keep
The love of Life's glad morning?

ROBERT WALKER

IS another of the cultured past-masters of the art of versifying composing the Glasgow Ballad Club, most of whom have earned fame far beyond "the cackle of their bourg." A writer, who had been present at a meeting of the Club by invitation, recently wrote a very interesting sketch of the proceedings, in the course of which he said—"A company of demi-gods, whose doings at the 'Mermaid' remain a 'wild surmise,' formed, perhaps, the first literary club in our history. Since then such coteries have existed in most cultured centres under one form or another, but the Glasgow Ballad Club holds quite a unique place even among the multifarious clubs, past and present, for which that city is famed." The subject of the present sketch is said by the same writer to be "the loved of all the muses," who is "as much at home in the halls of painting as in the haunts of poetry."

Mr Walker was born at Glasgow in 1843. On the death of his father, who was an accountant of Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, the family removed to Edinburgh, where our poet was educated. He began business life in 1858 as an apprentice in the office of the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company. After considerable experience of actuarial and other indoor work, he during 1868-69 acted as inspector of agents for the same Company in Lancashire and Ireland, and he was subsequently appointed their resident secretary at Dublin. In 1872 he returned to Glasgow on receiving the appointment as resident secretary for Scotland of the Reliance Life Office. This situation he filled for about eight years, when he became acting secretary for the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts—an

appointment more congenial, from its artistic and literary associations; for he has always been fonder of books and pictures than of business routine. It might here be noted also that during the recent Glasgow International Exhibition he acted as secretary to the Fine Arts Section.

Mr Walker first began to write for the press in 1863—sending from Edinburgh contributions to the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, Dr Hedderwick, in the kindliest way, giving him every encouragement. He wrote one story—"Slightly Mistaken"—for *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, and ultimately became Edinburgh correspondent for the *Citizen*—sending one letter every week, and writing leaders, tales, and verse. As Edinbnrgh correspondent he described "The Pritchard Trial," and the visit of Thomas Carlyle to the Scottish metropolis. Since returning to Glasgow he has written for the *Herald*, *Good Words*, the *Art Journal*, &c.—for the two last-named principally biographies of artists. He has also "done" the two special numbers of the *Graphic* for Glasgow and Aberdeen, and written the letterpress of Glasgow Art Club's first book, as well as the special number of the *Art Journal* on the Glasgow Exhibition, and the "Pen and Ink Notes" of the Exhibition. He has just completed working, in conjunction with Mr W. E. Henley, the letterpress of the volume (of which Mr Henley is editor) entitled "Memorial Catalogue of the Loan Section of the Fine Arts Exhibition at the Glasgow International." This book, got up and printed by Messrs Constable of Edinburgh, will be published by Messrs Maclehose, Glasgow. Mr Walker, it might be added, is one of the original members of the Ballad Club, and he was one of the founders, as well as secretary for some years, of the Glasgow "Pen and Pencil Club." His life has thus been a busy and useful one, and he has been able to accomplish much good work. Four or five of his

poetical productions have a place in "Ballads and Poems," and these, and all his effusions, show that he has abundant imaginative power and considerable mastery of metrical forms. To a highly cultivated taste he unites tenderness and pathos, and the power of giving expression in fitting words to poetic emotion and thought.

MY LOVE AND I.

O'erhead the blue sky glances through
The tangled leafy maze,
And in the light how tender gleam
The shadowed woodland ways!

And tender is the light that fills
My dear, dear love's soft eyes;
She hears my step amid the fern
And turns in glad surprise.

Adown the glades my love and I
Go hand-in-hand together;
Oh, might we always journey thus,
With always summer weather!

Yet wintry winds may blow their worst,
So say my love and I;
With sunshine always in our hearts,
We'll wintry winds defy.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

O Life, with all thy toil and fret,
I am not weary of thee yet!
The sunlight on the dancing sea,
The laugh of children at their play,
The meanest flow'ret by the way,—
All bind my heart to thee!

Within my soul no echo chimes
To modern singers' whining rhymes;
A murrain on the bilious crew!
With livers wrong, and jaundiced eyes,
They gaze into the grand old skies,
And blindly moan, "How sad the view!"

Why, boys, the light in woman's eye,
Enkindled when her lover's nigh,
  The wind that sweeps the mountain-crest,
The evening glow, the torrent's foam,
The pure sweet sanctities of home,
  The thoughts we think when at our best,

The kind words said, the brave deeds done,
In every land beneath the sun;
  The pleasure honest hearts can give
To simple hearts that rightly rate
The joys and trials of man's estate;—
  For these who would not dare to live?

Should sorrows come, as come they must,
We bow our heads—and heaven is just,
  And lets no needless vengeance fall;
For faith is faith, and love is love,
And howsoe'er through change we move,
  The dear God, changeless, rules o'er all!

NO MORE!

Along the cliffs a maiden strays:
"God send him safely home!" she prays,
As fades the white sail from her gaze.
  The heedless wave foams on the shore;
  The wind sobs out a dreary moan;
  Harsh screams the sea-bird, gaunt and lone;
  And he returns no more! no more!

Beside the birch-trees on the hill,
Where linnets pipe their sweetest trill,
A weary heart lies cold and still.
  The hungry sound of ocean's roar,
  And moaning winds, and human fears,
  And joys that end in grief and tears
  Shall touch that heart no more! no more!

THE LEVEL CROSSING.

Joe Smith? Yes, mates, I knew him well—
  As rough as rough could be:
Yet spite of all that parsons say,
  There's worse on earth than he!

He wasn't a man as parsons love—
  I daresay they are right—

For Joe was given to drink and swear,
  And gloried in a fight.

There wasn't much of the saint in him,
  Only he never lied,
And few who've lived a better life
  A nobler death have died.

His death? Ay, lads, I mind it well,
  And how the sun did shine
On the level crossing that April morn,
  Athwart the railway line!

The gates were shut and fastened,
  That no one might pass through;
A distant rumbling plainly told
  The Scotch express was due.

On the hillside I was working,
  While Joe sat on the grass,
Waiting 'longside the rails below,
  Until the train should pass.

The morn was cool and bright and still,
  The lark sang sweet and clear;
I always think of Joe, poor lad,
  Whene'er that song I hear.

He sat by the railway smoking,
  Thinking of—who can say?
Mayhap of last night's spree, mayhap
  Of some one far away!

Still sang the lark—when suddenly
  There came a cry from Joe;
I turned: O God! how faint I felt
  At what I saw below!

The gates, I've said, were bolted fast;
  But clamb'ring through the fence
On to the line a child had strayed—
  God help its innocence!

There came the engine tearing on,
  With its exulting scream,
And fierce it seemed and merciless,
  Like a monster in a dream.

Right on the track the infant stood,
A primrose in its hand,
And on the coming death it smiled,
Too young to understand.

One moment more had been too late:
Joe bounded to his feet,
And on with some mild oath he dashed,
Dark-browed, and fierce and fleet.

I, on the hillside, saw him rush
Straight to the jaws of death,
And up the hillside seemed to come
The engine's fiery breath.

His strong hand seized and threw the child
Right there, beside the brook;
A few sharp stings from the nettles
Was all the harm it took!

But Joe, poor lad, 'twas worse for him,—
The engine left him lying
Beside the rails, a ghastly heap—
Torn, and stunned, and dying!

We raised him up. I held him,
His head on my arm was laid;
He spake but once again, brave lad,
And this was all he said:

"The kid's pulled through, I hope," and then
Lay closer to my breast.
I need not tell you more, my mates,
You all must know the rest.

. . . . .

A rough-shaped cross marks where he lies,
There on the lone hillside,
And Tom, the Methody, said 'twas right,
'Cos Joe for man had died.

And wild flowers ofttimes you will see
Laid lightly on the grave,
Put there by her, now woman grown,
Whom Joe Smith died to save.

TOM M'EWAN, R.S.W.

THIS talented artist, who excels in picture-poems with his brush and paint, has a very humble opinion of his poetical gifts. He considers that what he is pleased to call his "few random verses" that have found their way into magazine and journal, "are very bad and useless," yet he would rather be the author of a "sweet song, pure and simple, than the painter of a great picture." The pieces we quote will, however, prove to our readers that Mr M'Ewan is truly an artist-poet—his verse being full of fancy. He gives us some pleasing word-pictures, in which he introduces much that is fresh, pawky, and pathetic.

The writer of a series of articles in the *Glasgow Evening News*, on the subject of "Glasgow Artists and their Work," says that "Tom M'Ewan, poet and painter, is one of the most interesting figures in our little gallery of artist-portraits, and at the same time one of the most difficult of treatment. His personality is in one sense contradictory, his nature complex, and his life dual. The Tom M'Ewan of the social circle is an entirely different man from the Tom M'Ewan revealed in painting and poetry. His life has been darkened by suffering and hardship; it has been tinged by sorrow; it has been lightened by rare happiness; it has been sanctified by the consciousness of duty performed; and it has been crowned with success. Acute sensibility and tenderness of feeling have not caused him to shrink from bearing a manly part in the battle of life, and a true religious sense has kept alive his broadly human sympathies."

An esteemed figure in art circles, Mr M'Ewan was born in the village of Busby, near Glasgow, in 1846.

He lost his mother when he was four years of age, and from then, till he was able to fight the battle of life singlehanded, he endured many hardships and privations. His early education must have been meagre, for ere he completed his eighth year he began to earn his own bread as a calico-printer's "tearer." This and other humble work, with wretchedness and hard treatment at home, filled up his life until he was about fourteen. Yet it was during these years of slavish work and domestic ill-treatment that, in brief breathing spaces afforded by Sabbath rest, he first experienced a curiously-mingled sentiment of affection, reverence, admiration, and enjoyment in the presence of Nature. Prior to about 1860 his reading was confined to the Bible, the book of Nature, and the school collection. He had a wonderfully-retentive memory for scraps of old ballads and songs. It was during the darkest years of his life—when he had frequently to begin labour at five o'clock in the morning, and work three nights in the week until ten—that he made his first acquaintance with painting. His father, we are told in "The Poet's Album," knew Horatio Maculloch, and frequently used to tell Tom about him. James Docherty, also, was a friend of the family, and often, on his visits, dandled Tom on his knee. Of Docherty he also heard a good deal, and of his practice of painting by candlelight. One of the boys, furthermore, had a liking for caricature, and Tom frequently saw his three brothers—who all died young—working together, making copies of the cartoons and sketches in *Punch*. A sketch of Carmunnock Church, by one of his brothers, was the first picture he ever saw.

Removing to Glasgow in 1859, M'Ewan was in the course of the following year apprenticed to the trade of pattern-designing. His evenings were now his own, and his education, both general and in art, may be said to have begun at this time. Having dis-

covered the Stirling Library, he went to it nearly every night, and in looking over art periodicals and reading books on art and artists, his hitherto dormant artistic faculty was roused to action. That he should have turned to works upon art shows whether his thoughts were tending. When, in 1861, the first Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute was opened, the opportunity appeared to have come for solving the mystery which, in his mind, still enveloped painting and painters. He succeeded in scraping together the purchase money of half-a-dozen of the tickets issued to working-men at one shilling and sixpence a dozen. The Institute Exhibition inspired him, and gave intelligent direction to his hesitating efforts. He resolved that he would paint, but a serious obstacle to the carrying out of his resolution lay in the fact that he had no money wherewith to purchase material. Such of his associates as were animated by a similar ambition were equally impecunious. Where there is a will there is a way, however, and the spirited boy soon discovered it. Young M'Ewan and his companions hit upon the expedient of buying the raw material by the penny's-worth, grinding it themselves, and mixing it with honey and glycerine. In that medium Tom M'Ewan made his first attempt in water-colour. To hold their colours they made little pots out of the guttapercha soles of old boots; and other departments of the paraphernalia of the young artists found equally ingenious supply. It was with such rude material, and under the circumstances described, that our subject painted his first picture from nature—"A View of Carmyle." He spent all his holidays in sketching, and found in practice the skill more regularly acquired in the schools. He ought, of course, to have gone to the School of Design, but two shillings a month was a grave consideration for a youth earning only five shillings a week. It was not until 1863 that he suc-

ceeded in securing a few months' attendance at the school. His perseverance and courage were rewarded by his being awarded a local medal and passing as a certificated teacher, In the following year he gained a national medallion for design. His fees at the School of Art he earned by painting advertising cards for the shops. Under Mr Greenlees he made a number of studies from the antique in chalk and pencil, and a slight acquaintance with anatomy relative to art. He paid dearly for all he learned, often working until midnight to make up the school fees. While he was studying under Mr Greenlees he and a few other students joined together to form a life class, and out of the class so organised many of the painters of the West of Scotland have sprung. In 1867, Mr M'Ewan, then a young man of twenty-one, found himself in possession of the money necessary for purchasing painting material, and also for taking a week's holiday in the South of Arran. The trip marked a turning point in his artistic life. He had previously occupied himself chiefly with landscape, but the interiors and people he saw in Arran turned the current of his thought and endeavour. The picturesque cottages, the quaintness of their arrangement and furnishing, and the mysterious colour tones he found in the play of light upon floors, ceilings, and old-fashioned furniture touched his artistic feelings. In 1871 he exhibited his first Institute picture—"Comfort in Arran"—a figure by a fireside, which he painted at Corrie. One of the earliest, he is also one of the most popular members of the Glasgow Art Club, and has contributed to each of its twelve public exhibitions.

The reader will pardon us if we quote at unusual length from the excellent sketch in the *Glasgow News*. It is full of the deepest interest to all who love Scottish biography, and brings out clearly the fact that Mr M'Ewan's pictures, as well as his verse, are essentially

lyrical—the sentiments inspiring them being identical. The poet and painter supplement each other—actuated by one motive, moved by one impulse, and striking the same chord of feeling. More broadly, M'Ewan, like Faed and Cameron, is in close harmony with the more pathetic of our balladists and lyric poets. He, being a poet, shares their poetic insight and the genuineness of their pathos. True to the Scottish character, he is never extravagant. Self-restraint in the rendering of his conceptions, and directness in going straight to the heart of his subject, characterise all his works. He alternates the domestic life of his people with their religious tendencies. From 1875, when he painted "And there shall be no Night There," down to 1888, when he exhibited "And They Shall be Comforted," Mr M'Ewan has again and again illustrated the purifying conviction which gives serenity to humble life in Scotland—that present privation and toil will be amply compensated by the happiness and peace of the hereafter. His works form, in one sense, a chronicle. To the student of Scotland in the nineteenth century they compose a vivid, simple, and true description of cottage life, and a record of the ways, occupations, pleasures, and aspirations of the Scottish cottar. In his picture, "For Daily Bread," conception and treatment are in close accord. There are no irrelevant details to distract attention from the aged widow compelled to work at her spinning-wheel for daily bread. A low-toned colour scheme, and the absence of any vivifying touch of light, intensify the pathos surrounding a life devoid of brightness and warmth in either the present or the earthly future. Equally judicious is the exclusion of detail from "They Shall be Comforted." In "Scotch Worthies," "A Household Pet," "A Cottar's Sabbath," and "Afternoon Tea," a charming and satisfying concord is found between the subdued refinement of the

colour-tones and the pure sentiments they are employed to express. In the last-named work the harmony between Mr M'Ewan and the "makkars" of Scotland comes into prominence. The picture might be described as a coloured version of the song, "My ain fireside." Here detail was necessary to the complete elucidation of the subject, and it is freely introduced. An old woman in the orthodox "mutch" sits beside the fire, holding a saucer in her hand. A conveniently-placed chair does duty as a table, and on it are seen the sugar-bowl, cream jug, and other pertinents of the more regular tea-table. The teapot and kettle stand on the hob. A boy sits in front of the old lady, and on the opposite side of the fireplace is a chair placed ready, in all probability for the absent gudeman. Altogether the artist, by his pictures, and, as will be seen by the verses we give—in which he also suggests cosy comfort, quietude, and peace—and by his handling of scenes to which parallels in real life may be found all over Scotland, has touched the feeling for home and for the pleasures of domestic life which prevails among her people.

LEFT ALONE.

'Tis just like a belt in the moorland,
That borders the side of the sea,
With patches of corn and potatoes,
With stretches of ryegrass and lea,
With patches of broom and of bramble,
Of hawthorn and hazel-tree.

The quaintest and queerest old houses
All lie within sound of the shore,
Their bracken-thatched roofs in the sunlight
With wild flowers and grasses grown o'er,
With ivy and lichen-grown gables,
And crooked each window and door.

The quaintest and queerest old houses
Rough-raftered, and mystic within,

Where the fire glimmers low on the hearth,
And light through the smoke struggles in,
One sits with her life-laden visage,
Alone, but to dream and to spin.

Alone, in that mystical region,
Once cheery with prattle and song,
Once bright with the sweetness of faces,
Once rich with the healthy and strong.
Alone at her wheel in that dreamland
She spinneth the weary day long.

Whirr ! goes the wheel in its motion,
And restless the past in her brain—
The joys and the loves and the sadness,
And the shafts of grief and of pain—
That is spun with the thread, a spinning
Life's journeyings over again.

The sun flickers in at the window,
And dances bright over the floor,
The bee with the breath of the moorland
Comes in at the open door ;
She sings to the dance of her children,
Till the bobbin with thread runs o'er.

Round her house by the ivy gable
She can see the boats in the bay—
Fishermen's boats, with their bark'd brown sails
Wind-full, sail gaily away.
Then a blinding mist comes o'er her eyes,
With sad thoughts of another day.

Whirr ! goes the wheel in its motion,
And on with the thread as it runs,
A bark, wind-toss'd on an angry sea,
With a father and three brave sons,
On, till the flight of her vision dies
And her soul in a frenzy burns.

These quaintest and queerest old houses,
With wild flowers and grasses grown o'er,
Are havens of hardy fishermen
Who live on the western shore—
Fishermen's crofts, with their quaint old homes,
That were built in the days of yore.

And she who sits wearily spinning
Her thoughts of the past with the thread,

Suffers the lot that fishermen's wives
And that fishermen's mothers dread,
Left alone, in a wearisome world,
But to work for her daily bread.

OOR TOON EN'.

There's an auld wife bides at oor toon en',
She's kind, kind, an' cannie ;
An' she's kenned by a' the bairns aboot
By naething else but "Grannie."
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun',
An' their sweet lips red wi' a pure heart's bluid,
An' their lisp a heavenly soun'.

That auld wife lives in a wee thack hoose
Sae bien, clean, an' cosie,
Whaur she sits amang her bonnie bairns,
A snawdrap in a posie.
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun',
When their sunny heads, like thistle doun,
Gae wan'rin through the toun.

Their artless tales she maun hear them a',
An' queries unco funny,
When their wee hearts ope, like budding flowers,
On mornin's sweet an' sunny.
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun',
Ere the frosts o' life aroun' them blaw,
An' their warl' but ae wee toun.

A' labour o' love is lichtly borne—
Aye sweet, sweet, an' ready ;
An' Grannie's love for ilk bonnie bairn
Is pure, pure, an' steady.
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun',
An' their een wee, glancin' stars o' love,
That lichten a' aroun'.

Through the winnock-neuk the sun blinks in
On Grannie at her wheel,
Minglin' the droon wi' the artless sangs
O' the bairns that roun' her kneel.
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun' ;

The sweetest sangs in the langest life
Are sangs that bairnies croon.

When haughs are clad wi' the siller thorn,
An' braes wi' the gowden whin,
She wreathes their brows wi' fairer crowns
Than the glitterin' gowd o' sin.
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun',
Ere the sickly arts o' worldly pride
Hae caused their hearts a stoun'.

On summer nichts, when the woods grow grey,
An' hill-taps are but sunny,
The bairnies a' cluster 'bout her knee
For kisses an' blessin's mony.
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun',
When they sport like lambs on the flowery knowes,
Till weary, an' sunburnt broun.

An' thrifty mithers may weel, weel wish
That auld wife micht be spared ;
May they hae mony braw bairns to tell
They grew in Grannie's yaird.
Oh ! but bairns are bonnie,
When their cheeks are rosy an' roun',
But a guid auld wife wi' a kin'ly heart
To mae than bairns is a boon.

A LASSIE I KEN.

I ken a lassie that's sweet—
Sweet as the new-mown hay,
Or the openin' rosebud weet
In the dawn o' a July day.

I ken a lassie's that's true—
True as the licht to the day ;
An' she's pure as the May-morn dew
That shines on the hawthorn spray.

I ken a lassie that's kind—
Kinder than words can say ;
She's mild as the midsummer's wind
That carries the lintie's lay.

O ! but that lassie's bonnie—
Bonnie, an' blythe, an' gay ;
By far the fairest o' ony
That I hae seen in my day.

THE CRAW'S WEDDING.

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
Oh bricht grew the gowd on the whin ;
An' milk-white an' high
Sailed the clouds through the sky—
The bonnie blue sky—
That was pure as the angels frae sin.

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
An' crawflowers were seen in the dell ;
An' through the grey wuds
Were the downy saugh buds
In silvery cluds,
An' the burnie crooned sangs 'bout itsel'.

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
While clear rang the Sabbath morn bells !
The sweet soun's were borne
On the wings o' the morn—
That early March morn—
That pure love's happy union foretells.

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
An' the merle sang sweet frae the thorn ;
Oh, sae sweetly he sang,
While the Sabbath bells rang—
Sae clear, clear an' lang ;
Quo' the caw, "Isna this a blythe morn ?"

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
An' didna weel ken what to say ;
Love maks ane look fule,
Wae, tongue-tackit, an' dule—
Like bairns at the schule—
When first woke to love's tremblin' lay.

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
Oh, ken ye what thae twa did dae?
They kissed ane anither,
An' vowed they would ever
Be happy thegither,
An' cuddle an' coo a' the day.

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
Quo' he, "Leddy, this winna dae:
We maun big us a nest,
Where at e'en you can rest—
A cosie, warm nest—
That will shield a' the bairns we hae."

Twa craws sat
On a high tree tap,
Nae langer that sweet Sabbath day,
But gaed fleein' awa,
Wi' a cheery "caw, caw,"
A blyther "caw, caw;"
Oh, wha was mair happy than they?

WILLIAM ARCHIBALD BRYSSON-MACKINLAY.

A NATIVE of Ayrshire, and a son of the manse, Mr Brysson-Mackinlay was born in 1862 at the manse of Coylton, where his father was parish minister. He was educated at Watson's Institution, Edinburgh, and studied law at Edinburgh University. Having a rooted dislike for legal subjects, and the plodding perseverance required for the successful study of that profession, and a considerable weakness for poetry and a Bohemian life, he gradually drifted into the profession of letters, and became an active and frequent contributor to the world of periodical litera-

ture. Indeed, before entering his teens our precocious poet had penned many verses, principally on amorous subjects, for the gratification of his little lady friends. While he writes prose fluently, his forte is undoubtedly verse, which he can compose on his favourite subjects with a ready command of poetical similes and a wealth of rhyme and rhythm. His early effusions appeared in the *Hamilton Advertiser* and other local newspapers, but he has since contributed songs and ballads to the *Scottish Nights*, *Argosy*, and other well-known magazines. His songs evince the true lyrical gift, while his ballads possess not a little of the simple imagination and touching pathos of the olden time.

I STOOD ALONE.

I stood alone by the salt-sea beach
  Away on a foreign shore,
And I gazed as far as the eye could reach
  Out where the breakers roar.
As the white foam rose in a mist of spray,
  Bathing my aching brow,
I thought of a maiden far away,
  And what is she doing now?

The white gull screaming around me flew,
  Like a shadow of hopes and fears,
And the water the wind from its pinion blew
  Fell wet on my cheek like tears;
And far away, o'er the widening bay,
  A white sail flapped in the breeze.
O! sailor, say, will you take to-day
  A message over the seas?

Go tell to the maid who awaits me there
  That my heart is leal and true,
Though I gaze not here on her face so dear,
  Yet often in dreams I do.
And the time must flee and the deep, deep sea
  Shall carry me home to her side;
And down by the quay will she welcome me,
  And the seas shall ne'er divide.

MIGNONNETTE.

O! fair are the flowers in the forest that flourish,
And rare are the gems in the garden that blow;
But fairer and rarer the flower that I cherish,
And sweeter and dearer the charms she doth show;
For the graces and loves are in harmony met
In Mignon, mine own, oh, my sweet Mignonnette!

Fresh and fair is the rosebud when bathed in the dew,
And pure is the lily that nods to the stream;
But the cheek of my Mignon outrivals the hue
Of the rose, as her breast doth the lily, I ween;
For never a floweret did Nature beget
To equal my Mignon, my dear Mignonnette.

When wit sparkles bright from the eye of a fair,
To enliven the flash of its meteor rays,
'Tis charming indeed, but it cannot compare
With the light in the eye of my Mignon that plays:
For the sweet cherub Love holds an amorous fête
In the eyes of my Mignon, mine own Mignonnette!

And shall I no more in thy sunny smile joy?
Or drink the delight of thy love-lighted glance?
Shall thy sweet murmured pleadings ne'er never decoy
Or thy soft crimson blushes forbear to entrance?
For the bright cynosure of life's firmament's set
Ere I leave thee, my Mignon, mine own Mignonnette!

May the fierce storm of sorrow thy petals ne'er blight,
Nor the keen icy wind of misfortune impair;
But the warm sun of love thee forever delight,
And shine on thy blossom unceasing and fair,
With a smile for the past, and a sigh of regret,
Adieu! lovely Mignon, mine own Mignonnette!

THE FERNY BANKS OF FENDER.

The red light lies on the mountain crest
Like a babe asleep on its mother's breast,
And the sun dips far in the misty west,
From the ferny banks of Fender.

The purple heath on the mountain side,
Where the muir cock builds and the plovers bide,
Is bathed in the glow of eventide,
And the ferny banks of Fender.

The shepherd's whistle far up the hill,
A bark and a bleat in the even' still,
The gurgling music of yonder rill
As it ripples to meet the Fender,

The piping shrill of the wild curlew,
Such are the sounds would welcome you
If in the gloaming you wandered to
The ferny banks of Fender.

Lo! there, 'neath the flowering larches tall,
That shelter the foaming waterfall,
Stands hermit-wise a cot-house small,
Near the ferny banks of Fender.

And in this woodbine-covered cell
Bloomed sweet as a rose-bud, bonnie Nell,
The fairest flower of hill and dell,
By the ferny banks of Fender.

Ah! yet methinks that I see her there
Atwining the myrtles in her hair,
Or wreathing flowers on her neck to wear,
By the ferny banks of Fender.

Methinks I hear, from her silvery throat,
Sweet concords sung to the throstle's note,
Which, swelling forth on the breezes, float
Adown by the banks of Fender.

I see her yet, with the dying bird
She found while her ewes she strayed to herd;
How she wept as she laid it beneath the sward
On the ferny banks of Fender.

Me-seems to hear the tell-tale sound
Of the bell her pet ewe's neck around,
Which told where bonnie Nell could be found
On the ferny banks of Fender.

But ah! alas! those days are o'er:
I shall rove with my bonnie Nell no more,
Where the wild roes spring and the laverock's soar,
By the ferny banks of Fender.

Like a rose where the canker-worm is set,
She pined e'er the bud was open yet,
Nor prayers could save—ah, vain regret!—
The flower of the ferny Fender.

Her violet eyes wear a stranger light,
Her golden locks grow doubly bright,
And the death-dew hangs from each thread by night,
As dews on the flowers by Fender.

Her cheek in the faintest blush is drest,
Now sighs sob out from her snowy breast;
They cease—like a flower she droops to rest,
The fairest flower of the Fender.

Where the owlet her nightly vigil keeps;
Where the myrtles wave and the willow weeps;
Where the wild thyme breathes, my Nell, she sleeps
On the ferny banks of Fender.

Yet oft to the winds my griefs I tell,
As I wander alone to her flowery cell,
And fresh in my heart's my bonnie Nell,
Who sleeps by the ferny Fender.

COME, LOVE, WHERE LINTWHITES SING.

Come, love, where lintwhites sing their lays
In yonder dell sae briery, O!
Where mavis chaunts her simple praise,
Sae lichtsome, blythe, and cheerie, O!
There let us spend the summer days,
Awa' frae crowds sae steerie, O!
Our couch the bank, our food the slaes,
O' yonder dell sae briery, O!

Hark to the sang, the sang o' love,
Steal frae amang the bracken, O!
While a' the feathery choir above
Wi' anthem sweet awaken, O!
Sae sweet each chord, the heart wad move—
The heart by care forsaken, O!
Come, let us join their chorus, love,
Amang the bushy bracken, O!

What charms amang thy bustling race,
Thou lucre-huntin' creature, O!
Wi' thirst o' gowd on ilka face,
Depicted on each feature, O!
Jostlin' ilk ither oot o' place,
Sae eager for the seizure, O!
O, warldly treasure wad efface
Oor every drap o' pleasure, O!

Love, leave them to their grovelling ways,
Seek yonder dell sae briery, O!
An' hear the throstle tune his lays
To you an me, my dearie, O!
The burnie 'neath the sheggan plays,
An' a' is blythe an' cheerie, O!
There let us spend the gowden days
In bliss an' peace, my dearie, O!

M. H. DEVENEAU,

A NATIVE of Edinburgh, is the widow of Mr Joseph Deveneau, of the firm of Macdonald & Deveneau, drapers there. Mr Deveneau was an enterprising and public-spirited young merchant, well-read and intelligent, who was removed from the world just when he had entered on a promising career as a man of business. Since his death Mrs Deveneau has solaced her leisure hours by the composition of a number of sweet and thoughtful hymns and poems, several of which have appeared in the *Christian Leader* and other publications. These are clearly the impulses of a poetic, highly accomplished, and truly devout mind. In all that Mrs Deveneau writes there is evidence of a heart fully strung to give out tender tones of love, faith, and Christian sympathy; and, as she is still only in the youthful prime of womanhood, much good work may yet be expected of her.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

"Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost."

O, Lord! my altar fire is burning dim,
The temple lamps are slowly dying out;
Drench'd by despair or blown by winds of doubt,
Gone the shechinah and the cherubim

No song can breathe from out the bruisèd reeds ;
Broken or tensionless the sweet harp strings ;
Within the holy place no clear bell rings,
In token that therein the high priest pleads !

Desolate sounds come from the outer world—
Wild, sobbing winds and ever drifting rain—
And life seems now all loneliness and pain,
Its music mute, and joy's gay banners furled !

Joy's day is done, now sorrow's night comes on ;
O Lord, that night is dark, the hour is late ;
Oh ! enter quickly this, Thy Temple gate,
Ere hope be dead, or love and faith be gone !

Lay on my altar, Lord, Thy sacred fire ;
Touch with Thy quick'ning light the flick'ring lamps ;
Dispel the gloom, disperse all chilling damps,
With stronger life, faith, hope, and love inspire !

Thou, Lord, wilt smooth, not break, the bruisèd reed,
Re-tune the harp, bind all its broken strings,
Then praise shall rise to Thee on stronger wings,
Who art my life, light, comforter, indeed !

. . . . . .

Lo ! fire and earthquake, wind that breaks the rocks
The air is full of rushing, awful noise ;
Now a great silence, hark ! "a still, small voice."
And at the gate the Spirit stands and knocks !

Even as I speak a presence fills the place ;
Now on the altar flames the sacred fire ;
Flash all the lamps, and music fills the choir,
And with the cherubim I veil my face !

OUR HOPE.

Shine they on the sacred page
These glad words from age to age,
Brightest when dark tempests rage—
"Jesus Christ our Hope."

Storm-tossed mariners are we,
Drifting out on life's wild sea ;
Thou our anchorage shalt be,
Jesus Christ our Hope.

When life's day is clear and fair,
All unstained by grief or care,
Thou dost in our gladness share,
Jesus Christ our Hope.

But when night glooms dark and drear,
Clouded o'er by doubt and fear,
Near art Thou, and still more dear,
Jesus Christ our Hope.

When our spirits pant and yearn
More of love and Thee to learn,
Clearly may our faith discern
Jesus Christ our Hope.

When we bury out of sight
Those who were of earth the light,
Dark forebodings put to flight,
Jesus Christ our Hope.

Bid each ling'ring doubt expire,
Kindle Thou faith's dying fire,
With these words our lives inspire—
Jesus Christ our Hope.

Then when ended is life's race,
Strengthened by Thy love and grace,
May we see Thee face to face,
Jesus Christ our Hope.

SHADOWS.

The shadows of evening are stretched out.—Jer. vi. 4.

The wind is moaning along the shore,
Where waves are breaking with sullen roar,
Darkness on light is closing the door,
"The shadows of evening are stretched out."

Noiseless, shadowless, to and fro,
Flieth the angel of the snow;
She heedeth not that on earth below
"The shadows of evening are stretched out"

The year we greeted in hope and fear
Is passing from us, the end draws near;
And over his face, so sad, so dear,
"The shadows of evening are stretched out."

Life's morn is over, its mid-day done,
Sunset and after-glow are gone ;
In its twilight grey I sit, alone,
And "shadows of evening are stretched out."

Oh ! nightless city, where never falls
The faintest shadow within thy walls ;
Where no tired watchman ever calls,
"The shadows of evening are stretched out."

I long to dwell in thine endlesss day,
Long for the shadows to flee away
From heart and life, and no more say,
"The shadows of evening are stretched out."

Oh ! heart, be still, why mourn and weep,
God through all darkness doth thee keep—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
When "shadows of evening are stretched out."

From life and death will darkness flee,
Grief, pain, unfold their mystery—
When dawns Heaven's endless day for thee,
And no more shadows be stretched out.

ROBERT COCHRANE BUIST

[M.A. (St. And.) ; B.A. (Cantab.) ; M.B., C.M., (Edin.)

ROBERT COCHRANE BUIST, son of Thomas Buist, upholsterer, was born in Dundee in 1860. He was educated first at Euclid Crescent School, and afterwards at the High School, where he was medallist in Mathematics. But even while yet a school-boy he was a student of science at the classes of the Young Men's Christian Association, thus early giving evidence of that wide intellectual sympathy which has since so strongly characterised him. He had intended, on leaving school, to proceed direct to the study of

Medicine, but having gained the Lowson Memorial Scholarship, he, at the age of sixteen, went to St. Andrews University, and there passed through the ordinary Arts curriculum, attending also the classes of Chemistry, Geology, Natural History, and Physiology. While at St. Andrews he chiefly distinguished himself in the classes of Greek, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy, and in the literary and temperance societies. He took from St. Andrews the precious gifts she offers so freely to her sons—freedom, golf, books, friends, and health. A born mathematician, he was one of those who fell under the spell of Professor Chrystal during his brief stay in St. Andrews. His knowledge of Mathematics and Greek made him an easy winner of the Spence Bursary of his year; and having, two years later, graduated with first-class honours in Mathematics and gained the Guthrie Scholarship, he proceeded to Cambridge. Here he entered at Corpus Christi College, and read for the Mathematical Tripos with the famous tutor, Mr Routh. Each year he gained the first scholarship of his College, and at the end of three years he graduated as fourteenth Wrangler. This position, highly honourable as it was, somewhat disappointed many of his St Andrews friends, who hoped for higher honours. But the mathematical spell had been broken shortly after going to Cambridge. There was not enough of human interest in the subject to fill up the heart of Mr Buist, for by this time the great social and economic questions. which have so great a charm for many young men, were calling loudly to him for answer. After graduation, another year was spent in Cambridge reading Physiology; and, having taken a Third Class in the Higher Division of the Natural History Tripos, Mr Buist left Cambridge, and in Edinburgh began his long-deferred study of Medicine.

In the Medical Classes, after eight years of Uni-

versity life and also after much overwork at Cambridge, Mr Buist did not strive hard for examinations and class prizes. But rest for all active minds means change of work; and accordingly we find that he threw himself heart and soul into the work of the Sociological Society, the Students' Representative Council, and the Innominate Club. To the work he did for the first-mentioned society, and the men it brought him into contact with, Mr Buist owes much of his intellectual and moral development. The Students' Representative Council was, however, for some time his great work in Edinburgh. His experience of University life had shewn him how much students could do for themselves, and with a definite policy on the subject, he found himself elected in his first year to the Executive, and in his second to the Presidentship of the Council.

During his course in Edinburgh Mr Buist was also engaged in teaching, both in school and privately, and yet, in spite of all this, he has contrived to do more clinical work than most men by devoting his vacations to it. Having graduated as M.B. and C.M. in 1888, he subsequently increased his professional knowledge and widened his experience by acting as assistant in Morningside Asylum as *locum tenens* in a country practice, and by studying in Vienna. He also lectured on Astronomy at Perth and Montrose in connection with the St. Andrews University Extension Scheme.

Dr Buist, during 1887 and part of 1888, was editor and to a great extent writer of a University magazine —"The Student." In its first year twelve numbers appeared, of which he wrote about half; while during 1888 he edited nine numbers, and then handed it over to the Students' Council. In it is a good deal of verse from his pen. Our poet has now begun the practice of his profession in his native town. There his numerous

friends hope that he may long continue to live his busy, cheerful, useful life, bringing health and happiness to his patients by his bright smile and helpful, hopeful words. Ever graceful, and very frequently playful, Dr Buist possesses the true poetic faculty. He has a rich gift of fancy, a contemplative mind, and, in addition to a fine command of lyric measure, he has also his strikingly pathetic moods—the pathos being occasionally relieved by flashes of real humour.

THE SONG OF THE SHUTTLE.

The shuttle sings to the weaver's croon,
The weaver's hand has no time for sloth;
The shuttle rattles this merry tune
To comfort the naked crying for cloth—
This way, that way, this way, that way,
Whole thread, broken thread, over and under;
This way, that way, this way, that way,
Ever I join by putting asunder.

The sun shines bright through the weaver's door,
The weaver's work is a happy lot
Amid his bairns, and the shuttle sings
With a happy heart in the weaver's cot—
This way, that way, this way, that way, &c.

The shuttle is rattling faster and faster,
Dashed through the woof at a lightning speed;
The weaver's children work for a master
To help the great world growing in need.
(Rapidly.)
This way, that way, this way, that way, &c.

The sun shines bright on the whited roof,
And hot are the heads, and dull with noise,
Eyes, listless, look at the weary woof,
No weaver is there, but his wife and boys.
(More rapidly.)
But this way, that way, this way, that way, &c.

The shuttle sings yet quicker his tune,
And work for a man is his wife's instead,
And children's come to the world too soon,
Now weavers are naked, and crying for bread.

(Very rapidly.)
This way, that way, this way, that way,
Whole thread, broken thread, over and under;
This way, that way, this way, that way,
Ever I join by putting asunder.

THE HARRIERS' CALL.

Haste to the meet, and let us go,
Leave work and books behind us;
Send forth the Hares, for well we know
Where pleasure and where health shall find us.
Chorus.—If aught can cheer when spirits fall,
'Tis the merry sound of the Harriers' call;
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
'Tis the merry sound of the Harriers' call.

Adown the hillside let us rush,
O'er fence and furrow bounding;
Along the braes of stiffest brush,
And hear the merry chorus sounding.
If aught can cheer, &c.

Across the lea so merrily
The Fast and Slow are trailing;
Dash through the river cheerily.
Nor hedge nor hill defies their scaling.
If aught can cheer, &c.

A sight! a sight! away we go
Pell-mell through gorse and heather,
A death! a death! rings Tally-ho!
And life is fun in golden weather.
If aught can cheer, &c.

Then here's to Hares and Fast and Slow,
And here's to Whip and Pace, boys;
Here's to the ground where'er we go,
Here's to the gallant Paper Chase, boys.
If aught can cheer, &c.

THESE GERMS.

When you blow your nose or wash your toes
You're getting rid of germs,
Upon whose forces Chiene discourses
In duly measured terms.

They're down the Throat, and ere you note,
In Lung or Stomach budding;
Ere you detect 'em, they're in the Rectum,
Or up the Urethra scudding.

They give Cystitis; Pyelitis
And Diptheritis know 'em;
Form bad prognoses for Anthracosis
And Tuberculosis, blow 'em.

T' increase their dómains needs no Ptomaines,
Themselves are ready noxæ;
It's no use watching, we must do catching
Of such wee things by proxy.

We trust to Sprays, or by relays
We ply the Irrigator;
But while we're blowing, they are knowing,
And pop their heads up later.

When we waken, then we're taken,
And likewise when we're sleepin';
If we're laughin', germs we're quaffin,
And also when we're weepin'.

On bread and paste 'tis germs we taste;
They flourish on potato;
There's no relief in takin' beef in,
Nor mustard nor tomato.

But good Prof. G., for you and me,
Has found a beast to beat 'em;
And, turning frights to new delights,
Calls leucocytes to eat 'em.

ADDENDUM.

And bold Fehleisen has ta'en the "pison"
And put it on a cancer;
When patients try and do not die,
He finds the method answer.

THE WARL'-MAKER.

(After Theodor Koerner.)

As a laddie was Geordie a queer wee deil,
In mischief nae ither cam' near at 'is heel,
An' twas ever the same withoot ony doot,
He was aye at the boddom whan mischief fell oot;

An' whan onything happened, lat be what it micht,
It a' was shoved on the luckless wee wicht ;
An' to mak' 'im confess what 'twas he had daen,
He was soondly licked, syne again for the sin.

Sae it cam' that the loon, when a lickin' was due,
Feared for twa, claimed the sin that anither sud rue.
When the meen'ster ae day catecheesed the wee carle,
"Come, tell me," he spiered, "wha 'twas made the warl ?"
The auld man spak' to bairns wi' face sae austere,
That the laddie was feared, and his thochts gaed asteer;
He was shocked at the sins o' thae scoundrels o' men,
But he wistna wha, an' said, " I dinna ken."

The auld man was anger't—" Ye sinfu' wee loon,
Tell me straucht on the spot," an' he brocht his stick doon,
An' threppit the bairn to lick 'im richt sair,
Gin' aboot the warl's makin' his thochts werena clear.
Noo, the laddie was feared what he'd said was a lee,
Sae he gulped oot, " Oh ! sir, lat your stick bide awee,
I'm shure I'm richt sorry, I didna weel ken,
I confess it was me, but I'll no dae't again."

DOCTOR IRONGRAY.

AFTER DOCTOR EISENBART (1661-1727).

Oh ! I am Doctor Irongray,
Chorus.—Crede videqu'id, boom-boom*,
I cure the folk in a new-fangled way,
Crede videqu'id, boom-boom ;
For I can make a lame man talk,
Crede videqu'id, boom-boom, boom-boom,
And send my dumb men out to walk.
Crede videqu'id, boom-boom.

At Potsdam I trepanned the cook
To His Gracious Majesty the Duke ;
I took an axe and split his head,
And then of course I cured him—dead.

A student came, who could never sleep sound
Till I gave him opium by the pound ;
I sent him to bed his sleep to take,
And the beggar isn't yet awake.

A little old man from Langleybeck
Came with a lump upon his neck ;

* The boom-boom, intended to represent the sound of a drum, is usually sung with an accompaniment beaten on the table with the fists.

With a hemp rope I stopp'd its increase,
And now the poor little man has peace.

And one who had a soldier's lot,
Had been in Egypt and got it hot;
I took three bullets of lead away—
And his dans and I look in vain for pay.

And that is the way that I cure the folk;
Untried, it might a smile provoke;
But that it can all pain abate
I bet it does—by my Doctorate.

THOMAS FAED, R.A.,

WHOSE pictures illustrating Scottish scenes have made his name widely known, was born at Barlay Mill, Gatehouse-of-Fleet, Galloway, in 1826, where his father was an engineer and millwright. From a carefully and tastefully prepared work of deep interest and value, "The Bards of Galloway," edited, with an introduction and notes, by Malcolm M'L. Harper, (Dalbeattie: Thomas Fraser, 1889), we learn that our artist-poet "studied under his brother, Mr John Faed, then an eminent miniature painter in Edinburgh; also in the "Trustees' Academy" there, under Sir William Allan, P.R S.A.; Thomas Duncan, R.S.A.; Alexander Christie, R.S A.; and lastly, John Ballantyne, R.S.A. He took annual prizes in various departments of Art. The earliest work he exhibited in public was a drawing in water-colours, "The Old English Baron." He soon after commenced oil painting, exercising his brush chiefly on homely subjects. Mr Faed became an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1849, ex-

hibiting there annually, and executing, among other approved pictures, the popular one of "Scott and his Friends at Abbotsford." He settled permanently in London in 1852, and exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1855, "The Mitherless Bairn;" in 1856, "Home and the Homeless;" and in 1857, and subsequently, "The First Break in the Family," "A Listener ne'er hears guid o' Himsel'," "Sunday in the Backwoods," "His Only Pair," "From Dawn to Sunset," "The Last o' the Clan," "Baith Faither and Mither," "The Gamekeeper's Daughter," "No Rose without a Thorn," and many other popular pictures, most of which have been engraved. Mr Faed was made an Associate in 1859, and a member of the Royal Academy in 1864. He is also an Honorary Member of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, and an Honorary Member of the Imperial Academy, Vienna." It is also added that Mr Faed has a taste for literature, and occasionally woos the muse—his contributions to the London press and the local journals having been frequent. This is not surprising, for our readers are well aware that we have from time to time shown that a true artist can scarcely fail to be a poet, and they have been long accustomed to find poetry in the work of those who follow art as a profession. Painting and Poesy are twin sisters, and many of Mr Faed's pictures are at once a poem, a tale, and a work of art—the three-fold fruit of his genius. The life of our present poet, however, has been rather that of an artist than a literary man, literature having been to him merely a pleasing pastime. His poems, like his paintings, are charming pictures of Scottish life and character, recording the manners, the occupations, and the pleasures of rural homes and humble domestic life. They suggest auld warl' coziness, and present much warmth and richness of colour. They all flow with graceful fancy, and abound in picturesque beauty. Most of his thoughts

are exquisitely neat and dainty, and possess that careful detail and natural feeling that are so manifest in his well-known pictures.

WEE AUNTIE JEANIE.

'Twas wee Auntie Jeanie that sat by our bed—
We had baith said our prayers at her knee,
She was winsome and sweet, wi' a glad smile to meet
My rosy wee brither and me.

But she left us at last; sad, sad were our hearts,
And sair, O! sae sair did we weep,
Though we held by her sleeve, thinking she couldna leave,
Till our grip slid awa' in our sleep.

We are bairnies nae langer—Johnnie noo is a man,
Working hard for my faither and me;
Yet, through monie lang years, rise unbidden our tears,
For auntie and mither was she.

It's noo but a dream—a dim dream o' the nicht,
As she glides to the foot o' my bed,
But nae smile can I trace on her twilight-like face,
Though her golden hair halo's her head.

BURNS.*

Not Homer's lays to ancient Greek
On Sunium's marble lying,
In sweeter, grander tones could speak
To warrior bold, or maiden meek,
Than Burns, among his moorlands bleak,
Who sang in strains undying.

The shepherd, 'mid his mountain land,
The cow-boy and the hind,
The artisan with horny hand,
All bless the peasant-bard whose wand
With magic witched their native strand—
All own his master mind.

Words gave he to the bashful swain,
He sweeter made the May
When lovers meet—will meet again—
The old, old song, the old refrain—

*Suggested by Alma Tadema's Painting—"A Reading from Homer," Royal Academy Exhibition, 1885.

The twilight hour that breaks the strain
Of weary, toilsome day.

The poorest cottar o'er his lays,
Since life's hard strife began,
Forgets its slavish, drudging ways,
Forgets its dark and sunless days,
And lifts his eyes to God in praise,
To feel he still is *man*.

The sire bequeathed unto his son
True pride and manly sense;
Could thrift and toil life's fight have won,
That father, when his days were done,
Could not have left his gifted one
A nobler 'heritance.

A FAIRY-LAND AMONG THE HILLS.

A fairy-land among the hills,
'Mid misty peaks and glancing rills;
Far, far away from human ills,
In dreamland, I met thee, Fanny.
O'er heath aglow with setting sun,
Thy hand in mine,—our love begun,
With hearts as fresh as when I won
Thine own leal one to me, Fanny.

Where did we go?—the twilight o'er us,
Our love our guide; the world before us:
The murmuring wind through the echoing corries
Made music with thy voice, Fanny.
Thine eye my star—was ever light
So soft, so witching, or so bright?—
The gloaming shading into night
Was never felt by me, Fanny.

The swift shrike's scream the silence broke,
The homeward raven's eerie croak
Ben Lloyal's solemn slumber woke,
I felt thee cling to me, Fanny.
The mournful owl, like gentle sigh,
Fanned thy soft cheek in passing by,
Clinging, with half averted eye,
The closer still to me, Fanny.

It was our spirits' trysted meeting
By yon grey stone, our wild hearts beating,
The old, old tale of love repeating,
So dear to thee and me, Fanny.

Dreams of a time that would not stay,
When youth was one long holiday,
And tears our sorrows washed away,
Ah ! would it were so now, Fanny.

I woke—Alas ! the morning star
Hung trembling o'er dark Ben Avar,
And thy sweet spirit, dim, afar,
In sadness left my view, Fanny.
The envious dawn on light wings borne,
In purply plumage paints the morn,
And I—all lonely and forlorn—
My heart has gone with thee, Fanny.

NICOL FERGUSON,

A NATIVE of Cumbernauld, Dumbartonshire, was born in 1830. One who took an interest in his early productions says that "Nicol has been born a poet, both by his father's and his mother's sides. By paternal descent, we believe, he has the blood of the family of Robert Ferguson, the Scottish poet, in his veins, and by his mother he is connected with 'Clauders,' a famous Edinburgh satirist of the last century." When only ten years of age, after being employed "herdin' auld granny's kye," he was sent to work in a coal mine, and from that period until recently, at home, and afterwards in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, he followed this laborious calling. After the stoppage of the colliery at which he was employed, he, when about forty years of age, emigrated to the Western Hemisphere. There his heart still goes back to Caledonia and the dear old scenes of his early days. This is shown in a volume of Scottish poems and songs he recently issued. Mr Ford informs us in

his "Album" that at the time this volume was issued the author was so afflicted with asthma that he could not travel a hundred yards without resting for breath. The way he came to get up his little book was like this:—Some of his fellow-workmen, knowing that he was a rhymer, reciter, and story-teller, joined together and helped him to print it. "Had it not been for their advice and help," Mr Ferguson says himself, "my paltry compositions would never have troubled the world. I never wrote them for publication, or ever expected to derive any benefit. I only wrote for amusement or pastime, and never dreamed I would ever need to sell them for a living."

His bits of verse are none the less fresh and appetising that they were "rhymed for fun," and, now that necessity has driven him to his "wit's end" for the means of subsistence, we hope the poor old poet will find a ready market for his ware.

TEMPLAR JOHN'S WIFE.

Templar John, he has a wife,
O, waes me!
Wha spoils the progress o' his life,
O, waes me!
Frae morn till nicht she rins aroon'
Frae house to house, baith up and doon;
She is nae credit to our town,
O, waes me!

Her face wi' dirt a knife wad try,
O, waes me!
Her hair looks tow'rin' to the sky—
O, waes me!
Her house—O, my, I dare na' tell
The very outside has a smell,
Beside it nane could ever dwell,
O, waes me!

For tipplin' whisky she's nae toy,
O, waes me!
She'll drain a glass wi' any "boy,"
O, waes me!

An' in her haun' the jug she'll swing,
Richt back her mou' the drug she'll fling ;
Her lips ne'er pree the precious thing,
O, waes me !

She's the cleanest drinker e'er I saw,
O, waes me !
I ne'er could drink wi' her ava,
O, waes me !
At hauf a pint she'll gie a glance,
Syne ower her craig she'll mak' it dance,
Wi' her nae cronie has a chance,
O, waes me !

I ne'er will join her ony mair,
O, waes me !
I ne'er wi' her had muckle share,
O, waes me !
I've heard her own the truth hersel',
When dry she'd drain maist ony still ;
An' muckle mair to me did tell,
O, waes me !

I lauch'd yestreen to hear her sing,
O, waes me !
Syne she would dance the Hielan' fling,
O, waes me !
She set her feet wi' skill'd-like care,
An' fairy-like tript ower the flair,
But wheelin' roun'—I'll sing nae mair,
O, waes me !

THE AULD SCOTTISH TONGUE.

Come, sit ye doon, cronies, afore that ye gang,
An' sing unto me an auld Scottish sang ;
There's naething sae cheers me, I think I'm still young
When I hear a sang sung in the auld Scottish tongue.

Sing aboot burnies, sing aboot glens,
Sing aboot mountains, meadows, and plains ;
But the theme o't maun be, whatever is sung,
The praise o' auld Scotland in the auld Scottish tongue.

Nae sangs like the Scottish ever charm my auld ear,
An' the tone o' the singers soon makes me draw near
I can tell by their style if frae Scotland they sprung—
They canna cheat me in the auld Scottish tongue.

'Tis the land o' my faithers, the land o' my birth,
'Tis the land I prize dearer than ony on earth ;
I love it, I'll praise it till by death I am stung,
An' sing to my last in the auld Scottish tongue.

Sing o' her sons and daughters sae fair,
Sing o' auld cronies we may never see mair,
Sing whaur her freedom frae England she wrung,
An' sing it to me in the auld Scottish tongue.

Sing o' her bluebell an' heathery braes,
Sing o' her whins, her wild nits, an' her slaes,
Sing o' her thistle—but, whatever is sung,
O, sing a' to me in the auld Scottish tongue !

THE BAILIE'S KNOWE.

A guid New Year I wish you, Joe,
My gallant frien' and brither,
'Tis mony a weary year noo
Since we roamed aboot thegither ;
An' tho' we're auld an' totterin' noo,
Wi' taps as white as tow,
I'll ne'er forget the boyish days
Upon the Bailie's Knowe.

O, dae ye mind sic sport we had
When schulin' hours were bye,
And ran like twa young fairies
To herd auld granny's kye ;
And tell ilk ither stories, Joe,
Till the sun would gloomy grow ;
This world was then a paradise
Upon the Bailie's Knowe.

And still it's but a blink, Joe,
To think upon thae days,
When we roamed oot owre the Bells Bank,
And pu'd the hips and slaes ;
But them that pu'd them wi' us, Joe,
Fell death's blawn oot their lowe ;
They've ta'en a lang and last fareweel
Noo o' the Bailie's Knowe.

But cheer your heart, auld trusty Joe,
Ance mair oor girrs we'll ca',
And straucht oor stoopit backs again,
Fling care ahent the wa' ;

And spiel the braes again that we
When callants doun did row,
And chant a sang for auld langsyne
Upon the Bailie's Knowe.

GEORGIANA BROWN MACKENZIE

IS a direct descendant of John Brown, of Haddington, being his great-grand-daughter. Her father was the Rev. George Brown, of North Berwick, and she numbers among her relatives some well-known and justly celebrated men. The late Dr John Brown, of "Rab and His Friends" fame, was her full cousin —his father, Rev. John Brown, D.D. being her uncle. Dr Robert Johnston, Professor of Exegetical Theology in Edinburgh University, is another cousin, and Dr Alexander Crum Brown, the well-known chemical analyst, half-brother of "Rab," bears the same relationship. Mrs Mackenzie is, on the maternal side, descended from an old and honourable Scottish family, and numbers among her ancestors Abraham Hume, who suffered the noble death of martyrdom in the dark "killing times" of Charles II. The spirit of poesy seems to have possessed her from youth, but it is only of late years that she has published any of her productions. She has contributed to the *Glasgow Herald*, *Life and Work*, and several other magazines and newspapers.

FOND MEMORIES.

I am sitting in the twilight,
Thinking of long bye-gone years,
Of the loved ones who have left me,
And my eyes are full of tears.

My mother's form comes to me,
As she used to be of yore,
Lays her gentle hand upon me,
Whispers softly, "Weep no more.

"I have watched thee, oh, my darling!
Since my spirit took its flight
To the land of day eternal,
To the land of endless night.

"I have watched thee in thy sorrow,
Watched thee at the bed of death,
When thy loved one fast was fading,
Taking leave of this cold earth.

"And I saw the angels waiting
For the spirit to depart;
There was joy among their armies,
Though a pang was at thy heart.

"Now life's sorrows all are ended,
There are no more sin and pain,
All thy secret prayers and wrestlings,
They are not in vain.

"Now, my darling, I must leave thee,
I must bid my child farewell;
But we'll meet again in heaven,
There for evermore to dwell.

"You must bring your loved ones with you—
Pray for them by night and day;
Ask your Saviour to receive them—
Never did He cast away."

MY LILY.

The Master stood in my garden,
Beside the lilies white;
He stooped and plucked the purest
That bloomed in the morning light.

He said, "I take the fairest,
To plant in my garden above,
To bask in eternal sunshine,
To bloom in the garden of love."

I could not bow to the Master,
I could not say "Amen,"

As he took my sweet, fair lily
That I ne'er could water again.

I only thought of my sorrow,
And my tears fell down like rain;
My life seemed useless and empty,
And my fondest hopes in vain.

But the Master now hath taught me
To say, "His will be done;"
And bow with meek submission
Till my earthly course is run.

And I think of my sweet, pure lily
Making the angels glad,
Blooming in yonder garden—
Why, then, should I be sad?

I'll tend my bed of lilies,
I'll water them every night,
Looking again for the Master,
Till He comes in the morning light.

LOST ON THE HILLS.

The child looked up with a sunny smile
At the rainbow o'er the hill;
He said—"It's the way to Paradise,
Where the angels go at will."
He looked at his home beside the stream,
His sisters at their play,
Then turned his steps to the far-off hill,
Where the angels' pathway lay.

He wandered on through the valley fair,
Where gowans and blue-bells grew,
Among the ferns and reindeer moss,
And milkwort wet with dew;
And onward and upward he climbed the hil
And chased the butterflies bright,
But he could not reach the mountain-top,
So rugged was the height.

The sun sank down beneath the hill,
And left the primrose way,
When that little child lay down to rest
At the close of the summer day;
He called aloud for his mother dear,
And his tears fell fast like rain,

As one by one the stars peeped out—
But his tears were all in vain.

A shepherd was watching his flock that night
From the top of the mountain bare,
And he heard the pitiful cry of the child
Carried up on the twilight air;
And downward with hastening steps he came,
Over rocks and streams by the way;
But no one knew what he suffered that night
Till he came where his own child lay!

He folded his arms round his own dear boy,
And pressed him to his breast,
Then carried him to his far-off home,
And laid him there to rest.
So the good Shepherd carries his own dear lambs
O'er mountains rugged and bare,
And lays them to rest in their far-off Home
On the sweet dewy pasture there!

VIOLET BROWN MACKENZIE,

YOUNGEST daughter of Mrs G. A. B. Mackenzie, and sister of H. B. Mackenzie, poet and novelist, was born at Loch Carron, West Ross-shire, and is now (1889) eighteen years of age. She was educated in the North, and early showed signs of poetic talent. The first poem by her that appeared in print was when she was only fourteen—the occasion being the sudden death of a dear young friend, whose loss Violet felt very keenly. Since then she has published at intervals in the *Glasgow Herald*, *Scottish Nights*, and other magazines and newspapers. She is of a highly romantic temperament, and a great admirer of the best poets of the day.

TRUE HEARTS.

She looked across a stormy sea,
  As evening shadows gathered fast;
She wondered how the sun-rays flee
  When all the glorious day is past;
She wondered if when morning came
The sunlights' rays would be the same.

She looked across the ocean wave
  To where a boat had sailed away,
The waters dark were like a grave
  Shrouded in mist and shadows grey;
She watched the boat sail out of sight
Into the shadowland of night.

A cry went outward from the shore,
  O'er waters dark and shadows grey—
"O love me, love, till life is o'er!"
  Then in the darkness died away;
And from the boat an answer came—
"Through life, through death, I love the same."

O, bravely cross the ocean wave,
  Small craft, that holds a heart so bold!
So true and loyal that e'en the grave
  Can never dim its wealth of gold.
Though night be dark, and parting sore,
Soon, soon all partings will be o'er.

True love can live, though oceans sever,
  True hearts can love, though far apart,
And, meeting, rest in peace for ever,
  In perfect union—heart to heart;
And after stormy seas find rest,
For aye, on one beloved breast.

RELICS.

Oh, little flower, thou tiny blossom fair,
  How dear to me, though crushed and withered so;
She wore thee once among her glossy hair,
  On a sweet summer's day, long, long ago.

O, tiny little glove, so small and fine!
  How sacredly I keep thee near my heart;
Both little hand and glove once lay in mine—
  But years have gone, and we are far apart.

O, little ribbon blue! she wore thee then
When merrily she danced, that happy night;
She dropped thee, but I lifted thee again—
All loved her then, she was so fair and bright.

Oh, little photo of a smiling face!
Thou treasure-relic of the days gone by,
Age may thee fade, and time may thee deface,
But love like mine can never, never die.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Gone beyond our tender care,
As the sun was rising high,
O, my friend! so young and fair,
You were destined soon to die.

Were you tired of life so soon?
Did you often long to go?
Brightest is the sun at noon,
In your short life was it so?

When we used to wander oft
By the river, hand in hand,
Were the winds that murmured soft
Whispering of the Better Land?

Gay our hearts were in these days,
Walking by the tender flowers,
Listening to the blackbird's lays
In the golden summer hours.

Now the grass grows on the grave
Where your fair form lies at rest;
Round about the tall trees wave,
Murmuring softly, "This is best.

JAMES SMITH

WAS born in the parish of St Vigeans, Arbroath, in 1860. He served a short apprenticeship in a law office in his native town, and was subsequently for some years a clerk in Blairgowrie, and afterwards went to Brechin as book-keeper to a solicitor there. Having little liking for this profession, he emigrated to the United States to push his fortune there. Mr Smith is a capital reciter and amateur actor. In fact, he has frequently been advised by authorities competent to judge of his histrionic gifts to adopt the stage as a profession, but hitherto he has only trod the boards for amusement. His impersonation of "Rob Roy," it is said, would rank with the best professionals; but every character he essays, whether grave or gay, are all life-like studies. It was only lately he began to court the muse, but his efforts have the ring of true poetry in them, and he can hit off a vigorous character sketch with great ease and rapidity. Several of his songs have been set to music by well-known composers, and have been well received.

THE BOWLERS' SONG.

When Winter dark, wi' bitin' blast,
Gangs oot wi' muckle din,
Dame Nature wakes frae sleep at last,
As Spring comes gliding in.
She decks hersel' in colours rare,
Flowers on her breast are seen;
The grass creeps up sae fresh an' fair,
To mak' a bonnie green.

Then hey! for the green, the bonnie, bonnie green,
The green sae trim an' gay;
And ho! for the players, awa' frae a' their cares,
Wha lo'e the game to play.

Our sorrows fly when on the green
We in a game take part ;
An' gratefu' is the joyfu' scene
To mony a weary heart.
The happy looks on ilka face
Tell o' the joy within,
An' bearded men feel nae disgrace
When after bowls they rin.

Then hey for the green, &c.

Hark to the skips, we maun' tak' tent,
For they can angry crack—
"Draw in," or "Gaird," or "Lie ahent,"
Or "Try, man, rin the jack ;"
"Weel dune," "Gude shot," "Man, you're a player !"
They cry in highest pitch,
Or, "You're owre strong ; why, hae a care,
Your bowls are in the ditch !"

Then hey for the green, &c.

But, Summer gane, the flow'rs decay,
As Autumn's dour winds blaw ;
Then Nature sleeps ; we stop our play,
An' pit oor bowls awa'.
Sae, while grim Winter reigns supreme,
We'll crack aboot oor play,
An' meet ance mair upon the green
When comes the op'ning day.

Then hey for the green, &c.

DEATH'S SHADOWS.

An old man lay wrestling the Angel of Death,
Wearily struggling and panting for breath ;
While silently round him the ghosts of the past
Hover'd, gloomily waiting, as life ebbed its last.

The ghost of his childhood, so fair and so bright,
With high, open brow, and eyes beaming with light ;
The future unclouded, and life full of joy,
Basking in sunshine—a proud, happy boy.

The ghost of his school-days, when guiding the mind
To dwell among sages, and there wisdom find ;
Amid all temptations upholding the truth,
And remembering his God in the days of his youth.

The ghost of his manhood, when, thirsting for fame,
He had fought in the strife and made honoured his name—
Gathering a harvest from good, honest soil,
And resting in peace after wearisome toil.

The ghost of his wife when he first gained her love—
A heavenly gift coming down from above;
She gladdened his home ere her soul took its flight,
Then doubt filled his breast, driving faith out of sight.

The ghost of his age, when, his heart growing cold,
He worshipped and bowed to an idol of gold;
Relieved not the wretched nor soothed weary pain,
And passed by the hungry, appealing in vain.

The ghost of what might have been—happy though old,
Awaiting the summons to enter the fold,
To hear the Good Shepherd say—"Dwell with the blest;
Having fought the good fight, now come to thy rest."

The ghost of the future, so silent and grim,
With skeleton fingers which beckon to him;
He trembles with fear to know the unknown,
And to tread the dark valley of death all alone.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

When trials and troubles surge around,
When gloomy doubts in us abound,
Dispel the gloom, and let there bloom
In us Thy Faith.

When all below is dark and drear,
When tremble hearts with unknown fear,
Send from above with swift-winged dove,
The Flower of Hope.

When souls are filled with hardening sin,
When sympathy is cold within,
By angel bright send forth the light
Of Charity.

Implant in us these graces three,
That we may truly worship Thee;
Then shall we know, on earth below,
The peace of Heaven.

JOHN LUBY

WAS born of Irish parents in the Saltmarket, Glasgow, in 1858. He was an exceptionally weak child, and although he is now a man of thirty years he has never attained to the full use of his limbs. When fourteen he began his education in St. Mary's School, Glasgow, and finished his course of intellectual studies when about twenty years of age. He informs us that, "being a son of Scotland by birth, and one of the people, his views are thoroughly radical, although not of such an extreme type as some of the present day." He has always been a prominent figure in Bridgeton politics, and is the secretary of a political association there. In the pages of the late *Exile* newspaper some of his most vigorous pieces have appeared, whilst he has frequently contributed to the Glasgow *Weekly Mail*, the *Observer*, &c. From the Bridgeton Stationery Warehouse, of which he is sole proprietor and manager, he has recently issued his maiden publication, and we are informed that he is about to publish another volume under the title—"Liberal Rhymes for Liberal Times." Many of his friends and admirers will wish him every encouragement and success.

THE MISSION.

Oh, what a task, to come to ask
  Our heart's poor love!
And claim a rest upon our breast
  Where'er we rove;
To long to be with such as we
  Who wish for Thee.
My loving Lord, my soul's reward
  Oh come to me.

Too long has sin, my soul within,
  Its empire held:

Against my only good I stood,
And thus rebelled :
But now no more shall passions soar
O'er my weak heart ;
I now to-day against their sway
Bid them depart.

But I will fall if to my call
There comes no aid,
Oh, dearest Lord, thy help afford,
Nor long delayed.
Be aiding strength, and when at length
Has passed the strife ;
I may safe rest upon thy breast,
Eternal life !

IRELAND'S CRY TO SCOTLAND.

Oh, Scotland ! from thy rugged heights, and from thy sea-stormed caves,
From hills on which the thistle wags, and sturdy heather waves,
From centres of thy industries swell forth the powerful cry--
The stern resolve—that thou shalt not behold our high hopes die.

Ye martyred dead ! from out the shades of earth arise once more ;
Ye died that Freedom's flag might wave around your Scottish shore ;
Cast over us your influence, dispel the patriot's fears,
And quell the fiends who fain would fill a land with blood and tears.

Oh, Scottish sons, ye prototypes of heroes that have bled,
Condemn from out your very hearts, as would your honoured dead,
The re-enactment of the laws, the coward tyrant's brand,
Flung from our generous masters to inflame a crimeless land.

In days gone by old Scotia's sons knew how to meet the foe,
And Scottish hands in days of yore knew how to deal the blow.

. . . . . .

Methinks I hear thy brave manhood, in one great voice, reply—
" We stand a serried wall of might your rights to ratify."

SAINT IGNATIUS.

His eyes beheld Nature arise in new birth,
With the sweet flowers strewing the beautiful earth,
And his ears were regaled with the songsters who trilled
From trees that with heaven's effulgence were filled ;

And his heart beat with ardour that God should bestow
Such a foretaste of bliss in a valley of woe,
That in transports his lips in their eloquence strove,
And sobbed out with Nature—"O, Jesus, my Love!"

Though the tyrant should threaten with venomous might,
He could not deprive the sweet soul of its right,
Though that tongue should be mute in the silence of death,
And the heart be not warmed by the life-giving breath,
Though his ears should be dead to the bird's cheery lay,
And the form so stalwart be turned to clay,
That soul would but mount to the realms above,
And cry out in rapture—"O, Jesus, my Love!"

O! that we had the love, deep and true and untold,
That filled the fond hearts of these martyrs of old,
How happy we'd tread on the hard, narrow road
That leads to the home of our Saviour and God;
We can pray as he prayed, we can toil as he toiled,
We can thwart Satan, too, as the despot he foiled,
For the Lord is but willing, if we our hearts move,
And cry in all earnestness—"Jesus, my Love!"

JOHN MENZIES,

AUTHOR of a volume entitled "Reminiscences of an old Soldier," &c., in which he gives an interesting, touching, and well-written chapter on the subject of his early life and chequered experiences. He says—"I never see a peacock without being carried back to my early days, when my father used the feather of such a bird to mark in the 'big ha' Bible' the place of each lesson read from it at family worship. In this same Bible, in a blank leaf between the two Testaments, were entered the Christian names and birth-dates of his children, and with reference to the subject of this sketch, the following entry appears:—'John, born 16th July, 1811.' I entered this world

in one of a group of four houses, locally known as 'Snuffy Butts,' an outlying suburb of Airntully, a village to the west of Kinclaven parish, and about midway between Perth and Dunkeld. My father, who was one of that craft often described as only a fractional part of abridged humanity, had often to leave home and work under the roof of his employer, a practice known to the 'sharps' of the rising generation as 'whuppin' the cat.' My mother died when I was but thirteen, leaving myself and five younger children to my father's care. We were some miles from the parish school, and the roads, or rather the want of them, made our attendance difficult at all times, and impossible in winter, so that, but for home teaching, we would have been almost without any. Occasionally a public teacher would come to the village; but the scant support to be had from such a sparsely-populated district, never secured the services of any very desirable one. After passing some time as a cowherd, and merging thence into a husbandman, I engaged as a ploughman, and served four years as such. I was never so happy or so contented as when engaged in daily manual labour, and often after that was exchanged for a soldier's life, have I sighed for a return to it. Commencing my career of servitude when eight years of age, I have hardly been out of service up to the present time, during which period I have served under no less than fifteen masters—twelve civil, and three military—namely, George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and her most gracious Majesty Victoria. My first summer and autumn of herding earned the sorry sum of 2s 0½d; the 2s went to the family treasury, the copper alone was at my disposal. My last service, prior to enlisting, was on the farm of Innernytie, a few miles east from Stanley, on the right bank of the Tay. There I lived in the comfortless cot known as the 'Bothy;' and the long

winter evenings I passed in the study of geography, and so laid the foundation of what travel and wider reading have deepened into a pretty accurate knowledge of the subject. I was now a lad of twenty, and thoroughly tired of the drudgery of ploughman life, I quitted it in search of more congenial employment."

With the intention of bettering his condition, he entered the nursery of Messrs Dickson & Turnbull, Perth, but his hopes fell when he found that his services were only considered worth 8s a week, which unfavourable weather frequently reduced to about 6s. One evening he came across a recruiting sergeant, and the result was that he was soon enrolled as a private in His Majesty George IV.'s 45th Regiment. This was in March 1834, and a month later he found himself quartered in Chatham. He tells us that "the change of life, after enlistment, though great to all, is peculiarly so to the country recruit, who is generally the most humble, obedient, and easily-governed soldier; but the city-born recruit is, as a rule, the smartest, tidiest, and most easily trained. I still remember the miserably awkward feeling I had when first rigged out in regimentals. The high stiff stock made my neck feel so confined, I could not look round without moving my whole body, and the command—'Eyes front,' seemed altogether superfluous."

Along with some hundreds, detachments from several depôts in the garrison, our poet was sent off to Madras, where they landed after a five months' voyage. A few days' stay, and they were on the march to join the headquarters of the corps at Secunderbad, a station seven miles from Hydrabad. A graphic description is given of their life in India during the following three years until "the skeleton of the 45th" embarked for home In August of 1838 he was promoted, and after a few years' service in the North and South of Ireland, during part of which he was orderly to Sir Guy

Campbell (then quarter-master general), the reserve battalion was ordered to Gibralter. Eighteen months more, and he was under sail for the Cape, during which "our worst enemies were rats and a variety of creeping annoyances." July 1846 saw them landed at Algoa Bay, and fighting the Kaffirs, which was followed by inflicting a heavy defeat on the Dutch colonists on the Orange River. They experienced many privations, and though they had thousands of cattle in possession, so pinched were they often with hunger that "on killing days" they would seek opportunity to catch a canful of bullocks' blood, boil it, and share it with afflicted comrades. When the insurrection of the Kaffirs and Boers was put down he returned home, and in 1858 our hero was granted permission to retire from the army, after an efficient servitude of twenty-three years, with a pension, a character recorded "very good," and in possession of a war medal. He was soon afterwards appointed drill instructor of the 16th Perthshire Volunteers—Stanley corps—whose existence was of short duration. However, he was only a few days out of employment when he received a similar appointment as drill-instructor of the Crieff Company. In 1867 he finally quitted the Volunteer service, and received several valuable presents as a token of the wide esteem in which he was held by all classes. Mr Menzies presently lives at Woodend, Almond Bank, Perth. He concludes his autobiography as follows:—"Now my wife and I are quartered within no great distance of my native village, and it is not likely I shall lift anchor again for any other earthly port. None should feel more thankful to God than I for good health, and its enjoyment in all countries, on sea and on land, in peace and in war. . . Old age and its consequent infirmities tether me pretty closely at home now, and even interfere with my indulgence in manual labour, which has hitherto been my privil-

ege and practice, and this has influenced me in the publication of the foregoing Reminiscences." Many delight to chat with the worthy and venerable sergeant. We cannot do better than close our somewhat lengthy sketch than by quoting from the writer of the kindly preface to the old soldier's volume :—The veteran's cottage is reached by an almost perpendicular foot-track down the far-reaching banks of the Almond. If it be daytime, the sergeant is likely to be busy out of doors, but if you go down "in the gloamin'," you may find him asleep in his chair by the always tidy fireside. A gentle touch from "Jean" will bring the old man to his feet, with a courtly salutation. His face, as he details his life-story, is a study. He may be speaking of Garibaldi, a portrait of whom, with his white charger, hangs on the wall; or, pointing to the beautiful specimen of the Nile lily in the cottage window, he may be telling how he has cut through fields of them on their native soil; but if, meanwhile, a plaintive note comes from the wicker cage, hanging sometimes in the porch and sometimes in the kitchen, the sergeant's eye will turn directly to its occupant—a soft-eyed dove! It was the pet and plaything of the sergeant's only son; the child of his old age, who brightened the homelife of the cottage but for a few years, and then "was not, for God took him." To speak of the dove is to approach very sacred ground, for, though time has smoothed down the rough edges of fresh sorrow, the wound is yet so tender that, at the slightest touch, it will bleed afresh. "Jean" will hastily lift the corner of her spotless apron to hide her tear-filling eyes, and, while the old sergeant makes a restless movement in his chair, beneath his heavy white moustache we fancy we detect a quivering lip. Yet theirs is no rebellious sorrow. They are written "childless," but well do they know that the little ewe-lamb who was theirs for

so short a time is for ever safely housed in the Father's fold.

I'LL AYE BE HIS MA.

I am childless, alas ! but my love canna fade—
'Twas wi' him when livin', can it leave him when dead—
It is that kind o' love without ony alloy,
Just the love o' a mither for her dear little boy.
No, my lov'd one is not, nor that beautiful form
Can the tears o' affection e'er save frae the storm ;
But the God wha has ta'en him is the Father o' a'.
He has nae ither mither—so I'll aye be his Ma.

Can I ever forget the approaches o' death,
The fainter heart-throbbings or the heave o' the breath ;
The meanderings o' reason just partially dawn'd,
The mystical notions o' the little white hand ;
The look sae implorin', an' the last lovin' kiss,
Ere the spirit took flight to the mansions o' bliss.
In this great tribulation, Lord, help, or I fa',
For I've nane left on earth noo to ca' me Mama.

These words, so consolin', were spoken by Thee—
"Suffer little children to come unto Me,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven ;" thus, Lord,
A' the well-springs o' comfort gush up frae Thy Word.
My dear child ever met (death itsel canna part)
The deep, deepest yearnings o' a fond mither's heart,
As the ivy sticks close to the old ruined wa',
Sae I'll cling to the thought that I am still his Mama.

As the petrel is buoy'd on her billowy home,
Though at times a wee drookit wi' spray and wi' foam,
Sae I hoped he would float o'er life's stormiest wave ;
But, where's my hope noo, in the coffin—the grave?
Frae the dooncast bereaved ane, Lord, hide not Thy face ;
May the flood-time o' grief be the seed-time o' grace,
Sic sorrows ne'er saddened, sic grief couldna fa',
On the child wha sae lovingly ca'd me Mama.

When readin', I tried aye to explain what he read,
An' he trusted his mither—believed a' she said.
Could I rest noo in life, or where gang when I dee,
If his teacher had knowingly taught him a lee.
Noo, death frae my bosom my dear one has riven ;
He's awa' up to learn the praises o' heaven ;
An' 'tis soothin' to ken he is safe there ; but, ah,
Will he ever look doon on his sorrowin' Ma.

The flowers he planted in his ain garden nook,
An' the bees that came hummin', their blossoms to sook,
An' the butterflies, too, wi' their gay-coloured wings,
He aye thought they excell'd a' earth's loveliest things.
If this sin-blighted world has sic offering o' joy,
To enrapture the soul o' my dear little boy.
Noo his joys, as a sav'd ane, are high above a';
To be wi' him in death, Lord, prepare his Mama.

A' the ways o' a child, to a mither, how blest—
A teacher wha's lessons only few can resist;
As the flower is refresh'd wi' its pearl o' dew,
So enrich'd is her spirit wi' feelings anew;
For the treasure thus lent frae the coffers o' heaven,
Ere I enter there an account maun be given—
A' the sins o' my life, Lord, O! pardon them a',
'Tis only in glory I can aye be his Ma.

TO A PLAYMATE OF AULD LANGSYNE.

When you and I, Andrew, grew too big to herd,
One took to the hammer, the other the swurd;
And in life's summer morn, so buoyant and bright,
No thoughts then had we of its evening or night.
What a stretch of duration seem'd three-score and ten!
Now, alas! so contracted to what it was then;
How different the sum as we see it to-day,
Than when in futurity far, far away.

We need to be armed, disciplined, and drilled,
For conflict with foemen by flood and by field;
And so, too, in other departments of strife—
At the forge you are fighting the battle of life;
Aye, men of the anvil, the plane, and the plough,
And others who live by the sweat of their brow,
What are they *en masse* but a militant power,
Who warfare must wage 'gainst the wants of the hour?

Though small be our claim on the bounty of heaven,
Bread, water as promised, has always been given;
Then let us unite here our thanks to record
For life and its gifts to a bountiful Lord.
The comforts of home, and the warmth of its love,
Its affections and friendships are gifts from above;
But in life and in death, Lord, thyself be our stay—
These mercies are only for our use by the way.

In life's daily journey, have we not, alas!
Many partings from old friends as gravewards they pass?

Old faces familiar, old things not a few—
Old feelings and fancies, and interests, too ;
How little we care now for many things which
In days that are by-gone we cared for so much ;
And with powers now enfeebl'd, hair thin and grey,
Reminding us we, too, are passing away.

Go back to the home where a child you have been—
Though the dwelling still stands, how changed is the scene !
But, ah ! if the ploughshare has furrow'd the floor,
As oft now is done with old homes of the poor,
A sad sense of loneliness—a very heart-blight,
Creeps o'er you when nothing is seen but the site ;
Like ourselves, too, how changed all around may have grown,
That the site with precision now cannot be known.

We visit the spot where school-boys we were,
But gone is the young life, so full and so fair ;
Gone, gone are the hopes, aspirations of youth ;
Gone its affections, its trustfulness, truth ;
Gone are our old friends, the first we e'er knew ;
Gone fathers and mothers, and schoolfellows too ;
And we, too, are drifting from our moorings of clay
With a current that bears us away and away.

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

The waters that leap down the rocks through the wild wood,
Their steps lack the grace of the footfall of childhood ;
See the morning peep forth from its night's murky shroud,
Its gold on the towers, and its fire on the cloud,
It is not so bright, though the same hands adorn,
Less beautiful, too, than is life's early morn.

That power which, as parents, our children wield o'er us,
A theme is that teachers bring seldom before us ;
But their influence for good has aye been unceasin',
Since from them we learn'd our first baby-lesson.
The science of patience they teach us, and spell
Out lessons of self-abnegation as well ;
Of hopes, too, and joys, who can number the whole
That little one's stir keep alive in the soul
In our strivings e'en now, more earnest the strife
Since these little feet trod the pathway of life,
And with their little hands stretch'd forth with desire
Anon they catch hold of our nature entire.
Ah ! conscience has whisperings more solemn and loud
Since yon little body was swath'd in the shroud ;
Flowing fountains of joy in the heart have their rise
In the lustre enlivening that little one's eyes ;

And though "shapen" in sin, and polluted, defiled,
The light that is kindled in the eye of a child
Will in glory be ever transcendently bright
When suns and their systems shall have ceased to give light.

Ye mothers, now weeping, and fathers who moan,
Less bitterly mourn o'er the child that has gone;
Others may leave you, but from God's very throne
They'll reach down an influence leading you on,
And leading you upwards—the way they have trod—
Till safe by their side in the presence of God.

WILLIAM FULTON,

AUTHOR of a little volume of smart sayings, entitled "Firsts and Lasts," and several sheets of thoughtful and suggestive apothegms, is a native of Glasgow. He started business in 1837 as a leather-merchant in the classic "Briggate," and was very successful, not only in amassing a competency, but also in gaining the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. In addition to his being known as a pleasing writer of verse, he is perhaps more widely appreciated as the author of numerous wise and clever proverbs, many of which are almost equal to some of the witty and trenchant sayings of Sheridan and Cowley. Indeed his conversation, often in the richest Doric, is at once refreshing, quaint, instructive, and mirth-provoking. He is a good story-teller, and his vein of pawky humour runs like music in his narration of one or other of his splendid budget of Scotch anecdotes. Mr Fulton is truly one of the "guid auld Scotch" school of gentlemen, and, though in a sense retired from the active duties of life, he is ever forward in lending a

helping hand to struggling merit, and to cheer them by his practical and substantial aid and advice, which is always readily and yet modestly given. He has a humble opinion of his own gifts. In a humorous, "off-hand" sort of a preface to his little volume, he says—"A wut I once spoke to on the Exchange stated that a friend mentioned to him that he had said a good thing to him lately, and he quite forgot it; but I did not put much value on it, as it was made out of his 'ain head.' A head may be valuable to him, but it does not follow that it is of any value to the public." Here are three of his more reflective apothegms, taken almost at random from several hundreds :—

The pleasures of a life devoted to self and sensuous gratifications are soon exhausted. While a life of self-denial for noble, benevolent, and holy purposes is inexhaustible either in time or in eternity.

Man is the only animal that hugs his chains of sin, habits, and misery; the watch-dog gambols and rejoices when his is taken of.

There is something practical to be taken out of the sporting man's view of the horse race applied to mercantile life. Never mind the start, any one can start, it is the finish that tells.

SONG.

Hae ye seen the wild rose on yon flowery brae,
That spreads all its charms in blooming array;
Though fair is that wild rose far fairer is she,
Whose charms I will sing long as life's gi'en to me.

Her hair is as dark as the raven's jet wing,
Her voice is as sweet as the wee birds' in spring,
Her love is as true as the doves on yon tree,
O sweet are the charms o' my lassie to me.

The flowers they are sweet whaur the bees love to sip,
Yet they're not to compare to the balm of her lip;
The murmuring wee things would envy my bliss,
If but once they had lingered where often I kiss.

When winter's away and spring has returned,
I'll hie to my lassie whae lanely has mourned ;
'Midst fair maids I've wandered, tho' sweet to the e'e,
There's nane o' them a' like my lassie to me.

O COME WITH ME.

I had a dream, I had a dream,
I saw my love by a mountain stream ;
She whispered low and sweetly smiled,
O come with me to my mountains wild.

Chorus.—My mountains wild, my mountains wild,
Still dear to me as lovely child,
Tho' dark and wild, tho' dark and wild,
Still dear to me as lovely child.

Where breezes blow and streamlets flow,
'Midst heather hills where wild flowers grow,
O come with me and gaily roam
Amongst the hills of my Highland home.

My native home, my childhood's home,
I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam,
Tho' dark, &c.

I'll rove with thee o'er flowery lea,
Midst pebbly shore of murmuring sea,
By misty ben, by ivy den,
By streamlet wild, by rocky glen.

My native home, &c.

O come with me where breezes free
Will fan thy cheek ; and at thy knee
We'll sweetly sing some melody,
So dear to me, so loved by thee.

My native home, &c.

THE MANIAC BRIDE.

No manlier form could e'er adorn
A youth so bold and free,
But, ah ! last night came on the storm—
The storm of raging sea.

It swept young William from my side,
It swept him in the sea ;
I am alone to tell the bride
The fate that she must dree.

I cannot look, though I do hear
Her footsteps coming nigh;
I cannot look though she is near,
I heard just now her sigh.

She murmured low—"Is William drowned?
Drowned—dead, then, do you say?
Oh! then, I feel he will be found,
For I will for him pray.

"And I will take a bonnie boat
And row out to the sea,
And round about his grave I'll float,
His wife then I will be.

" . . . His home that home is mine,
Wherever that may be;
If I did fear the drenching brine
His wife I could not be."

And then each evening, as it comes,
(No one dare her oppose)
On to the shore she hastening runs,
Dressed in her bridal clothes;

Then springs quite fearless to a boat—
The first that comes to hand;
As fast receding, she does float
Quick from the sight of land.

And homeward ships, as they draw near,
And hail this eerie sight,
The hardy sailors quake with fear,
For 'tis the dead of night.

But still she rows around the spot
Until the break of day,
And then it's homeward she does float
As quick's she went away.

But now another change has come
Upon her wayward mind,
As aye a plaintive song she hums
Unto the whistling wind.

REV. WILLIAM BENNET

WAS born at Ettrick, of which secluded parish his father, the Rev. John Bennet, of a Stirlingshire family, was minister. His valued pastorate was closed by death within the same year, and his child, in consequence of that event, was removed to the manse of Kirkpatrick-juxta, in Annandale, where his maternal grandfather, Dr Singer, then exercised his ministry. His education was chiefly conducted at Moffat, where the surrounding scenery and many historical associations were fitted to create a love of poetry, which his connection by descent with Aberdeenshire and the West Highlands could hardly fail also to nourish. The beauties of nature around him filled his poetic spirit with admiration, and he has celebrated many of the scenes with which he was familiar in sweet, thoughtful, and sometimes romantically pathetic verse. Mr Bennet completed his studies at the University of Edinburgh, where he was specially attracted by the teaching of Hamilton, Wilson, Forbes, Chalmers, and Welsh, the last of whom was his father's intimate friend. At the Disruption he joined the Free Church, and was licensed to preach in 1845. For some years he officiated in various parts of Scotland ; subsequently impaired health drew him more towards literary pursuits. He resides near Moffat, and for a good many years has acted as local examiner for the University of Edinburgh, of which he is a graduate. Mr Bennet has contributed a good many articles and reviews, chiefly on historical and theological subjects, to various periodicals and newspapers, and has also aided in the way of supplying material to several books in history and biography. He has written numerous long poems on subjects of deep national interest, with valuable

notes attached to each. These have appeared in the *Dumfries Standard* and in several magazines, and we only regret that their length prevents our being able to give several of them. To abridge them would mar much of their beauty. His descriptive lines are chaste and beautiful, and a quiet refinement of taste is evident in all his poetry. The spirited poem, "The Cameronian Regiment," first appeared in the *Dumfries Standard* as a bi-centenary poem—the regiment's first muster having taken place at Douglas Muir on the 14th May, 1689. In a note to the poem, Mr Bennet says:—"The rising in the North in 1689, under Viscount Dundee, and his brilliant victory at the Pass of Killiecrankie, have often been celebrated by our historians and poets. Less justice has been done in our national literature to the important success which was obtained over this Jacobite army only a few months afterwards by 800 Cameronians at Dunkeld. In consequence of the mismanagement, if not the treachery, of some contemporary statesman, this handful of brave men had been left in the midst of a hostile district, exposed to sudden attack from an army of four or five thousand Jacobites, eager to avenge the fall of their great captain. The firmness and skill which enabled the Cameronians to hold their position, in the face of overwhelming numbers, entitles them to the deep respect of posterity. . . . Even in Scottish history there scarcely occurs a more thrilling incident than the fate of the brave and gifted Colonel Cleland, who, when mortally wounded in the very crisis of the battle, gave orders, like Douglas of old, that his death should be concealed until the close of the fight. Apart from all consideration of principles and results, this surely equals at least in interest the celebrated scene which closed the bloody though victorious career of Dundee."

THE CAMERONIAN REGIMENT.

From fair Dunkeld the trusty watch looked forth at close of day,
And still unchallenged at their post the Cameronians lay;
But when, with earliest flush of dawn, her mountains stood revealed,
The boldest heart was moved with awe, the lips of all were sealed.

Like herd enclosed in hunter's toils, the comrades woke to see
Ranged on those heights, in stern array, the host of slain Dundee;
While, streaming through each dark defile, round each projecting hill,
Came cavaliers, in armour bright, and clansmen gathering still.

And soon, as beamed the bright'ning morn on banner, plaid, and plume,
They dimmed the copse-wood's living green, the heather's purple bloom;
And while beneath each chieftain's eye moved all his martial train,
High 'mong the rest Glengarry shone, and chivalrous Maclean.

For them that pageant woke to life traditions weird and old,
Which *Albyn's* grey-haired Sennachies had oft to monarchs told;
How Birnam wood, a moving grove, had traitor-bands dismayed,
And sealed a dark usurper's doom—by demon arts betrayed.

So now, to chief and cavalier, a sacred work it seemed,
To crush the foes of banished James—still monarch fondly deemed:
They called to mind that headlong chase o'er Atholl's birchen steeps,
When vanquish'd Southrons found a grave in Garry's ghastly deeps.

But where was now the kingly spell that Scotland's heart had bound?
Broke with the trampled vows of him* who last at *Scone* was crowned;
For firm the Cameronians stood, in danger undismayed,
By ancient foes surrounded, by deadlier foes betrayed!

There were they left, to brave alone the perils of that hour,
By men of State, who valued nought but gold, and place, and power;
He dreams not of the constancy that loyal hearts can prove,
Who knows nor love of earthly king, nor fear of King above.

* Charles II.

Thus firm the Cameronians stood, hard pressed on every side,
For men they were who knew not fear, by conflicts early tried;
The sons of persecuted sires, who dwell by cave and glen,
Each wore an unseen diadem, each moved a king of men.

From woods they came, whose depths resound the lordly voice of Clyde;
From utmost springs of Doon and Ayr, by moorlands drear and wide,
From crystal Nith's green sunny dales, and mountain pastures free,
From where the hills of Galloway rise purple o'er the sea.

Now, he who vowed to make these lands a monarch's hunting ground,
For all his frauds and cruelty a recompense had found;
For Heaven had heard the cry of blood, dumb earth gave succour good,
The wilderness had nursed a band, now forth her children stood.

'Twas then their foes, in haste to urge the victor's lofty claims,
Sent forth the haughty summons, "Surrender to King James!'
But valiant Cleland made reply, "No troth to him is due;
We stand for lawful King and Queen, to Faith and Freedom true."

Then piercing rose the battle cry, and copse and craggy hill
Sent back the pibroch's mingling strains in echoes long and shrill;
And steel-clad horsemen cleared the way for hot and headlong charge—
Four thousand strong the clans came down, with broadsword, axe, and targe.

As autumn blasts expend their force on some old fortress tower,
On swept that hostile hurricane, but transient was its power;
As western waves, in wild career, strike Ailsa's sides in vain,
So surged and swelled that tide of war, to break and ebb again.

Yet open town is hard to hold when foes are five to one;
The slender outposts owned their force—that vantage soon was gone,
For soon the storm of smoke and flame, from burning wrecks that rose,
Brought safety to the straggling few, and terror to their foes.

Once more they strove, in furious charge, that stubborn band to quell,
When, rallying his fainting ranks, the dauntless Cleland fell;
The hero's hand, the poet's heart, the leader's watchful eye,
In death yet ruled the deadly fight, his spirit could not die.

Then rose a man of Northern Ross, a captain wise and true,
Who took the post of danger next, and cheered the noble few;
Though one by one their captains fell, no ground the foes could gain,
With fiends like these they madly cried, the bravest fought in vain!

. . . . . .

Thus baffled still, their foes dispersed to covert, copse, or height,
With banners spread, with beat of drums, they dared them to the fight;
Then paused and stood to see *His* work who rules in battle day,
While like untimely snow that host was melting fast away.

Safe by the smouldering walls they stood, and all around was calm,
Then rose, with accents loud and clear, their voices in the psalm;
They praise the Lord of Hosts on high, their living sword and and shield,
To whom the stout of heart must bow, the men of might must yield.

Good cause had they to sing the deeds that Zion's King had wrought,
On Him their trust was firmly set, His arm for them had fought;
Good cause had many a heart to hail the tidings of that day—
The gladsome note of liberty, the knell of despot sway.

Still from his mountains kingly Tay emerges calm and bright,
Where, pendant in his mirror, gleam green wood and craggy height;
And calm, in tender sunset hues, the grey Cathedral tower
Ascends from pine and yew trees' gloom, and silvery birchen bower.

O'er yonder pass, in shadow sunk, stern portal of the North,
The hoary cliffs, like watchers old, in tranquil night look forth,
While borne on evening's gentle breath, from forest dells profound,
Comes, like the voice of evening hymn, the torrent's softened sound.

In peace ascends the village smoke, and chimes the evening bell,
Where rolled the murky cloud of war, and pealed his thunder knell;
And where, o'er lawns of living green, the giant shadows spread,
In peace the cattle browse the sward, once heaped with mingled dead

But deathless be the day's renown, when that devoted few
Stood fast for Faith and Liberty when others proved untrue ;
'Twas theirs the precious seed to guard, which, sown in blood and toil,
Rich harvest bears in later years, to bless their native soil.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—1688-9.

There is hope in each heart, there is joy in each home,
For the tyrants have fled, the deliverer has come ;
Where the storm-cloud hung o'er us, with hues of despair,
Now the blue skies are smiling, the breezes blow fair.

Brave Orange is here, to our cause ever true,
No danger could daunt him, no force could subdue ;
And our fair island princess, the flower of her line,
Whose fame with mild lustre for ages shall shine.

Great Schomberg is ready his good sword to wield,
It has quelled the oppressor on many a field ;
And the Swede and the Switzer their power unite
With the strength of staunch Holland, for freedom and right.

With a favouring gale through the Straits did they glide,
While a multitude crowned the white cliffs on each side ;
Through the Channel they sped, where the Spaniard of yore
In fire and in tempest was chased from our shore.

In the calm they have landed from sunny Torbay,
And the best of the nation have joined their array ;
They have rested and prayed by fair Exeter's towers
For the strength that availeth in perilous hours.

They have marched through the lands of the Avon and Thames,
And before them have scattered the troops of King James,
And now the great city her gates has thrown wide—
That in triumph right worthy her champions may ride.

Now his wrath and his blindness the monarch may rue,
When he marked for destruction the saintly and true ;
See how Prelate and Puritan walk hand-in-hand ;
Shame on those who would sever that brotherly band !

To the hills of old Scotland the signal has sped,
And her children are stirred as with life from the dead ;
Like the voice of the clarion that summons has rung,
And forthwith from the heather an army up sprung.

Where the Douglas of old plied his claymore of might
Now a Douglas is leading the bands of the Right,
And the trampled blue banner, the badge of the free,
May yet wave o'er the wreck of the host of Dundee.

To the vales of green Ulster the tidings have passed,
And her true men in thousands are gathering fast ;
For the strong walls of Derry have warders right stern,
And heroes are found on the shores of Lough Erne.

Though myriads against us King Louis may bring,
We will trust in the arm of a mightier King ;
And the spirit that fires our defenders to-day,
In true British hearts shall be quenchless for aye !

JOHN M'LAY.

WHEN we were favoured with a few jottings regarding the author of "Tam Frew's Hat" —a song that never fails to be greatly relished at social gatherings—we felt very pleased to think that we were put in the way of being able to reveal the name of the author of this ever popular song. Since then, however, Mr Ford has "fixed" him in his "Poet's Album." From his remarks, and the information supplied to us by a friend at Armadale, we are able to state that John M'Lay was a collier who, at the time the well-known song was composed, resided at Greenend Houses, belonging to the Calder Iron Company, on the Monkland Canal between Airdrie and Coatbridge, and in close proximity to the site of "Auld Tam's Smithy." The place and the date of his birth we have been unable to ascertain, but he must have been born in the expiring years of the last, or the beginning of the present century, as our informant says that, about forty years ago, when he first knew him, he

would be a man of fifty. The song was then written, Tam having previously, as it relates, taken to the cleaning of clocks. That Tam had been a worthy in his way, there is little doubt; and that our poet knew his man it is equally certain. He was evidently able to pick out a character, and to depict the eccentricities of one with graphic power and rollicking humour. Tam Frew was a real character, and one day, some time after the song had been composed, M'Lay was in company with a few other miners in a publichouse in Holytown, when the redoubtable Tam entered, with "his smiddy hotchin' on his head." The conversation turned on the song, when the hero offered to give any man a gill that would sing it to him. The author at once stood up and sung it to the delight of the company. When it was finished Tam declared he "would gie anither gill to ken wha wrote it," when he was informed on the spot, and a "jolly-good-fellow" of a night ensued, Tam's "twa gills" being merely the beginning of it. To make a man's eccentricities ring about his ears wherever he went was a liberty which would not have been taken with an ordinary mortal, but Tam took it all good-naturedly, though he often, it is said, in not very courteous language, gave back the retort. On being asked if it did not annoy him to hear the song continually dinning his ears, he would say—"Hoots, no! it's only the blethers o' an auld collier, an' wha heeds what they say?"

Our informant tells us that it is generally understood that M'Lay was the author of "Heather Jock" —an equally well-known and popular song. He also wrote a song entitled "Nosey"—the subject being a man who resided near the place where he lived, and who had an unusually large nose. The nasal organ, whether of colour or form, has been more than once the theme of song by poets of more highly cultivated

taste than Mr M'Lay, and with perhaps less regard for the feelings of the possessor. The subject of our sketch did not let the song see the light of day till after the man's death, when, as we have said, he sang it one night in a company, prefacing it with the information here given.

TAM FREW'S HAT.

Ye'll a' hae heard o' auld Tam Frew,
Wha ance liv'd doon at Sheepford Locks,
Whase only way o' livin' noo
Is gaun aboot an' cleanin' clocks.
He's unco queer in a' his ways,
And aye as dry's he'd licket saut ;
But the oddest o' his queerest ways—
He keeps his smiddy in his hat.

Noo, auld Tam's hat's nae ord'nar' hat,
Though unco bare and gey far through ;
It has seen better days, I wat,
Although it hauds a smiddy noo ;
When it was new, Laird Waddell wore't,
And out frae 'neath't gied mony a squint,
I'm sure he paid a guinea for't,
Though noo Tam hauds his smiddy in't.

A vice, a study, and a file,
A cramp, and twa or three screw taps,
An eicht-day clock's bell packet fu'
O' auld watch wheels an' bits o' scraps ;
Twa pendlums and a chapper weight,
Twa hammers and twa drills, I wat,
Twa hanks o' cage wire, if I'm richt,
Were a' banged into Tammy's hat.

A wee pock fu' o' points o' preens,
For pinnin' wheels, an' points, an' gear,
An' ink glass fu' o' guid sweet oil,
A feather in't ye needna fear ;
A saw made o' an auld knife blade,
A punch an' brogue for widenin' holes,
An ilka thing a smith micht need,
But bellows, hearth, and smiddy coals.

Noo, auld Tam's smiddy needs nae lums,
Nor doors, nor winnocks roun' an' roun',
But he fa's to work as soon's it comes,
And turns his smiddy upside doun ;

And aft he'll yoke to cuckoo nocks,
And gar them speak tho' ten years dead,
As sune's work's dune awa' he rocks,
Wi' his smiddy hotchin' on his head.

Auld Tam when young could crack and joke,
And play his play richt weel, I wat,
Haund doon his name like ither folk,
Though noo his smiddy's in his hat.
There's mony a slip 'tween cup and lip,
Though bodies they think nocht o' that,
For wha wad thocht that time wad slip
Tam's smiddy stock into his hat.

But Tam's like mony anither chiel,
He likes a drap to weet his reed,
And gangs to whaur it's guid atweel,
Wi' his smiddy placed upon his head;
And down he sits, and smokes and drinks,
Until that he is roarin' fu',
There's three o' them, ye maist wad think—
The hat, the smiddy, an' Tam Frew.

Noo auld Tam's race is nearly run,
His smiddy roof is gettin' bare,
An' aft his bits o' tools are faun',
And fankled 'mang his tate o' hair;
Regardless o' yon auld fell chiel,
Wha passing by may gie 'm a bat,
And gar him tak' a lang fareweel
O' baith his smiddy and his hat.

HEATHER JOCK.

Heather Jock's noo awa',
Heather Jock's noo awa',
The muircock noo may crousely craw,
Since Heather Jock's noo awa'.

Heather Jock was stark an' grim,
Faucht wi' a' wad fecht wi' him;
Swank and soople, sharp and thin,
Fine for gaun against the win';
Tawnie face an' tousie hair,
In his cleadin' unco bare;
Cursed and swore whene'er he spoke—
Nane could equal Heather Jock.

Jock kent ilka bore and bole,
Could creep through a wee bit hole,

Quietly pilfer eggs and cheese,
Dunts o' bacon, skeps o' bees;
Sup the kirn and steal the butter,
Nail the hens withoot a flutter;
Na! the watchfu', wily cock,
Durst na craw for Heather Jock.

Eppie Blaikie lost her goun
She coft sae dear at borough toon;
Sandy Tamson's Sunday wig
Left the house to rin the rig;
Jenny Baxter's blankets a'
Took a thocht to slip awa',
And the wean's bit printed frock—
Wha was thief but Heather Jock?

Jock was nae religious youth,
At the priest he thrawed his mouth;
He wadna say a grace nor pray,
But played his pipes on Sabbath day,
Robbed the kirk o' bell an' book,
Everything wad lift he took;
He didna leave the weather-cock,
Sic a thief was Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock could draw a tricker,
'Mang the muirfowl he was sicker;
He watch'd the wild ducks at the springs,
And hanged the hares in hempen strings;
Blass'd the burns and spear'd the fish—
Jock had mony a dainty dish,
The best o' muir-fowl and black-cock
Graced the board o' Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock had ony say
At the neive or cudgel play;
Jock for bolt nor bar e'er stay'd
Till ance the jail his courage laid;
Then the judge without delay
Sent him aff to Botany Bay,
And bade him mind the laws he broke,
And never mair play Heather Jock.

WILLIAM INGRAM,

AUTHOR of a volume—"Poems in the English and Scottish Dialects," Aberdeen, 1812—was born at the village of Cuminestown, Aberdeenshire, in 1765. He was originally a weaver and occasional farm worker, but by dint of hard labour in his spare hours, he ultimately equipped himself for the profession of schoolmaster. He occupied adventure schools successively at Annochy, Burnside of Schivas, and Cairnbanno, and while in the latter place he issued by subscription the volume which has carried his name down to posterity. Speaking of this volume, Mr Walker in his excellent work, "Bards of Bonaccord," says—"It is decidedly ahead of any volume of local verse, from the publication of Beattie's 'Fruits of Time Parings' to that of Imlay's 'May Flowers.'" Ingram's muse, in so far as his published work is concerned, is very correctly described as "of a quiet, meditative, moralising turn;" for though his manuscripts (now in the possession of his grandson, Mr W. D. Jeffrey of Rhynie) reveal him in a broader and more humorous aspect than his published effusions would lead us to expect of him, this side of his character was evidently kept for the inner circle of his more immediate friends. From Cairnbanno Mr Ingram removed in 1817 to Woodhead of Fyvie, where he kept school, and spent the remaining years of his life. He died on 21st March, 1849, aged 84, and was buried in the churchyard of Fyvie. A full account of this writer, and of the manuscript collections he left behind him, will be found in "Bards of Bonaccord," and a privately printed little volume—"A Garland of Bonaccord." The following extracts will show the quality of Ingram's muse as revealed in his volume of

1812. The first is the poem which, through the columns of the *Aberdeen Journal*, brought our author into public notice.

THE POOR TUTOR.

Far remov'd from city splendour
Fate has fixed his niggard lot ;
Comforts few, finances slender,
Care still hovering near his cot ;
Cold and bleak his humble dwelling,
Hid behind the heath-clad hill,
Wintry blasts its roof assailing ;
Yet he seems contented still.

Round him see the rugged mountains
Rudely rise from nature's hand ;
Roughly foam the gushing fountains,
But they waft no *golden sand*.
Though he sees, in fertile valleys,
Pomp and wealth indulge their fill ;
He can pass the proud man's palace,
Smile, and be contented still.

Sylvan shades in zephyrs waving,
Softer climes may proudly boast ;
Round his head the tempest raving
Scatters hail and polar frost :
Poverty with these combining
Strives each latent joy to chill ;
Midst such mingled evils pining,
Yet he seems contented still.

Trusted with a sacred treasure,
Parents' hopes to him consign'd,
Duty is his daily pleasure,
To expand the infant mind ;
Arduous task—the wand'rer tending ;
Checking next the froward will ;
Soothing fear ; the stubborn bending :
'Midst his cares contented still.

Here, a blue-ey'd cherub weeping
O'er the tale of Joseph's woe ;
There a vacant sloven sleeping,
Dead to feeling's gen'rous glow.
Thus the poor neglected Tutor,
Fost'ring good, and curbing ill,
Looks serenely to the future,
Smiles, and is contented still.

When the sun on yonder mountain
Sheds at eve his parting beam,
When across the dimpling fountain,
Morning casts her earliest gleam ;
When with peals of awful grandeur
Thunder rolls from hill to hill ;
Then the Tutor loves to wander—
Scenes like these with rapture fill.

Mark him, void of ostentation,
Filling up the destined plan ;
Active in his lowly station,
Praising God and serving man.
Conscience whisp'ring approbation,
Wakes the soul-reviving thrill ;
Ev'ry thought is consolation,
Ev'ry passion calm and still.

Thus, with ardour undiminish'd,
Panting for his native skies,
On he moves, till life is finish'd,
When he grasps th' immortal prize ;
Then, in sight of Salem's splendours,
Leaving this abode of ill,
With these words the breath he renders ;
"*Father ! I obey thy will.*"

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

(From an "Epistle to a Friend.")

To suit our fashionable times,
A bard maun now compose his rhymes
In what is ca'd a pompous style,
Or else they're nae thought worth the while.
Wi' foreign phrases now we're loaded,
The plain braid Scots is maist exploded,
And unco little's said or sung
In honour o' our mother tongue.

. . . . . .

Renouned wits, of every clime,
Fam'd for their works in prose or rhyme,
Ha'e writ the pieces they excell in
In the same tongue they learn'd to spell in.

Tho' some new-fangled primpit sparks,
May mak' their critical remarks ;

And lisp, and wink, and talk of style,
And at our auld Scots phrases smile;
When rightly us'd, they'll find, I'll warran,
The leed "right pithy and auld farran."

. . . . . .

In troth its like to gar me greet,
When I think of the poets sweet
That Caledonia ance cou'd boast,
Afore her nature leed was lost.
A royal bard ga'e the example,
And penn'd his "Christ's Kirk" as a sample;
And who in singing cou'd excell
Fam'd Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel'?
He timmer'd up, tho' it be lang,
In guid braid Scots, a "Virgil's sang."
Nor can Montgomery be forgot,
Nor Hawthornden, nor pawky Scott;
Nor he who made the "Gowden Terge,"
The size contracted—meaning large.
Nor Gilbartfield, a chield sae clever;
Thy fame, O Ramsay, lives for ever!
Nor Ferguson, of sterling glee,
Nor Ross, the dominie o' Lochlee;
Nor funny Forbes who compos'd
The weel-tauld "Dominie Depos'd;"
And after made the Grecian Knabs,
To gash sae weel wi' auld Scots gabbs.
'Twad tire a better hand at verse
The third part o' them to rehearse;
But I must not forget to name
Our famous Burns of recent fame;
How sweet to all the ploughman's songs!
What honour to his name belongs!

But waes me now, her bards are scarce;
And when they hammer out a verse,
'Tis so confounded stiff and primpit,
The deil hae't gin't be worth a limpit.
And tho' we brag of school and college,
And of our speculative knowledge;
Waes me! for a' our polish'd art,
Our verses never reach the heart;
In them so little smergh is found,
They're naething but a tinkling sound.

REV. DAVID ALEX. BEATTIE,

FREE Church minister of Garvald, Haddington, is a very worthy specimen of the "Round O" poets. He was born at Arbroath in 1831. Having studied at Edinburgh, where he was a distinguished student, he was ordained at Towie, Aberdeenshire, in 1858, and was again inducted at Garvald in 1867. There he still remains, although he has declined repeated requests to go to Australia. When an Edinburgh student he wrote the "Bride of Death" and "Songs of Life." His "Scenes from the Land of Scott" were written after a visit to Selkirk, and since he was settled as a minister in East Lothian. Mr Beattie has also a lengthy poem on "Black Agnes of Dunbar," in six cantos. This subject was recently referred to by the writer of an article in the *People's Friend*, who described the historic event with which the heroine was connected, and concluded by saying that "the name of Black Agnes will never fade from Scottish history, but it is unworthy of the Scottish muse that the heroine of Dunbar has obtained the scantiest recognition in the national poesy. We know of only one ballad commemorating her patriotic devotion." Active public life in the ministry has, to a great extent, however, withdrawn our author from such work. His first literary productions appeared in the *Arbroath and Forfar News*—long extinct—and for many years he has been a valued contributor to the columns of the Haddington press. Mr Beattie's poems are marked by simplicity and perspicuity of style, with frequent touches of true pathos and patriotic fervour. His sketches of scenery are true to nature, and he has gracefully woven into verse much that is valuable on the subject of Scottish romance, historical incidents,

and antiquities. Our first extract is from part four of "Scenes from the land of Scott"—

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Last resting-place of Scotia's bard—
The minstrel sleeps in peace profound ;
Softly, along the grassy sward,
We tread as over hallowed ground.
Tweed's ripple heard within yon room,
Still murmurs past his cherished tomb ;
The sparkling eye here sadness dims—
The wind sighs requiem thro' the tree ;
The swallow twitters as it skims
On hasty wing o'er stream and lea.

The drooping willow hangs its head,
Beside the aged yew it weeps,
The wooded haugh, so fan-like spread,
The circling Tweed around it sweeps.
The grey old Abbey, near its heart,
Is ivy-veiled in every part.
O'er broken arch and grass-grown aisle
Cypress and yew throw solemn gloom ;
Yet splendour fills the ruined pile,
And decks the minstrel's hallowed tomb.

Fit spot for the great author's rest,
Where, thro' the willow's drooping boughs,
In every tint of beauty dressed,
We see the broom of Cowdenknowes.
The triple Eildens bound the scene,
And there the Chieviot's range of green ;
While on a bold and rocky height,
Like guardian spirit there alone,
A statue tells of Wallace wight,
Rough-hewn in native-sculptured stone.

. . . . . .

And here the aged sire will come,
The denizens of rank repair,
And princes wait to view the tomb
Of the great author buried there.
The youth whose grateful heart reveres
The mind that guided wayward years ;
The maiden too her chaplet weaves.
The tear is there by woman shed ;

Her children ask her why she leaves
That tribute to the mighty dead.

. . . . . .

All of the minstrel that could die
The crowd may witness passing by.
But he that so enriched the land,
Made solitudes seem peopled then,
Holds us by genius' magic band,
And lives yet in the hearts of men.

THE THISTLE-DOWN.

Can this be a blast from a wintry sky,
Driven back o'er the verdure of June;
Or a haze shutting summer delights from the eye,
And hiding the sunshine at noon?

'Twas utter'd in sorrow, a breathing of fear,
Seeing clouds, like the snow-drift blowing,
Of cockle and thistle-down seeds wafted near
The fields where the young wheat was growing.

The hedges with fronds and blossoms were hung,
Skirting fields cultivated with care;
The wheat's silken tassels then loosely swung
In the wind now refreshing them there.

But from ill-kept fields ranker weeds disgrace,
While the blades look sickly and dying,
And tall stinging nettles are lords of the place,
These thistle-down weeds came flying.

Here care had destroyed what would injure and blight,
Life had freshness, the sunshine was sweet,
But these harbingers now of confusion alight
And settle themselves 'mong the wheat.

The breeze blowing seeds of ill—no one accused
Of malice or seeming unkind,
But the wheat said that yonder the hoe was not used,
And wondered at folly so blind.

No suit made the thistle-down leaving their home
Upon the June breezes unbidden,
Tho' strangers and aliens, ceasing to roam,
'Mong the shoots of the wheat they have hidden.

The weeds growing up said nothing should part
Those placed so closely together;

Tho' prickly their arms, their kindness of heart
Would protect them in stormiest weather.

But they blighted the field, their professions deceived;
They but ripened to sting and destroy;
Evil communications corrupt good received,
Soon turning to sorrow our joy.

Our sins are like seeds, and the harvest is shame,
And the reaping eternal dismay;
Their nature, tho' hidden, is ever the same,
Surprising us some future day.

When evil is harboured uproot it and vow,
Come what may, to grow in the truth;
Do not store up a host of remembrances now,
To possess yet the sins of our youth.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

The weary months have sped away,
The wintry blast has ceased to rage,
The torrent's mimic floods assuage;
And songsters from each bud-decked spray
Now pour anon the joyous lay.
For summer o'er the russet scene
Has thrown its heaven-wrought robe of green,
To gladden nature's holiday.
The sun on his bright journey sped
Darts his warm ray at noontide's hour
On leafy wood and flowery glade,
On breezy heath and ivy bower.
In glen and woodland all is still—
All but the music of the rill.

The pasture land no longer mourns,
And we, too, feel the touch of gladness;
Our very woes drop half their sadness
As summer to the glade returns.
With new-born hope the bosom burns—
No longer seems the peasant's life
A joyless round of toil and strife;
Himself, a mere machine which turns
In crushing toil for daily bread,
And scanty gains he lacks to save
From want which is to misery wed.
He needs not now the storm to brave—
With morning song he leaves his cot
And cares are buried and forgot.

Some hasten to the heaving main,
  Or fleeing from the city's din,
  Now seek to climb the bush-clad linn,
For leisure to the o'er-wrought brain.
Some pierce the woven wood to gain
  The hill-side, whence the streams retreat
  Down to the dale where lovers meet,
And music wafts its chord-born strain.
But slowly, sadly, others seek
  Upon the moss-clad stone to rest,
Till health may mantle to the cheek
  That long the couch of pain has press'd—
To these the evening wind's low moan
Sounds like a pain-begotten groan.

Even in the gay and bustling throng,
  When jarring interests fill the hour,
  These peaceful scenes exert a power,
And hold a home in memory long.
In folly's giddy round, men wrong
  That inner voice which speaks out still,
  Like the loud dashing mountain rill,
Which boils and leaps a torrent strong.
Happy the hearts, by sorrow riven,
  That have maintained unequal strife,
To whom a rest from sin is given,
  That poison at the seat of life—
A rest from woe, a heavenly light,
Shed mid the tresses of the night.

ANDREW MORRIS,

AN occasional contributor to the "Poet's Corner" of the *West Lothian Courier*, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Amos," was born at Shott's Iron Works in 1842. His parents were much respected and intelligent people, and their son, Andrew, gave early promise of literary and poetic talents. Difficulties and misfortunes, however, to some extent, prevented his hopes and aspirations being realised, and latterly he

has turned his attention to business, and been successful. His muse, which is always smooth, musical, and homely, and never fails to express the finer feelings of human nature, frequently takes the epistolatory form —one of his finest being addressed to his "brither bard," Mr Bernard, Woodend, Armadale, the gifted author of "Sparks from a Miner's Lamp," "Chirps frae the Engine Lum," and other poetical works. The subject of the poem, "The Miner's Address to his Fiddle," was the author's father, who told him as he laid it aside, shortly before his death, that he had "noo played his last spring."

THE MINER'S ADDRESS TO HIS FIDDLE.

I hear the sough of death's dark stream
And now stand waiting on the pier,
From which all mortals must embark
From this earth to another sphere;
My pains to-day are less severe,
Still weary feels my fainting heart,
So with my friend, my fiddle dear,
Some tunes I'll play before we part;
Then let my feeble fingers press
Thy trembling strings to some sweet lay,
Full oft thou mad'st my sorrows less
When tempest tossed on life's highway.

Companion close, at merry dance
On thee I played such stirring airs,
That hoary-headed men would spring
With nimble steps from off their chairs;
Young maids and men in loving pairs
Swept round the hall in cheerful glee,
For hours thou poured'st within their ears
One constant stream of melody;
Come then my fiddle let me feel
Thee closer, closer to my heart,
On thee I'll play one merry reel,
My bosom friend, before we part.

When death's unfeeling hand removed
My boy, young bud of promise fair,
In dust upon my kitchen wall
Thou hung'st untouched for many a year,

And when I drop'd a silent tear,
Again replaced thy broken strings,
Thy tones seemed mournful to my ear,
Thou seem'st to share my sufferings;
In soft seraphic measures roll
Thy music sweet to me once more.
Such as may cheer the anxious soul
When death's last weary struggle's o'er.

A BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

Winter winds were loudly blawin',
And farmers to their pits were drawin'
The neeps that they had thrang been shawin'
For cattle's use,
As doon the road I gaed to ca' on
John Batche's hoose.

Says he, "Man, Tam, bring in yer chair,
My heart is cauld and unco sair;
I'm fairly overpoored wi' care
And sair distress,
And no' a frien' my griefs to share,
And mak' them less.

"Look at my fire, it's nearly oot;
Look at my flair, as black as soot;
Look at mysel', ye needna doot
I gang for weeks,
And no' a soul to put a cloot
Upon my breeks.

"Nae heart to share my joys when weel,
Nae han' to help me when I'm ill,
Nae voice to send love's sacred thrill
Through my puir soul,
When through the gloom I hameward steal
To this cauld hole.

"It's no' but what in youth I've felt
The love that mak's the bosom melt,
For fondly to my lass I've tell't
What joy we'd hae,
When her an' me thegither dwelt
Some future day.

"Although I'm auld, the day I've seen
When I would tak' a walk wi' Jean
Doon a wee bosky glen at e'en,
Wi' arm in arm,
And 'midst the quiet surrounding scene
Feel love's soft charm.

"And when the mune was shining clear
I'd softly whisper in her ear—
'My heart is yours, my love's sincere;'
She looked at me,
And said, in tones that I thocht queer—
'Some day we'll see.'

"A clever chiel' wi' yellow skin
Gat roond her mither, and did win
Her gude opinion wi' his tin
And grocer shop,
And left me here complete undone,
'Maist beyond hope.

"To hae a wife that flytes awa'
Frae morn till nicht, and says she'll thraw
Yer neck at times against the wa',
Nae doot's a curse;
But, faith! I think that nane ava'
Is something worse.

"Here like an auld and withered tree,
Frae every branch and blossom free—
O winter! dark perpetually,
Its shadows cast,
And social frost and misery
Increasing fast."

ADDRESS TO MY BED.

While bards with pleasure search for themes
'Mong birds, glens, flowers, and running streams,
And daily gather fame's bright beams
Around their head,
My muse a humbler subject claims—
It is my bed.

Thou place, where life's first morning breaks,
'Midst fears, and hopes, and smothered shrieks!
Here little man in mighty squeaks
Begins life's race,
And ever after nightly seeks
On thee a place.

Thou soft domestic harbour, where
Tired man casts anchor to repair
His toil worn bark—the daily wear—
Of arm and brain,
And from sleep's gentle influence there
Gets strength again.

When racking pains our limbs invade,
Or fever's burning hand is laid
On our poor weary helpless head,
To thee we go,
And seek within the blanket's shade
Help for our woe.

When sable night bids labour cease,
And silence wraps our homes in peace,
Then wearied limbs in thankfulness
Seek thee, blest spot,
And in thee find for weariness
An antidote.

When roarin' win's are raisin' waps,
Wi' rattlin' slates and chimney taps,
And soughin' trees and thunder claps
Me threaten harm,
Then safe in thee, the blanket haps
Me snug and warm.

When hearts feel sair through want o' cash,
Or Cupid's darts our bosoms smash,
Or neighbour's spite, or silly clash
Pits us aboot,
A nicht's soon' sleep on thee will wash
The warst o't oot.

Thou place of dreams, here mortals soar
Through realms of bliss unknown before,
Till joy's delicious cup runs o'er
Within his hand,
Until some stupid, senseless snore
Breaks fancy's wand.

Thou place of dreams, here fancy sails
On horror's wings through stormy gales,
And sees there sights and hears such tales,
That dreadful seem,
Till breaking morn in joy reveals
'Twas but a dream.

With faltering step the bed is sought,
When mortals feel their labours wrought,
And life and all the past seems nought
But worthless strife;
'Tis then in thee the struggle's fought
That closes life.

MARGARET MACKAY.

MRS MACKAY, authoress of one the best known and sweetest of our hymns—"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep"—was the wife of Colonel William Mackay, who served in the Peninsular War. Her father, Captain Robert Mackay of Hedgefield, near Inverness, was a native of Sutherlandshire—an old officer who served in several South American campaigns. Her mother was connected with one of the older leading families of Inverness. When attending the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland at Inverness, Dr Chalmers, being a friend of the family, resided at Hedgefield. Mrs Mackay was a most conscientious, liberal, and self-denying lady, who spent her limited income in helping every good cause. She was a true and genial friend, and had a wide circle of acquaintances in the north of Scotland and in different parts of England, where she often resided. Her fund of reminiscence and anecdote made her society very pleasant and agreeable, and she was much missed by many who appreciated her Christian fellowship and earnest purpose. She died at Cheltenham in 1886, and was interred in the family burying ground at Inverness. On her grave are simply inscribed the first words of the beautiful hymn, "Asleep in Jesus!"

Mrs Mackay was the authoress of a number of volumes, which were well received—all of them being of a thoroughly evangelical, thoughtful, and instructive nature. These included the tale, entitled "The Family of Heatherdale," "The Wycliffites," "Christian Life in the Camp," "Sabbath Musings," &c. In the introduction to her book—"Thoughts Redeemed, or Lays of Leisure Hours" (Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy, 1854)—she says:—"I have placed at the beginning

that entitled "Asleep in Jesus," as one which is already known to several readers. It has afforded me no small degree of satisfaction to learn that these verses have been favoured by resting on the minds of weak and weary individuals, as they were enabled to cast their eyes towards the rest of heaven. This little poem has found its way into selections both in this country and in America, and may therefore introduce into circulation its more retired companions, many of which have never before travelled beyond their humble niche in my own private repository." . . . "Sleeping in Jesus." "This simple inscription is carved on a tombstone in the retired rural burying-ground of Pennycross Chapel, in Devonshire. Distant only a few miles from a bustling and crowded seaport town, reached through a succession of those lovely lanes for which Devonshire is so remarkable, the quiet aspect of Pennycross comes soothingly over the mind 'Sleeping in Jesus' seems in keeping with all around. Here was no elaborate ornament—no unsightly decay. The trim gravel walk led to the house of prayer, itself boasting of no architectural embellishment to distinguish it; and a few trees were planted irregularly to mark some favoured spots." In a measure, Mrs Mackay shares with Dr Bonar and others treated in this work the honour of having enriched our country with at least one of those imperishable gems, deeply graven with truth, beauty, and power, which seals its impress upon the hearts and memories of the people. We have given sketches of the careers of the writers of "Just as I am without One Plea," "I Lay my Sins on Jesus," "The Sands of Time are Sinking," "There is a Happy Land," and others, all giving testimony to realised grace and love, and now we are pleased to be able to add to our roll of honoured singers the author of "Asleep in Jesus." This hymn presents the realisa- of spiritual life, and to those left behind it is like a

great hand very tenderly and lovingly placed upon the fluttering heart. The hymn has gone round the world, has been sung in churches of all communions, and has hung as a light over the thickly-closing waters of death as the weary yet exultant pilgrim lies down to his final rest.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venom'd sting !

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be ;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place ;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

A SIGH.

Say, who can analyze a sigh,
Or tell the source from whence it flows.
The brief expression it may be
Of heavy but unuttered woes :
It better far than tongue can tell
The place where secret griefs may dwell.

A sigh's a silent pledge of care,
  A sign which saddened thoughts impart,
A token of some feeling deep
  That rankles in a wounded heart.
A sigh, a sigh !—oh, it can speak
The language of the faded cheek.

A sigh may come where words may not,
  Where tears would but too much reveal ;
A sigh's a sort of mystic word,
  May speak what we would fain conceal ;
A messenger that hearts can borrow
To tell a tale of smothered sorrow.

REDEEM THE TIME.

Redeem the time ! the precious hours
  Are quickly passing on ;
Their track, alas ! is deeply marked
  By duties left undone.
Time flies, and as we say "How fast !"
The present mingles with the past.

Redeem the time ! the weary hours
  Of hope deferred seem long ;
But ever, in the pilgrimage,
  Yours be the pilgrim's song ;
And cheered by so divine a lay,
Less dreary is the toilsome way.

Redeem the time ! the gladsome hours
  Speed rapidly away ;
Who can a moment's time command
  Its swift career to stay ?
And, unimproved, they leave no charm
That can one future grief disarm.

Redeem the time ! the hours may pass
  In bitterness or joy,
But every lot its duties hath
  Our talents to employ ;
There is no halting in the race
That leads us to our resting place.

IT IS TIME TO SEEK THE LORD.

It is time to seek the Lord
  In childhood's happy hours,
When the sunshine of the mind
  Sheds radiance on the flowers.

When the tender herb is green,
And dew rests on the leaf,
It is time to seek the Lord,
The spring-time may be brief.

While the smooth untroubled brow
Is yet untouched by care,
And every cloud that hovers
Reflects a rainbow there.

It is time to seek the Lord;
The bloom may soon decay,
And the passing showers of hail
Sweep all our buds away.

It is time to seek the Lord;
Amid the storm of life
We need a hallowed refuge
Apart from human strife.

The shades are gathering fast,
Old age comes on apace;
But the failing heart gets strength
Before the throne of grace.

It is time to seek the Lord;
Fast, fast the moments fly,
A warning voice is crying,
"The latter days draw nigh."

It is time to seek the Lord;
Within his arms secure,
Well, pilgrim Christians of the Cross
May to the end endure.

HOME.

There is a word whose magic sound
My utmost heart can thrill,
A word, whatever scenes surround,
That touches keenly still.

I've heard it when upon mine ear
Like music's voice it fell;
I've heard it when a starting tear
It's influence could tell.

I've heard it when my heart was glad,
And joy's bright sunbeams shone;

I've heard it when my heart was sad
With thoughts of pleasures gone.

Oh, 'tis a sound so fitly strung
That heart must callous be
On which its tone hath never rung
In woe or ecstacy.

It indicates such perfect bliss,
A pledge is only given
To cheer us in a world like this—
'Tis perfect but in Heaven.

Upon this single word a host
Of varied visions come,
Of hopes, of fears, of loved ones lost,
That word, that word is—HOME.

JAMES SIMPSON SCOTLAND

WAS born in Dovecotland, at that time a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Perth, but since incorporated with the Fair City. The home of his boyhood was in full view of most picturesque scenery, the Grampians forming its northern boundary wall, the historic Palace of Scone nestling among the woods, being one of its most prominent objects. Mr Scotland received the rudiments of his education at the village school; afterwards at Kinnoul Street Academy and the Perth Academy. He proceeded thence to St Andrews for a session. After a year at home, he resumed his studies at Edinburgh, where he continued till ready for license. On account of delicate health, he did not for a year thereafter begin the work of a probationer, but spent the interval as resident tutor in Roxburghshire in the family of the Honourable

G. Dalrymple, brother of the Earl of Stair. Mr Scotland was called to Keith and Aberdeen, but chose Errol, Carse of Gowrie, where he was ordained January 1871, as colleague and successor to the Rev. John Lamb.

In September 1879 Mr Scotland was inducted as the first minister of the recently-formed charge at Newport-on-Tay, where he now ministers to a select congregation, able to appreciate his many and varied gifts and graces. He has had frequent overtures from city churches, which he has steadily declined to entertain.

Mr Scotland has been fortunate as to the scenic environment of his two charges—Errol and Newport. Rich in Nature's best—wood and water, hill and dale—both are meet nurses for a poetic child, He has written poetry copiously, not for an audience, but for the joy of giving harmonious utterance to what is in the soul. It was more from accident than intention that any of his pieces found their way into print. The samples given here speak for themselves He has undoubted poetic force and fire and formative faculty. There is much versatility. He can strike a strong note and whisper with pathos in a minor key. Varied in mood, he can sketch with the brightness of a spring morning, or paint in the sombre hues of the yellowing autumn. Perhaps the leading feature of his poetry, when he is dealing with the still sad music of humanity, is its tender sweetness and trembling sensibility to the manifold tragedy of life, yearning for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." His chaste verse is charged with a chastened sympathy. The most exquisitely beautiful, the most moving poems and most touching songs of all time have sprung from the heart of those in whom the pulse of physical health has been fitful, uncertain, and low; have come not seldom from sick beds; have come once and again as an impressive voice from out

the valley of the shadow of death. That teaching in song which is truest, most real, and high strung has been learned in suffering.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Blessèd Saviour, born to-day,
A little child to thee would pray ;
Come and teach me what to say,
Blessèd Saviour, Jesus.

Thou wast once a child like me—
A babe upon Thy mother's knee ;
Lord, I would I were like Thee,
Blessèd Saviour, Jesus.

Hid within Thy mother's breast,
Like a dove within its nest,
Oft she lulled Thee sweet to rest,
Blessèd Saviour, Jesus.

Thou rememberest, Lord, I know,
Though it happened long ago ;
Thou art not ashamed 'twas so,
Blessèd Saviour, Jesus.

For Thou art the same alway,
Thy love, Lord, has no yesterday,
No change it knows, knows no decay,
Blessèd Saviour, Jesus.

And so I wish my heart to be
A warm cradle, Lord, for Thee ;
Make Christmas once again with me,
Blessed Saviour, Jesus.

THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

I think of thee at morning dawn,
And through the busy working day,
And in the lonely, silent night
My thoughts still steal to thee away ;
And though the days are dark and drear,
And winds bemoan the waning year,
Though autumn leaves are falling fast,
And all the glow of summer past,
'Tis summer in my heart,
Glad summer in my heart.

But if of me thou thinkest not
When from the east breaks forth the light,
And if of me thou thinkest not
By busy day or quiet night,
Though all the summer's glory be
Outspread o'er earth and sky and sea,
For me the summer quickly flies,
The light of hope within me dies—
'Tis winter in my heart,
Sad winter in my heart.

MARY LEE.

Though mony a bonnie lassie lives,
An' mony a ane I see,
Nae sweeter flower blooms in life's bower
Than my bonnie Mary Lee.

Her hair is like the gowden sheen
O' sunlicht on the sea,
An' the peach's bloom is on the cheek
O' my bonnie Mary Lee.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That hang upon the tree,
An' the een are sweet forget-me-nots
O' my bonnie Mary Lee.

What though she hasna glitterin' gowd,
To please the greedy e'e,
She's wealth enow to me, I trow,
My bonnie Mary Lee.

Sae airtless an' sae innocent,
Frae evil thochts sae free,
She's dear to a', baith great an' sma',
My bonnie Mary Lee.

I dreamed an' dreamed, but ne'er I thocht
That mine she e'er could be,
An' I was wae for mony a day
For my bonnie Mary Lee.

But noo I ken her heart is mine,
I maist could dance wi' glee,
An' a' is bricht since touched wi' the licht
O' my bonnie Mary Lee.

I lo'ed her when life's day was young,
I'll lo'e her till I dee,
A gift frae Heaven, in kindness given,
Is my bonnie Mary Lee.

WE BURIED OUR FIRST A YEAR AGO.

We buried our first a year ago ;
Her eyes were blue, her hair of gold ;
Scarce fifteen summers had she seen
When life's brief tale was told.

One had been taken, but one was left ;
"Mercy and judgment meet," we said ;
And our hearts to the living more fondly clung
Because we mourned the dead.

She grew like the grass under April showers,
A lily pale, with raven hair ;
And her face was a book that we daily read,
Sometimes with silent prayer.

Yet no mistrust of a deeper love
Than ours awoke unworthy fears ;
We thought that the cloud would pass away,
And strength come with the years.

But suddenly the shadow dread,
Appeared as if again to fall,
And we started, like the ancient king,
When God wrote on the wall.

Then, with a cry exceeding great,
We sorely wrestled with the Lord ;
But His face seemed wholly turned away :
He answered not a word.

And though we watched by day and night ;
Though in an agony we prayed ;
Our prayers seemed but as idle breath,
The shadow was not stayed.

In utter helplessness we stood,
And saw it creeping on apace,
Till all was over when it passed
Across our loved one's face.

Then grief burst forth, as waters rush
Unchecked into a sinking ship ;
Then came a flooding of the eyes,
A trembling of the lip.

But with the grief had come the grace,
And so we blest God's holy name;
And from the heart we gave her up
To Him from whom she came.

If she was ours, sure His far more
Who had redeem'd her with His blood;
And in His heaven the flower will bloom
We had as opening bud.

And when the surging waves of grief,
And vain regrets our spirits fill,
Our broken hearts He will upbind,
And whisper, "Peace: be still."

We buried our first a year ago,
Our youngest laid to rest to-day;
No wonder the wind blew cold and chill,
And dull the sky and gray.

We laid her by her sister's side—
'Twas thus of old they used to sleep;
And over our treasures the angels of God
Their ceaseless vigils keep.

When evening fell, we looked across
The city's lights to where they lie,
And, lo! above their graves a star
Shone matchless in the sky.

Another star we seemed to see
Shine o'er a village inn and cave,
And thought of the Child in Bethlehem born,
Of Jesus, Mighty to Save.

It seemed, as it glowed, like a thought of God,
This star, for joy and comfort given,
For it spoke of the Saviour's birth on earth,
Our darlings' birth in heaven.

Ah! yes, God gives both songs and stars
To burdened hearts in deepest night,
Glad foretastes of the endless song,
The everlasting light.

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Edwards, David Herschell
Modern Scottish poets

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